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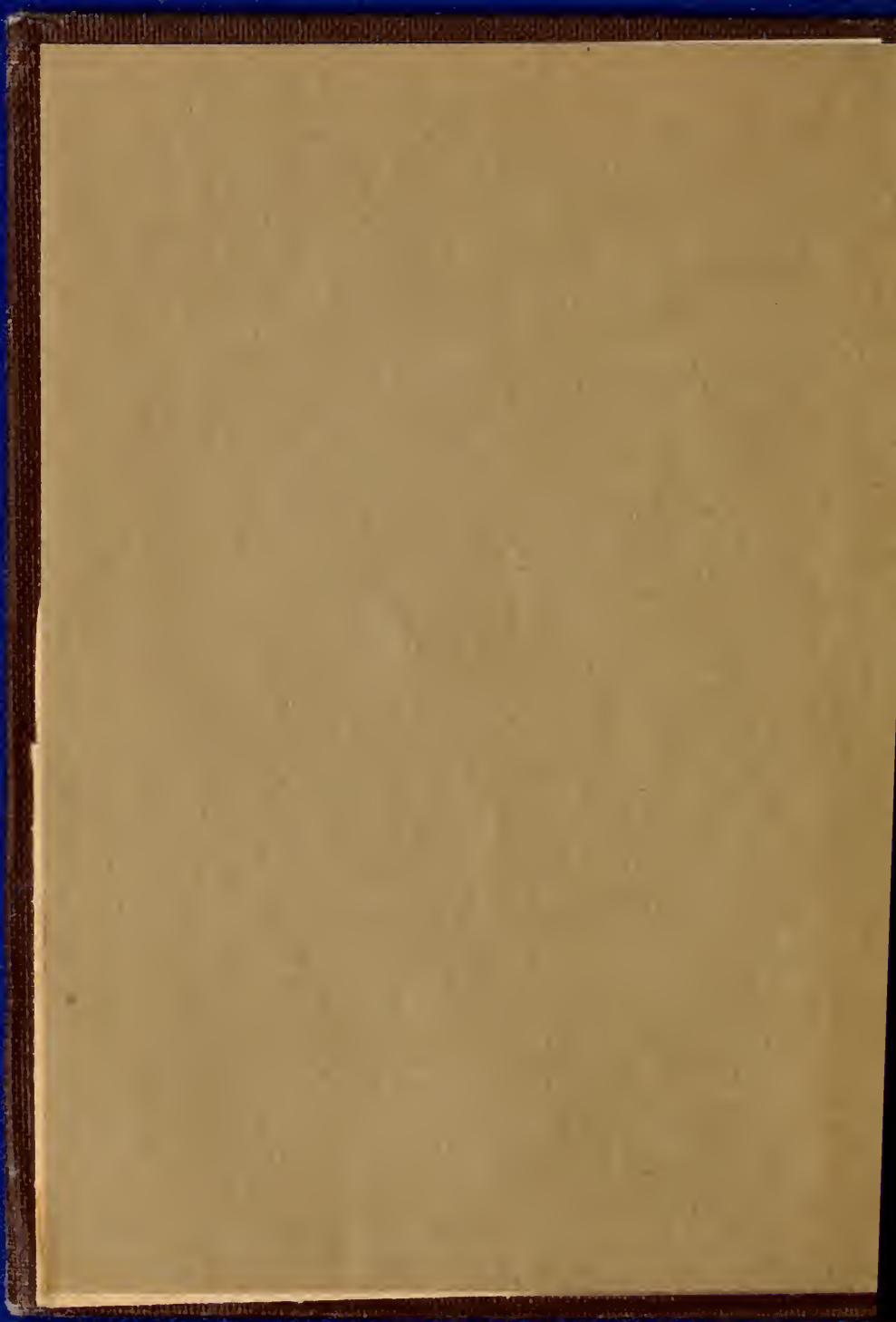


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JOAN OF ARC

THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, AND THE  
SPANISH MILITARY NUN



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JOAN OF ARC  
THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, AND THE  
SPANISH MILITARY NUN

BY  
THOMAS DE QUINCEY

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTORY AND TEXTUAL NOTES

BY  
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## PREFACE

IN preparing this book, the editor has endeavored to keep constantly in mind its practical purpose — use in elementary and secondary schools. He has attempted, therefore, to supply such things as the students of these schools may reasonably demand: an accurate text, — that of Masson's edition; a brief sketch of De Quincey's life, with some comments on his personality and his place in our literature; a practical discussion of De Quincey's rhetorical merits and faults, to be used in connection with the text-book study of rhetoric; such information about Joan of Arc and Catalina de Erauso as is requisite to a proper understanding of the essays concerning them; a brief working bibliography; and numerous textual notes, including De Quincey's own, on the essays themselves. These textual notes are indeed numerous; the editor, however, has not assumed a reference library at the student's command, but has attempted to furnish him in the present volume with the means of appreciating both intensively and extensively what De Quincey has here written.

Free use has been made, in the course of this work, of various authorities. Masson's *De Quincey* has been the chief source for the biography of the author; the rhetorical discussion has followed somewhat the similar discussion in



Minto's *Manual of English Prose Literature*; the story of the Maid of Orleans has been drawn largely from Judge Lowell's excellent *Joan of Arc*, from which, with the publishers' permission, the map of Northern and Central France has also been taken; and aid in the preparation of the textual notes on *Joan of Arc* and *The English Mail-Coach* has been furnished by previous editions of the same essays, notably Hart's and Turk's. To various friends the editor would here express his thanks for many helpful suggestions; to Dr. Charles W. Kent, Professor of English Literature at the University of Virginia, to the Librarian of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, to the Librarian of Congress, and to the editor's wife, special acknowledgments are due for the invaluable aid received from them.

C. M. N.



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTES

### I. BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

Two of the most strikingly eccentric figures in English literary history are Samuel Johnson and Thomas De Quincey. Yet how unlike as to their eccentricities! In a few respects, not altogether peculiar, — their love of tea, their conversational abilities, their ingrained Toryism, their generosity, their devotion to the established church, — we do, indeed, find similarities between them, but on the whole, we can imagine no greater contrast than that between the burly giant, coarse in his manners, dictatorial in his talk, a lover of disputations, a most clubable, practical man, and the diminutive Opium Eater, whose shyness and unpracticality were proverbial and whose gentleness of speech and of demeanor was almost effeminate. From these differences springs another and still greater difference, which we have here to regret. The faithful Boswell has made each word, each act, of Johnson's familiar to us, but careful investigation has revealed little more than the main facts of De Quincey's life. For his childhood and youth we have, to be sure, his autobiography, and we find that in various places elsewhere he has recorded still other facts about himself; but for information concerning the longest and most important periods of his career we must rely in large measure upon the imperfect recollections of his friends and relatives, and upon such letters of his as have been preserved. We should like to study in detail



all the doings of this strange genius; the substance of what is certainly known about him may be recorded briefly enough.

Thomas De Quincey was born in Manchester on August 15, 1785. His Norman ancestors, as he himself once proudly told King George III, had come to England with William the Conqueror, and among their descendants had been men of distinction. In the thirteenth century, indeed, the De Quinceys were Earls of Winchester — until unfortunately one of their number was attainted for treason and hanged, whereupon the family greatness came to an end. For several generations before the time of Thomas they had been plain Quinceys, never rising above mediocrity. His father, another Thomas, was merely a well-to-do merchant, who had amassed some fortune through a profitable business in Portugal, America, and the West Indies, though in addition he was a man of distinct literary tastes and had even written a book. In the midst of his prosperity he married a Miss Elizabeth Penson, who bore him eight children, Thomas being the fifth child and second son.

Soon after the birth of this son the family moved from Manchester to a country place on the outskirts of the city called "The Farm"; here and at "Greenhay," another suburban home, his early childhood was spent. From the first he seems to have been shy, retiring, and sensitive, given to dreaming and to brooding over the mysteries of life. The almost morbid seriousness of his character was intensified by his early experience of death and its sorrows: his sister Jane died in 1787; his favorite sister Elizabeth, whose memory became his dearest treasure, followed in 1791; and then in 1792 came the father's death. This father young Thomas never really knew, for consumption had kept him abroad in search of health until at last he returned home to die. The son's loss in being thus deprived of one who might have



guided and advised his young manhood can hardly be over-estimated.

By the father's will the family was well provided for, a yearly income of £1,600 being divided between the mother and six children. The guardianship of the children was placed in the hands of Mrs. De Quincey and four of her husband's friends, but it was upon the mother, of course, that the chief responsibility for their early training devolved. From De Quincey himself we learn that she was a woman of rare intellectual powers; from his further remarks and from other sources we infer that she was strict even to harshness, partly because of her high conception of a child's duty to its parents and partly because of her austere religious principles. Had there been in her more of the loving, sympathetic mother and less of the stern disciplinarian, the character of one of her sons might have been developed along other and more normal lines.

Nevertheless, this dreamy youth was not to be allowed to dream and muse altogether at will. Soon after Mr. De Quincey's death there had come to disturb the peace of Greenhay, the eldest son, William De Quincey, who had lived for some time with his father in Lisbon and had later been sent to a grammar school at Louth. This young gentleman, whose "genius for mischief amounted to inspiration," was rough, boisterous, pugilistic, overbearing, but withal exceedingly clever. He immediately established a reign of terror in the household, making Thomas his most abject slave and holding him in thrall for nearly four years. Thomas must fag for him, must join in his battles, must think and act in accordance with his commands. How intensely the sensitive younger brother must have suffered from this overlordship we can easily imagine; we may be certain, too, that this "introduction to the world of strife" did much to



prevent the dreamy melancholy of De Quincey from passing into morbidity and perhaps disease.

Meanwhile the education of the children was not being neglected. Into their father's library they were early turned to browse at will, and wonderfully soon our De Quincey was reading from Johnson and Cowper, from the Bible and the *Arabian Nights*. When lessons at home and voluntary reading no longer furnished sufficient intellectual pabulum, William and Thomas were put under the tutorship of Mr. Samuel Hall, one of their guardians, who lived at Salford, two miles distant from Greenhay. By him Thomas was well grounded in Latin and Greek, and was put through a course of memory-training more profitable than pleasant.

In 1796 Mrs. De Quincey moved to Bath, and Thomas was placed in the Bath Grammar School. Here were spent the most delightful of all his school days; the master was "a scholar, and a ripe and good one," and De Quincey's progress under him was rapid. Soon he became so proficient in Latin composition that his exercises were publicly paraded before the older boys of the school, whose chagrin and envy led them to swear dire vengeance upon their youthful model. However pleasing his position of eminence may have been to De Quincey himself, it did not please his mother, who had her own peculiar ideas as to what was best for her son; so, when in 1799 an accident had caused him to leave the school for some weeks, she refused to allow him to return. For a time he studied under a tutor; then he was sent to a private school at Winkfield in Wiltshire, of which the chief recommendation was the religious character of the master.

After a year spent at this institution, De Quincey exchanged the education of books for the education of travel. While at Bath he had made the acquaintance of Lord Westport, a boy somewhat older than himself, the only son of an Irish



peer; from him there came in the spring of 1800 an invitation to be his companion on a holiday jaunt to Ireland. This invitation his mother allowed De Quincey to accept, so in the following summer he joined Lord Westport at Eton. After having been introduced to George III and his court at Windsor, and after having paid a brief visit to London, the young gentlemen started on their journey. In due time they reached Ireland and then spent several weeks most delightfully at Westport, in Connaught. Before the end of the year, however, De Quincey parted from his friend at Birmingham, and went to Laxton in Northamptonshire to visit Lady Carbery, an old friend of his mother's. Here his time was mainly occupied in reading, learning to ride, and teaching Lady Carbery the rudiments of Greek.

Ever since leaving Winkfield, De Quincey had been making plans for his future school life, and had written several times to his mother and guardians requesting that he be sent back to the Bath Grammar School until old enough to enter Oxford, and objecting most seriously to any further connection with private institutions. His requests were, in a measure, granted; on leaving Laxton he was sent to the Manchester Grammar School, in order that by spending three years there he might secure a scholarship at Brazenose College, Oxford. The life at Manchester, however, soon became extremely distasteful to him. The master was by no means perfect in his scholarship; the associations were not of the most pleasant; the restrictions upon the students' liberties were galling; the impossibility of securing sufficient exercise was ruinous to the health; the opportunities of amusement were few; the duties of the class-room were trivial and monotonous, — such were the complaints De Quincey made in a letter written to his mother after he had spent just half the allotted time at Manchester, begging her that he might be



allowed to leave the school. His pleas being in vain, he resolved to take matters in his own hands and run away. So, one fine July morning in the year 1802, he slipped out of the master's house before daylight and started off to learn something of the world, a volume of English poetry in one pocket and a volume of Greek poetry in the other.

His first thought was to pay a parting visit to one of his sisters at Chester, where the family was then living; thither he made his way, — only to be discovered and taken in charge by the older members of the household. His mother was duly horrified at his conduct, but an uncle, Colonel Pension, interceded for the runaway and arranged that he should be allowed the liberty of wandering about for a while, and — which was quite as important — should be supplied with a guinea a week on which to support himself.

His wanderings first carried De Quincey into North Wales, where he alternately lived in luxury or starved himself — in accordance with the state of his finances. But even such a roving life was too conventional to suit his tastes, and he presently resolved to seek books and still greater solitude in "the nation of London," where he might contrive to live by borrowing upon his expectations. Accordingly, in November, 1802, he ceased all communication with his mother and guardians and made his way to the metropolis. Of the months spent there — months of fruitless dealings with money-lenders, of homeless wandering about the streets, of forced association with the outcast and the destitute — months of poverty, starvation, intense suffering — he has given us a complete account in his *Confessions*. Suffice it to say here that after he had drained the cup of city life to the very dregs, he was fortunately discovered by friends, and in the spring of 1803 returned to his family. In the fall of the same year he accepted his guardians' offer to send him to Oxford on a small allowance.



Concerning De Quincey's Oxford days little definite is known. Years afterwards he was remembered as a quiet and studious young man, of rare conversational powers, fond of solitude, and possessed of an extraordinary stock of information upon all subjects. He seems to have paid little attention to the prescribed curriculum, but pursued for himself the study of Hebrew and German, and plunged headlong into the delights of English literature. About the year 1807 he stood successfully the written examination for the B.A. degree, but for some reason, not clearly known, never came up for the oral part of his examination. Though his nominal connection with the University continued for some years after this, it is probable that De Quincey spent little more time at Oxford. Instead, he started out to become acquainted with some of those men of letters whom he had long admired. At Bridgewater he met Coleridge, and soon after acted as escort to Mrs. Coleridge and her children on their journey to the Lake District, where they were to reside with Southey. Through this trip, De Quincey was enabled to make the acquaintance of Wordsworth, at whose cottage the party stopped for a few days; a little later he was introduced to Southey himself. His admiration for two of these new friends was given material expression soon after, when he made an anonymous gift of £300 to Coleridge and aided Wordsworth greatly by seeing one of his pamphlets through the press. After spending most of the year 1808 in London, in nominal preparation for entrance at the bar, De Quincey decided that, in order to be near his literary acquaintances, he would take up his own residence in the Lake District.

In November, 1809, De Quincey became the occupant of the cottage at Grasmere formerly the home of Wordsworth, and for twenty years remained, nominally at least, a resident of Westmoreland. Here he found all things to his liking.



Among his neighbors were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and he soon formed a strong friendship with John Wilson, later to become the great "Christopher North" of *Blackwood*. A part of his time De Quincey spent in taking long walks — sometimes with his friends, more often alone — or in visiting his neighbors; for the most of it, he was busy among his books, studying German metaphysics and drinking laudanum. We must pause here to note that while on a visit to London in 1804, De Quincey had chanced to seek relief from neuralgia by taking opium, and that from this time forward he had been an intermittent user of the drug. In 1813, however, he became an habitual opium-eater, consuming at times the monstrous quantity of eight thousand drops of laudanum per day. In 1815, to be sure, he reduced this quantity to one thousand drops — a reform made in honor of his approaching marriage (1816) with Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a Westmoreland farmer. Unfortunately, however, this young and beautiful wife was soon called upon to serve as his comforter and support during the very darkest hours of his opium prostration. Between 1817 and 1818 the sway of the drug was complete; De Quincey could neither walk nor eat nor read nor think, and his sleeping hours were full of horror. From the absolute torpor and torment into which he was thus plunged, pecuniary difficulties at last rescued him; he must do something to support himself and his family. By 1819 he had so far rallied his powers as to be able to undertake the editorship of the *Westmoreland Gazette*, in which appeared almost the first printed lines from his pen. Needless to say, he was not a successful editor, since German transcendentalism could hardly please the farmers, who looked to their paper for political editorials of the partisan type; but fortunately De Quincey had at last experienced



what Dr. Holmes has called "lead poisoning" caused by "mental contact with type metal," from which he was never thenceforth to recover.

In the *London Magazine* for September, 1821, Thomas De Quincey, at the age of thirty-six years, made his real début before the English reading public with the first instalment of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. In October a second part followed, and in 1822 the *Confessions* were published in book form. At once De Quincey became famous, and the *London Magazine* was eager for any production from his pen. To this magazine he contributed until 1824; in 1825 he published a pseudo-translation from the German called *Walladmor*, one of the three *books* of which he was the author. During the years of this first literary period (1821-1826), so brilliant and full of promise, De Quincey resided chiefly in London, though his home continued to be at Grasmere. But London knew little of him. He had a few acquaintances, men like Lamb, Hazlitt, Hood, Talfourd, Procter, and Knight, with whom he exchanged occasional visits, but for the most part he avoided all intercourse with his fellows and spent his time with his books and his laudarium at those lodgings in Soho Square, Covent Garden, or elsewhere, which he chanced to be occupying. Such exercise as he took consisted largely of solitary wanderings through the crowded London streets. During most of this period he seems to have suffered severely for want of money; writing for the magazines was not the most lucrative of employments, and his own unpracticality fitted him but poorly for making the best use of such funds as he might chance to have in his possession. A story told by Mr. Charles Knight will serve to illustrate both De Quincey's helplessness in business matters and his fondness for leaving his friends in ignorance as to his whereabouts. On one occasion when De



Quincey was supposed to be at home in Westmoreland, Mr. Knight found him hiding away in a wretched lodging on the Surrey side of London, the cause of this retirement being his lack of money. He had in his pocket, to be sure, a large draft on a London bank, at twenty-one days' sight, but since the bank had refused to cash it till the expiration of this time, he knew no means of raising money on it and was too shy to let his friends know of his embarrassment.

The centre of De Quincey's literary activity was changed in the year 1827 to Edinburgh, where his old friend John Wilson had become celebrated through his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*. For some years Wilson had tried to secure contributions to *Blackwood* from De Quincey, and at last he succeeded. De Quincey's connection with this well-known quarterly began in 1826 with the publication of his *Lessing's Laocoön* in the issue for November, and continued for twenty-three years. To Edinburgh, therefore, De Quincey moved his literary headquarters. At first, much of his time there was spent with Wilson; Mrs. Gordon, Wilson's daughter, tells us that on one occasion, having dropped in at Gloucester Place to await the passing of a storm, he ended by making the house his home for the better part of a year. Carlyle, too, was among his Edinburgh friends, and one of the readiest to sympathize with him in his troubles. Chief among these troubles was, naturally enough, a continuation of the pecuniary embarrassment that was so characteristic a feature of his London life. Partly, therefore, because he found himself unable to support two establishments, and partly because he was anxious to have his wife and children near him, De Quincey in 1830 moved his family to Edinburgh, which was to be his only home for ten years to come.

These ten years were filled with great literary activity on De Quincey's part. Besides continuing his contributions to



*Blackwood*, he wrote numerous essays for *Tait's Magazine*; in all, he produced some sixty magazine articles during this period, contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in 1832 published his only novel, *Klosterheim, or the Masque*. Though all this writing added materially to his fame, De Quincey did not therefore become one of the literary lions of Edinburgh. His love of solitude caused him to be but a very obscure character in the social world of the Scotch capital. Obscurity also surrounded his domestic life there; only a few of the many houses in which he lived are now definitely known. We do know, however, that De Quincey's home life was a very beautiful one — rendered so largely because of his uniform gentleness, his deep love for his children, and his painstaking attention to their early education. But the family circle was not long to remain intact. In 1833 Junius, the youngest son, died, to be followed two years later by William, the eldest. Then, in 1837, came the greatest sorrow of all in the death of Mrs. De Quincey, the noble wife that had borne so bravely with the faults and eccentricities of her husband and had striven so faithfully to protect him from the cares and worries of the working-day world. For a year or two thereafter De Quincey had his library and study in one part of Edinburgh, while the children's home was in another. In 1840, however, the eldest children, Margaret and Horace, took a cottage near Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh, and here for some time De Quincey found his chief abode.

His *chief* abode, be it repeated, for during the next nine years (1840–1849) we find him frequently absent from Lasswade. Often he would be occupying lodgings in Edinburgh, where he would keep one set of rooms until it became filled with books and papers, and then move elsewhere, leaving his literary treasures behind, so that sometimes he was paying rent on as many as four separate sets of lodgings at once.



From 1841 to 1843 he was as far from home as Glasgow, where he was the guest of friends. During the general period under consideration, however, Lasswade saw most of him, for here his three daughters needed his protection, the sons all being absent. Yet De Quincey must have made a somewhat dangerous protector, since, as one of his daughters tells us, "those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire, the commonest incident being for some one to look up from book or work to say casually, 'Papa, your hair is on fire;' of which a calm, 'Is it, my love?' and a hand rubbing out the blaze was the only notice taken." The happiness of this life at Lasswade among the children was seriously marred for De Quincey by the wretched condition of his health, the gastric neuralgia with which he was afflicted causing him to suffer almost constantly for many years. The necessity of seeking some relief from this pain was largely responsible for his great opium excesses in 1844 and 1848, after the last of which his use of the drug, though continued, was greatly diminished. Meanwhile he still contributed regularly to *Blackwood* and *Tait*, and published in 1844 his *Logic of Political Economy*, — a literary activity largely due to his continued need of money. Fortunately, by or before the year 1847, numerous legacies caused a marked improvement in his financial affairs; about this time, too, the "pains and miseries of his constitutional malady" ceased to torment him. Thus De Quincey was enabled to spend the closing years of his life in comparative comfort, both physical and financial.

Those closing years must now be passed over somewhat rapidly. In 1849 his connection with *Tait* and *Blackwood* being practically at an end, De Quincey began to contribute to *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, afterwards known as *The Titan*. His connection with Hogg produced one most important



result, for this enterprising bookseller conceived the idea of bringing out a collective edition of De Quincey's works, such an edition having already begun to appear in America. Perhaps the most continuous labor ever performed by De Quincey was that devoted to collecting, revising, and recasting the material for the fourteen volumes published between 1853 and 1860. That De Quincey did this work was largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Hogg himself, who not only saw to it that De Quincey kept the press supplied with copy, in spite of the "nervous sufferings," "lumbago," "partial delirium," and the like, of which he was always complaining, but aided him materially in gathering up those manuscript deposits left in various places all over Edinburgh. How difficult was this latter task a single anecdote will show. Once, when Hogg and De Quincey had gone into a hotel for refuge and refreshment during a storm, the waiter, after eyeing De Quincey curiously for some moments, said, "I think, sir, I have a bundle of papers which you left here some time ago." The bundle was produced and proved to contain valuable manuscripts, of whose whereabouts De Quincey had of course been ignorant.

While preparing the material for Hogg's edition, De Quincey lived chiefly at No. 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh; but, though he had now become a celebrity much talked of in literary circles, he was rarely to be seen at any social gatherings in the capital, and was almost inaccessible to visitors, even when they chanced to be his most intimate friends. Meanwhile, he continued to spend much of his time at Lasswade, especially after two of his daughters had been married and only Emily remained at the old home. In 1857 he visited one of these married daughters in Ireland. He was soon back again in Edinburgh, however, working away at the Collective Edition, and planning great literary labors



to be undertaken when this task should be finished. But his plans were never to reach fruition. In the autumn of 1859 De Quincey began to grow feeble and unfit for work, though he suffered from no definite malady. The most distinguished medical skill could do nothing to relieve him; he continued to sink gradually for several weeks, until on Thursday, December 8, the end came. In his final delirium he seemed to be living over again the days of his childhood, and his last words, "Sister! sister! sister!" must have been addressed to his long-lost Elizabeth, who doubtless came to welcome him into the great beyond. He was buried in the West Churchyard at Edinburgh beside his wife and two children. A simple tablet marks his final resting-place; another at 42 Lothian Street commemorates his residence there — but no other outward honor has yet been paid by Edinburgh to perhaps the rarest genius she has ever sheltered.

Having noted the main facts in De Quincey's life, we may now ask after the man himself, what sort of being he was. His personal appearance has been carefully described by his friend, Mr. J. R. Findlay: "A short and fragile, but well-proportioned frame; a shapely and compact head; a face beaming with intellectual light, with rare, almost feminine beauty of feature and complexion; a fascinating courtesy of manner; and a fulness, swiftness, and elegance of silvery speech, — such was the irresistible 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' that men named De Quincey. He possessed in a high degree what the American poet Lowell calls 'the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere persuasive and nowhere emphatic'; and his whole aspect and manner exercised an undefinable attraction over every one, gentle or simple, who came within its influence."

De Quincey's mental and moral characteristics are still more interesting, though not so easily to be described. If De



Quincey was primarily the secluded scholar living in the world of books and noted chiefly for his habit of omnivorous reading, he was also a careful observer, whose knowledge of men is singularly accurate. A marvellous memory made the materials thus gathered by reading and experience his own for all time, and an acute intellect enabled him to reason exactly upon all the facts within his knowledge. He was endowed, moreover, with an inventive faculty, an imaginative power, rarely to be found save in the greatest of our poets, which enabled him to reach the most striking conclusions, to see visions and dream dreams such as are not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals. His, also, were a profound sympathy with the sorrow and the suffering of the world, a true sense of pathos, a fund of genuine humor, and, above all, a love of the sublime and the mysterious, whether in nature, in life, or in the world of fancy. Surely a rare endowment was this, wherein logical exactness and analytical power were joined with a poetic faculty by means of which he was enabled oftentimes to soar aloft into the highest realms of the empyrean.

Morally, De Quincey's character is less admirable. He is never immoral, but is constantly unmoral; rarely is he "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." Lacking the *sæva indignatio* of a Carlyle or a Ruskin, he makes no effort to right abuses, "to set the crooked straight," to be himself a positive influence for good in the universe. He is, indeed, a lover of the good, but chiefly because it is the beautiful and the pleasing, and because he is an intellectual hedonist. De Quincey can teach us much, can often carry us with him to the clouds, can inspire us with noble thoughts, but never does he offer us strong meat for our souls.

Turning to consider De Quincey's contributions to our literature, we find that with the exception of three books, — *Waldmor*, *Klosterheim*, and *The Logic of Political Economy*, —



all these contributions took the one form of magazine articles. But when we say that De Quincey was the author of one hundred and fifty essays, we have done little toward suggesting the vast extent of his literary range. There are few fields of human interest that he has not explored, and few periods of human history that he has not investigated, while out of his own imagination he has created dream-worlds wonderful beyond compare. The mention of only a few of his masterpieces must here serve to indicate the multifariousness of his contribution to English literature. Autobiographical are the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, the *Autobiographic Sketches*, and the *Recollections of the Lake Poets*; among the best of the biographical essays are those on *Charles Lamb*, *Richard Bentley*, *Shakspeare*, and *Pope*; *The Revolt of the Tartars*, *The Cæsars*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Spanish Military Nun*, and *The Essenes* are largely historical; *Casuistry* is ethical, *Protestantism* theological, and *A Tory's Account of Toryism* political; the most noted of his critical writings are *Style*, *Rhetoric*, *Language*, and *On Wordsworth's Poetry*; while he is at his greatest in those masterpieces of prose-poetry of which the *Suspiria de Profundis* and parts of *The English Mail-Coach* are typical examples. These are but a few of De Quincey's essays; of the multitude remaining we may note that all are of high average excellence, that all show a wealth of knowledge rarely equalled in the writings of any other English author, and that all are clothed in that striking style of which De Quincey alone is master.

What, in conclusion, may be said of De Quincey's place in our literature? That it is permanent, no one can deny; De Quincey's best essays will always live because of the entertainment and instruction they afford the most cursory reader, because of the pleasing glimpses they give us of his own unique personality, because of their acute criticism of what



men have done and said and written, because of their imaginative beauty, their genuine humor and pathos, and the precision, clearness, and melody of their almost perfect style. Inasmuch as De Quincey has no great lesson to teach us, and rarely impresses us by the strong originality of his thought, he cannot, perhaps, be placed among the few supremely great of the world's authors, but in his own realm he is king; his masterpieces are among those things which the world would not willingly let die, and the name of the English Opium-Eater will long be held in loving reverence by those whose delight it is to honor literary genius.

## II. CHRONOLOGICAL

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|---------------------------|--|
|                           | 1785. — Aug. 15, Thomas De Quincey born at Manchester; family moves to "The Farm."   |
|                           | 1791. — Elizabeth, his favorite sister, dies.  |
|                           | 1792. — Family moves to "Greenhay"; father dies; Thomas sent to school at Salford.   |
|                           | 1796. — Family moves to Bath; Thomas entered at Bath Grammar School.                 |
|                           | 1799. — Attends school at Winkfield.   |
|                           | 1800. — Travels with Lord Westport; visits Laxton; enters Manchester Grammar School. |
| At School and University. | 1802. — Runs away from school; in North Wales and London.                            |
|                           | 1803. — Enters Worcester College, Oxford.  |
|                           | 1804. — First uses opium.  |
|                           | 1807. — Meets Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey.                                    |
|                           | 1808. — Leaves Oxford; in London, preparing for the bar.                             |



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|-------------------------------|--|
| Among the<br>Lakes.           | 1809. — Takes up his residence at Grasmere.<br>1813. — Becomes a confirmed opium-eater.<br>1816. — Marries Margaret Simpson.<br>1817. — Prostrated by use of opium.<br>1819. — Becomes editor of <i>Westmoreland Gazette</i> .   |
| At London and<br>Grasmere.    | 1821. — <i>Confessions of an English Opium-Eater</i><br>appears in the <i>London Magazine</i> .<br>1824. — Connection with <i>London Magazine</i> ends.<br>1826. — Begins contributing to <i>Blackwood's</i><br><i>Magazine</i> .  |
| At Edinburgh<br>and Grasmere. | 1827. — <i>On Murder Considered as One of the</i><br><i>Fine Arts</i> .<br>1830. — Moves family to Edinburgh.<br>1832. — <i>The Cæsars</i> .   |
| At Edinburgh.                 | 1834. — <i>Autobiographic Sketches</i> begin to appear<br>in <i>Tait's Magazine</i> .<br>1835. — William, the eldest son, dies.<br>1837. — <i>The Revolt of the Tartars</i> ; wife dies.<br>1840. — Takes cottage at Lasswade.   |
| At Lasswade<br>and Edinburgh. | 1841-1843. — In Glasgow.<br>1845. — <i>Suspiria de Profundis</i> .<br>1847. — <i>Joan of Arc</i> ; <i>The Spanish Military Nun</i> .<br>1849. — <i>The English Mail-Coach</i> ; first contribu-<br>tion to <i>Hogg's Weekly Instructor</i> .   |
| At Edinburgh<br>and Lasswade. | 1852. — Takes lodgings at 42 Lothian St., and<br>begins work on Collective Edition.<br>1853. — Vol. I of <i>Selections, Grave and Gay</i> ,<br><i>from Writings of Thomas de Quincey</i> .<br>1857. — Visits Ireland.<br>1859. — Health begins to decline; Thursday,<br>Dec. 8, dies at 42 Lothian St.; buried<br>in West Churchyard, Edinburgh. |



## III. RHETORICAL

Among those qualities that we have noted as securing for De Quincey's essays a permanent place in our literature, none is more striking than the rhetorical excellence of their style. Indeed, so skilful a rhetorician was De Quincey that a minute treatise on style might draw its illustrations from his writings alone. This being true, a careful study of the manner in which our author has expressed himself will be both interesting and instructive, — especially to the student of rhetoric. It will show us how expert a literary craftsman De Quincey was, and at the same time, since style is the man, will give us further insight into the peculiar character of his genius.

In his essay on *Style*, De Quincey himself tells us that the matter and the manner of a book are often "inextricably interwoven." This truth is strikingly exemplified in his own writings; consequently, since his matter is multifarious, we find that his style is widely diversified. With regard to their purpose, — and, of necessity, their contents as well, — De Quincey divided his essays into three classes: first, those which propose "primarily to amuse the reader," but which may at the same time arouse in him "an impassioned interest"; second, those which "address themselves purely to the understanding as an insulated faculty, or do so primarily"; third, those "modes of impassioned prose," which, "ranging under no precedents" in literature, he considers the highest class of his compositions. Accepting this division, but noting that the groups are by no means mutually exclusive, we may say that *The Spanish Military Nun* belongs in the first of these classes, that *Joan of Arc* falls in the second, and that *The English Mail-Coach*, in part at least, is one of the productions of the third class. Thus, in the present volume, each of the three groups is represented. A study of De



Quincey's style, therefore, will be made definite and at the same time sufficiently broad if limited to the essays immediately before us. Some general observations concerning this style may first be made, and these supplemented by a series of exercises whereby the student may analyze more minutely for himself De Quincey's rhetorical technique.

1. FUNDAMENTAL PROCESSES. — Following Professor Gennung, we may include under this head "the most important features of grammatical and rhetorical combination." With regard to De Quincey's grammar, Professor Masson says: "I have found no single recurring fault of syntax in his style, unless it be in his sanction of a very questionable use of the English participle." This fault is easily noticeable ("The steeplechase . . . had been a fine headlong thing, *considering* the torrent," etc., p. 176, ll. 23 ff.) and is, to be sure, the only "recurring" one, but De Quincey errs occasionally in other matters syntactical. The accuracy of "many a gay creature was sporting that masqueraded as *kings* in dress" (p. 17, ll. 29-30), for example, may well be questioned, and *had* is clearly the wrong tense in the sentence, "But it is too probable," etc. (p. 159, ll. 6 ff.). Nevertheless, De Quincey's grammar is usually faultless; in this connection we should note particularly his skill in employing the "historic present" tense, his discriminating use of the subjunctive mood, his careful distinctions between *shall* and *will*, and his delightful avoidance of the "cleft infinitive."

De Quincey's passion for clearness makes him extremely careful to place properly all his words, phrases, and clauses, so that even in his most complex sentences we find little difficulty in determining which elements belong together. An occasional error (*e.g.* "and *only* not good for our age because for us it would be unattainable," p. 11, ll. 15-16; "According to the usages of the times and country, Kate knew that



within twelve hours she would be assassinated," p. 126, ll. 13-15) thus becomes all the more noticeable. He is equally scrupulous in making clear any reference to preceding or following elements, though occasional ambiguities have called for attention in the notes. Here should be mentioned De Quincey's fondness for the relative pronoun *that*, which he uses in both coördinative and restrictive senses, generally preferring it to *who* or *which* except when considerations of euphony forbid its employment.

Though his style is not generally elliptical, De Quincey knows well the value of omission and condensation as means to secure rapidity of movement, colloquial ease, and strength of statement. On the other hand, he does not hesitate to repeat important words or expressions if oratorical volume, clearness, or emphasis may be secured thereby. Especially is this repetition frequent in his more elevated passages. Of the various kinds of repetition employed by De Quincey, the most characteristic is repetition in inverse order; *e.g.* "that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man," p. 94, ll. 5-6.

Not the least remarkable feature of De Quincey's style is the frequency with which he departs from the usual grammatical order of sentence elements, yet generally manages to keep the dependence clear. Objects precede their verbs ("Us . . . they overtook," p. 94, ll. 7-9), verbs precede their subjects ("Known is it to the great Father of All," p. 183, ll. 19-20), predicate adjectives and adverbial phrases stand first in the sentence ("Frightful was the spasm of joy," p. 147, l. 21; "To the port she fled," p. 128, ll. 17-18). Such inversions are most frequently used to secure emphasis or to bring some element of the sentence nearer to a corresponding element preceding or to follow, but are often due merely to De Quincey's love of euphony and rhythm. These



last-named qualities, we may here observe, are strikingly present in all that De Quincey wrote. "At a glance she comprehended that the sea was her only chance" (p. 128, ll. 16-17) is one of the few examples of cacophony to be found in the present essays, while such a phrase as "From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night" (p. 84, ll. 11-12) will show how closely the rhythm of De Quincey's prose approaches at times the rhythm of poetry.

2. **DICTION.** — De Quincey tells us that the young poet should "spend the third part of his life" in studying his mother tongue and "cultivating its native resources"; "he should be willing to pluck out his right eye or to circumnavigate the globe, if by such a sacrifice, if by such an exertion, he could attain to greater purity, precision, compass, or idiomatic energy of diction." We may truthfully say that much more than a third of De Quincey's life was spent in that voluminous and varied reading which resulted in giving him command over a vocabulary perhaps the richest at the disposal of any English writer since Shakespeare. From this wide vocabulary he was always able to pick the most fitting word for his purpose; absolute exactness is a marked characteristic of his diction. Even when a word at first seems badly chosen, we generally find that De Quincey has used it in a sense earlier and more exact than that commonly accepted. The use of words with their primitive meanings (*e.g.* *revolved*, p. 145, l. 32; *conceit*, p. 169, l. 32) is indeed almost a mannerism in De Quincey. Equally striking is his use of unexpected prepositions, as in the phrases "*under* some secret conflict" (p. 69, l. 18) or "*upon* a sound from afar" (p. 87, l. 24); sometimes, indeed, the preposition employed (*e.g.* "*in* the whole flowery people," p. 41, l. 27) seems hardly to be the best one.

Though De Quincey's use of words is so remarkably ex-



act, it is not always readily intelligible to the average reader, since the words themselves are drawn from all conceivable sources. Technical terms abound; law, medicine, mathematics, physics, philosophy, logic, heraldry, music, surveying, astrology, astronomy, military science, coaching, the hunting field, the race track — all these are put under contribution even in the three essays before us. Foreign words and phrases are by no means rare. Slang "from Cockney to Oxonian" is frequently made use of, and colloquialisms of all sorts abound. Such, indeed, was De Quincey's love of "the pure, racy idiom of colloquial or household English" that he is sometimes betrayed into using it when non-idiomatic diction would be in better taste (*e.g.* "took after her father," p. 7, l. 6). On the other hand, De Quincey does not hesitate to employ words of a distinctly bookish flavor. Such are *prædial* (p. 15, l. 4), *cognominated* (p. 72, l. 5), *vertiginous* (p. 165, l. 8), and many others. Occasionally he coins his own word, but does so in a scholarly way and only for sufficient reasons; *diphrelatic* (p. 72, l. 7) is of his mintage, and the note on this word will serve to show his general attitude toward word-coinage.

As a whole, De Quincey's diction is commonly spoken of as Latinized, and it is true that in his most characteristic passages, words of classic derivation occur in unusual abundance. Such words, however, were necessary for the exact expression of his thoughts; moreover, the classic element of our language is the most "canorous" and "long-tailed words in *-osity* and *-ation*" are necessary to a rhythmical and elevated style. Nevertheless, De Quincey drew freely upon native Anglo-Saxon sources when occasion demanded, and in the more colloquial parts of *The English Mail-Coach* and *The Spanish Military Nun* he will be found to employ a diction Saxon enough to satisfy the most exacting. If, on the whole,



he uses more words of classic origin than most other English writers, it is because of his peculiar needs, and not because he fails to appreciate the sturdy strength of the Saxon.

3. FIGURES OF SPEECH. — Endowed with a strikingly rich and imaginative intellect and what he himself calls "an electric aptitude for seizing analogies," De Quincey was naturally an incessant user of figurative expressions. These impress us chiefly by their seeming spontaneity; rarely or never do they smell of the lamp. In the essays we are studying, examples may be found of every figure known to the rhetorician. Of these, metaphors are by far the most numerous, especially when the tone of the discourse is elevated; in the more colloquial passages similes are frequently used. It is interesting to note that in these figures of comparison animals play an important part, at least a dozen different creatures serving in the metaphors and similes of *The Spanish Military Nun*. The kindred figures, synecdoche and metonymy, though to be found in these essays, are rare. Personification, however, is, after the metaphor, De Quincey's favorite figure; we may note that he not only personifies inanimate objects, but often ascribes life to abstract ideas.

Among those figures that appeal most strongly to the reader's feelings and lend most life and emphasis to the style, the apostrophe is De Quincey's favorite and the most characteristic of him; an excellent example of its use may be found in the opening paragraph of *Joan of Arc*. Different in character and purpose are the pseudo-apostrophies addressed to the reader (*e.g.* pp. 132-133) which are employed for their humorous effect or to make the style more colloquial. De Quincey knows, too, the various uses of the exclamation and the rhetorical question. He is at times ironical, but De Quincey's irony is more often good-natured and kindly than bitter or mordant. Formal antithetical sentences



are rare with him, and when found are generally brief; but antithetical touches, as in "by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementoes of the local present" (p. 14, ll. 3-4) are to be met on every page. While De Quincey observes carefully the order of climax in his paragraphs and essays, he arranges similar words, phrases, and clauses with a view to euphony quite as much as to growth of thought; note, for example, "to review, to ponder, to compare" (p. 5, l. 24). Though he uses figures thus freely, De Quincey rarely mixes his metaphors; they are, however, decidedly confused in the sentence, "Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion . . . feet" (p. 20, ll. 26-32), and are badly crowded, to say the least, in "From the silence . . . voice" (p. 84, ll. 11-20).

4. SENTENCES. — De Quincey's style is more periodic than that of any other master of modern English prose. The proportion of his periodic sentences to those of other types is very large; hardly a page can be found that is not sown with periods. These, however, are rarely of excessive length. We note, too, that he frequently secures periodic effects and at the same time avoids too great strain on the reader's attention by making his sentences periodic only to a certain point, by giving a periodic form to the component clauses of loose sentences, or by becoming periodic at or near the close of his paragraphs. Occasionally, however, entire paragraphs (*e.g.* "I am not . . . Englishmen," pp. 5-6) are composed largely of periodic sentences, just as others (*e.g.* "The kitten . . . mendacity," pp. 101-102) contain no periods at all.

Fond as he is of periodic effects, De Quincey generally takes great care to vary his sentence types. Loose sentences abound. The exact antithetical balance of Macaulay is not often met with, but nearly every sentence of any length shows careful parallelism in the wording of its phrases and



clauses. Often several sentences in succession are similarly constructed. Short sentences are employed in large numbers for variety (*e.g.* "Such . . . driving," pp. 39-40), for emphasis ("Bishop . . . silent," pp. 33-35), or for rapidity ("St. Lucar . . . *her*," pp. 117-118). Sometimes, however, rapidity is secured by the use of long sentences composed of parts loosely joined, as in the outline of Joan's career on p. 21. Exclamatory and interrogative sentences are frequently employed for variety, and especially in the more elevated passages are relied upon for the expression of extreme emotion; see the paragraph: "Lo . . . founder" (pp. 85-86).

The charge sometimes made that De Quincey's sentences are often unduly long, complex, and crowded, will hardly be borne out by our present study. True, we can find sentences that are heterogeneous and involved, but they are very rare. De Quincey, indeed, shows a decided preference for short sentences, and any momentary unclearness of structure is apt to be due to an unusual arrangement of parts rather than to any great sentence length. But, as a rule, the structure of all De Quincey's sentences should be clear to the average reader, if only he be reasonably attentive.

5. PARAGRAPHS. — Unity, continuity, and proportion are, we know, the qualities necessary to every good paragraph; the second alone is uniformly to be found in De Quincey. He takes the greatest care that each sentence shall grow out of its predecessor and prepare the way for other sentences to follow; conjunctions, reference words, repetitions, transitional phrases, sentences, and clauses are employed in profusion. The opening paragraph of *Joan of Arc* will give the student an excellent idea of the care taken by De Quincey to make his style "sequacious." But our author was the most digressive of all English essayists;



unity and proportion are consequently lacking in a large number of his paragraphs. Sometimes the digressions are slight, as in the paragraph: "It is not . . . *suffer*" (pp. 20-21); again they may include practically the whole paragraph, as on pp. 141-144; digressions from digressions, as in the paragraph: "But stay . . . herself" (pp. 3-5), are not uncommon. These digressions, however, as Professor Masson observes, "have a wonderful knack of *revolving* to the point whence they set out, and generally with a fresh freight of meaning to be incorporated at that point." Rhetorically faulty as they are, annoying as we sometimes find them, they are never valueless, and we soon come to delight in them as charming and characteristic De Quinceyisms.

6. QUALITIES OF STYLE. — As we have already noted, clearness is one of the marked qualities of De Quincey's style. He is always at great pains to make his meaning self-evident, to explain carefully the exact bearing of his every statement upon its fellows. Some of the ways in which he does this have already been mentioned. Another favorite means of securing clearness is to quote specific cases in illustration of any general statements he may make; this method, as well as his uniform perspicuity, may be studied to advantage in the opening paragraphs of *The Vision of Sudden Death*, pp. 64-69. But, however clear, De Quincey's style is not preëminently a forceful one, in any such way, at least, as that in which Carlyle's is forceful. Doubtless this lack of strength is due to the peculiarly intellectual type of De Quincey's genius, his inability to forget the manner of his writing, however great may be his interest in its matter.

On the other hand, this very inability makes beauty a most striking characteristic of De Quincey's style. He is *par excellence* the great English master of prose-poetry; the imagery, the melody, and the rhythm of his best passages



are not to be paralleled elsewhere in our prose. When De Quincey pays tribute to some Joan of Arc, or plays for us some mystic Dream-Fugue, his lyrical powers are at their best, and no reader of the present essays can fail to realize that in his feeling for the sublime, his imaginative faculty, and his matchless command over the rhythmical resources of the language, De Quincey was more rarely endowed than many of our most noted poets.

Among the special qualities of style enumerated by rhetoricians, humor is the one particularly noticeable in all De Quincey's essays. It is, however, a humor peculiarly his own, shading readily into wit, appealing more strongly to the head than to the heart, and rarely, if ever, of the large, whole-souled type that calls for side-splitting bursts of laughter. It is humor that springs not from the subject treated, but rather from the author's brain. It pervades all his work and even crops out at times when good taste would seem to demand its suppression. Indeed, so prevalent is it in the essays before us and so characteristic of De Quincey that we may take the time to analyze it somewhat carefully. De Quincey's humor most frequently takes the form of a serious treatment of some trivial subject (*e.g.* p. 45) or the introduction of trivial or ludicrous particulars in the midst of a serious discussion (p. 15). Again it may be due to the sudden intrusion of De Quincey himself into the discourse (p. 107), to some personal appeal of his to the reader (p. 132), or to his familiar method of addressing or referring to some well-known character (p. 104). Anacronisms (p. 108), impossibilities (p. 14), incongruities (p. 110), and hyperbolic statements (p. 46) are frequently relied upon for humorous effects. Sometimes the humor lies in a metaphor or simile (p. 112), or perhaps in an epithet (p. 110). Again, we may be called upon to laugh at an absurd bit of logic (p. 36) or to



follow out a line of ridiculous argument (pp. 43-44). Occasionally, De Quincey's humor is ironical or sarcastic in tone, as on pp. 98-100. Some of our author's puns are referred to in the notes; their presence in his humorous passages shows how purely intellectual his fun-making is, and how often it is little more than wit.

To humor, the twin quality is pathos. De Quincey's pathos, however, unlike his humor, seems to issue directly from the heart; it is genuine and appeals at once to the reader. Like his humor, it is all-pervasive, and pathetic touches abound in the present volume. Joan of Arc constantly inspires De Quincey with pity, and he shows us the sorrowful as well as the sublime in her career. The soldier's mother (pp. 62 ff.) and the young girl (pp. 80 ff.) of *The English Mail-Coach* are pathetic figures as De Quincey presents them to us. But of the characters appearing in these essays it is the Spanish Military Nun of whom De Quincey is most fond, and the pathetic tenderness with which he writes of her doubtless arouses an answering sentiment in the heart of every reader.

7. PRACTICAL EXERCISES. — The list of rhetorical exercises here given makes no claim to completeness; it is intended to be suggestive merely, and is capable of infinite expansion.

(1) Discuss the agreement of subject and verb in the sentences: "That Easter . . . robbers" (p. 33, ll. 9-14) and "Consequently . . . bands" (p. 110, ll. 22-23).

(2) Criticise the participial constructions in ll. 4-5, p. 4; ll. 16-17, p. 21; ll. 14-15, p. 39; ll. 29-30, p. 53; ll. 6-7, p. 174.

(3) Justify De Quincey's use of *shall*, *will*, and *would* in the paragraph: "Bishop . . . silent" (pp. 33-35).

(4) Can you find any examples of the "cleft infinitive" in the essays of this volume?



(5) Test the use of tenses in the paragraphs: "Oh! . . . frost" (pp. 146-148) and "All . . . forgiveness" (pp. 150-151).

(6) Why should the subjunctive mood be employed in l. 1, p. 29; l. 9, p. 32; l. 20, p. 49? Why the indicative in l. 16, p. 128? What is the difference in force between the indicative and the subjunctive in ll. 10-11, p. 66, and ll. 9-10, p. 82?

(7) Comment upon the order of words, phrases, and clauses in the sentences: "Gorgeous . . . *her*" (p. 3, ll. 10-16); "But . . . forms" (p. 10, ll. 26-29); "Yet . . . one" (p. 29, ll. 19-26); "Once . . . us" (p. 47, ll. 6-9); "Out . . . Fanny" (p. 55, ll. 13-17); "Ah . . . wind" (p. 85, ll. 16-20); "Kate's . . . recollection" (p. 119, ll. 21-24); "As . . . frost" (p. 148, ll. 24-29).

(8) Can you determine what principles govern De Quincey's use of *who*, *which*, and *that*?

(9) Is the retrospective reference clear in the sentences: "It . . . error" (p. 4, ll. 20-24) and "And . . . death" (p. 162, l. 39-p. 163, l. 3)?

(10) Does De Quincey follow *not* by *or*, or by *nor*?

(11) Study and explain the varying intensity of the negations found in the paragraph: "Here . . . *him*" (pp. 61-64).

(12) What words are omitted in ll. 8-10, p. 79; ll. 11-13, p. 83; l. 4, p. 84; ll. 3-5, p. 177? Give reasons for these omissions.

(13) Point out all repetitions of words and ideas in the paragraphs: "Thus . . . last" (pp. 90-93) and "That . . . ever!" (p. 183).

(14) Find examples of repetition in inverse order on pp. 33-35.

(15) Account for the inversions found in ll. 28-30, p. 56;



ll. 11-15, p. 90; ll. 1-2, p. 148; ll. 21-23, p. 158; ll. 8-9, p. 170; ll. 13-14, p. 180.

(16) Collate examples showing De Quincey's care for the rhythm of his sentences.

(17) Comment on the diction of the sentences: "Unless . . . broken" (p. 22, ll. 14-17); "At . . . dreams" (p. 32, ll. 27-31); "These . . . result" (p. 36, ll. 12-24); "England . . . democracy" (p. 39, ll. 12-15); "Horses! . . . leopards?" (p. 58, ll. 26-27); "As . . . goodness" (p. 94, ll. 10-20); "Catalina . . . you" (p. 162, ll. 16-20).

(18) Make a list of all the unfamiliar words found in the essays of this volume and learn the meaning of each.

(19) Collate and comment upon the words coined by De Quincey.

(20) Note all the words that De Quincey employs in unusual senses, and justify his use of them.

(21) Make a list of the unexpected prepositions used by De Quincey.

(22) Has De Quincey other favorite words besides those mentioned in the notes?

(23) How many times is *viz.* used in the present essays? Why is De Quincey so fond of the word?

(24) From what different languages do the foreign words and phrases of these essays come? Is De Quincey's use of these foreign expressions pedantic?

(25) Can you find any archaic words or forms in these essays?

(26) Show that De Quincey's diction is sometimes poetic.

(27) Collect and classify the technical terms used by De Quincey.

(28) Pick out and explain the meaning of all colloquial and idiomatic expressions found on pp. 117-121 and pp. 173-176.



(29) Make a list of all the slang terms occurring in *The Spanish Military Nun*.

(30) What is the proportion of Anglo-Saxon words on pp. 26-27; pp. 93-94; pp. 128-129? Why the difference?

(31) Is De Quincey's diction more or less Latinized than that of Milton? of Bunyan? of Swift? of Macaulay? of Carlyle? of Ruskin?

(32) Find a good example of each of the different figures of speech used by De Quincey.

(33) Make a list of the different animals referred to in De Quincey's figures.

(34) Point out those figures that involve some technical knowledge on De Quincey's part.

(35) Point out those due to his knowledge of history and geography.

(36) Recognize and name all the figures occurring on pp. 1-3; pp. 85-87; pp. 146-148.

(37) Is De Quincey's frequent use of italics justifiable?

(38) What is the purpose of the pleonastic structure of the sentences: "This . . . her" (p. 2, ll. 25-29); "The famines . . . chords" (p. 10, ll. 4-7); "But the forests . . . strength" (p. 12, ll. 6-8); "The shepherd . . . wandered" (p. 33, ll. 5-9); "We . . . indignities?" (p. 40, ll. 1-5); "And yet . . . life" (p. 141, ll. 2-6); "Potentates . . . vain" (p. 178, ll. 26-27).

(39) Explain the ellipses in the sentences: "Yet . . . dies" (p. 34, ll. 18-19); "Five . . . event" (p. 56, ll. 28-30); "What . . . for ever!" (p. 58, ll. 27-33); "Thimble . . . her" (p. 118, ll. 19-20).

(40) Criticise the structure of the sentences: "This . . . yours" (p. 35, ll. 14-16); "It seems . . . piety" (p. 65, ll. 28-29); "As . . . goodness" (p. 94, ll. 10-20); "The simple . . . effort" (p. 151, ll. 18-25).



(41) Test for unity the sentences: "Joanna . . . herself" (p. 20, ll. 16-22); "Then . . . children" (pp. 55-56); "Yet . . . mendacity" (p. 102, ll. 11-22); "But, as . . . nun" (pp. 148-149); "Suppose . . . revolting" (pp. 186-187).

(42) What is the average length of the sentences on pp. 27-28; pp. 55-56; pp. 67-68; pp. 106-107; pp. 139-140; pp. 176-177? Why the difference?

(43) What is the purpose of the short sentences on pp. 31-32; pp. 77-78; pp. 128-130; pp. 172-173?

(44) Account for the use of the exclamatory and interrogative sentences in the paragraphs: "What . . . for ever" (pp. 1-3); "Now . . . mother" (pp. 24-26); "Bishop . . . silent" (pp. 33-35); "Passion . . . horror?" (p. 85); "Then . . . love!" (pp. 93-94).

(45) What is the proportion of periodic sentences on pp. 8-9; pp. 59-60; p. 76; p. 125; p. 180? Why the difference?

(46) Tabulate the means used by De Quincey for securing suspense.

(47) Point out all examples of balanced structure to be found on pp. 2-3; pp. 24-25; pp. 32-35; pp. 90-93; p. 190.

(48) Classify rhetorically the sentences of paragraphs: "All . . . broken" (pp. 21-22); "No . . . authority" (pp. 45-46); "Catalina . . . battles" (pp. 155-156).

(49) Show all the different means used to secure continuity in paragraphs: "But she . . . English" (pp. 22-23); "Such being . . . driving" (pp. 39-40); "Here . . . adore" (pp. 141-144).

(50) Test the unity of paragraphs: "As to . . . king" (pp. 16-18); "The mail coach . . . construction" (pp. 37-39); "The modern . . . train" (pp. 49-51); "Here . . . anything" (pp. 111-115); "There . . . credulity" (pp. 184-185).



(51) Find the digressions in paragraphs: "But . . . herself" (pp. 3-5); "Here . . . *him*" (pp. 61-64); "On . . . tenderness" (pp. 98-100).

(52) Find several whole paragraphs of digression.

(53) Make a list of De Quincey's puns.

(54) Find additional examples of the different types of humor referred to above (pp. xxxvi-xxxvii).

(55) Is the fun-making of pp. 6-7 and p. 120 in good taste? Why, or why not?

(56) Note the most strikingly pathetic passages in these essays.

(57) Which passages do you consider the most poetic, and which the most eloquent?

(58) Note the various points at which the tone of De Quincey's style changes.

(59) What means are used to effect these changes of tone?

(60) Is De Quincey's style ever pedantic, bombastic, or artificial? Why, or why not?

#### IV. CREATIVE

The essays contained in this volume should not only furnish the student with material for reading, study, and analysis; they should also be made the basis of original creative work on his own part. To show how easily this may be done, a brief list of possible themes for compositions is here appended.

1. The justice of De Quincey's criticism of Southey's *Joan of Arc*.

2. The Joan of De Quincey's essay compared with the Joan of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*.

3. De Quincey's estimate of woman's powers (p. 27) a correct one.



4. The advantages of the railway train over the mail-coach as a means of locomotion.
5. Why the *Dream-Fugue* is so named.
6. The exact connection between the *Dream-Fugue* and *The Vision of Sudden Death*.
7. De Quincey's sarcastic account of Spanish pride and laziness unjustifiable.
8. The probable justice of De Quincey's comparison between Kate and the Ancient Mariner.
9. Various suppositions as to Catalina's fate.
10. The character of Joan of Arc compared with that of Catalina de Erauso.
11. Historic women that have fought as soldiers.
12. Why De Quincey's notes have been called pedantic.
13. De Quincey's familiarity with literature as shown in these essays.
14. The range and accuracy of De Quincey's historical knowledge.
15. The facts these essays tell the reader about De Quincey's life.
16. De Quincey's personality as inferred from these essays.
17. De Quincey's feeling toward the French and its causes.
18. The influence of the Bible on De Quincey's style.
19. Reasons for preferring one of these essays to the others.
20. A personal estimate of De Quincey's rank as an essayist.

## V. HISTORICAL

### A. *Joan of Arc*

In his essay on Joan of Arc, De Quincey makes no attempt "to write the history of *La Pucelle*"; indeed, he pre-



supposes a certain knowledge of her history on the part of the reader. To supply that knowledge, a brief outline of her life is here given.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the national affairs of France were in an extremely critical condition. Though the French territory won by Edward III of England and the Black Prince had been recovered by Charles V (1364-1380), the incapacity of his successor, Charles VI, had destroyed all hopes of immediate national unity and greatness by delivering France as a prey to the rival nobles of the court. Most powerful among these were the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy, who soon plunged the country into all the horrors of a civil war. This moment Henry V of England found favorable for pressing his claims to the French throne; entering Normandy in 1415 at the head of an English army, he met with resistance from the Orleanists alone, and by the great victory of Agincourt opened the way to an easy conquest. After pursuing his victorious course for some years, he formed an alliance with the Burgundians, and by the treaty of Troyes (1420) was declared the heir of Charles VI and Regent of France. In 1422, however, both Charles and Henry died. By the terms of the treaty Henry VI, then only nine months old, became joint ruler of the two kingdoms; his uncle, John of Bedford, was appointed his regent in France and at once urged forward the conquest of such French provinces as refused to acknowledge the English sovereignty.

Meanwhile the Orleanists, or Armagnacs as they were generally called, into whose hands the dauphin Charles, only surviving son of Charles VI, had fallen, offered but a feeble resistance to the Anglo-Burgundian advance. Charles himself, then twenty years old, was weak, dissolute, and a coward; the leaders of his party were mostly adventurers



who thought only of their private interests and carried on a merely desultory warfare against the English. By 1428 practically all France north and east of the Loire owned Henry as king, while by no means all the southern provinces remained loyal to Charles. Anxious to complete their conquest and put an end to the struggle, the English, in October, 1428, invested Orleans, the key to the South. It was just at this critical moment that Joan of Arc entered upon her career of victory and of suffering.

At Domrémy, in the valley of the Meuse between Champagne and Lorraine, Joan was born in the year 1412, the fourth child of James of Arc and Isabel of Vouthon. Her birthplace seems to have been a part of the Duchy of Bar rather than of Lorraine or Champagne, but whatever its territorial relations, its inhabitants were all loyal supporters of Charles and his cause. Here Joan learned to spin and to sew, to perform the duties of the household, and to watch over her father's flocks. Her childhood was in no wise unlike that of her friends and playmates, save that she was noted throughout the village for her charity and religious zeal. Not until she had reached her thirteenth year was she singled out from among her fellows; one summer's day, when alone in her father's garden, she beheld a great light and in the midst saw the Archangel Michael surrounded by other angels. Similar visions followed at intervals during three years. In these St. Margaret and St. Catherine also appeared, by whom she was bidden to save France. At last the commands of the saints became more definite; Joan must go to Vaucouleurs and ask Baudricourt, its commander, to send her to the dauphin; she must conduct him to Rheims and see him made king; then she must drive the English out of France.

In January, 1429, Joan and Durand Laxart, her cousin,



made their way to Vaucouleurs. At first Baudricourt gave the maid but a cold reception; she needed to be whipped, he thought. The people of the town believed in her, however, and finally Baudricourt, giving her a small escort and a letter to the king, sent her on her way to Chinon, where Charles was then holding his court. Arrived here, Joan was first examined by various clerks and priests; not until several days later was she allowed a royal audience in the great hall of the palace. As she entered, the king drew aside, thinking to test her miraculous powers, but she knew him at once and announced to him her divinely appointed mission. For days Charles could not make up his mind to avail himself of Joan's aid; he had her examined by his priests and monks, then sent her to the university town of Poitiers to undergo further examination as to her orthodoxy. She emerged victorious from these tests, but was obliged to wait some weeks before an army could be raised to relieve Orleans. Meanwhile she wrote a letter to the English, demanding the surrender of all French cities held by them; had made for herself a banner sown with lilies and bearing a picture of God seated upon the clouds; and sent to the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois for an old sword which she had never seen but which was found in the place described by her. At length, on April 25, she joined the French army at Blois; and the march toward Orleans was begun.

This city, the possession of which was so important to Charles, had been besieged by the English, as we have seen, since October, 1428. An expedition sent to its relief in February, 1429, had been intercepted and defeated by the English, so that the city was now in great straits, though much encouraged by news of the coming of the miraculous maid. On April 29 Joan entered Orleans and was received with great rejoicing; the army, which had lost time by first approach-



ing on the wrong side of the Loire, followed her on May 4, the English offering no opposition to their entrance. Once within the city, Joan counselled immediate action, especially since the English expected the arrival of reënforcements at any moment. The French generals, on the contrary, favored delay and the exercise of great caution; but the maid so impressed them by her supreme confidence in herself that at last she was allowed to have her way. By Sunday, May 8, the English had been driven from their forts, and Talbot with all his troops was retreating rapidly down the Loire.

Joan now wished to take advantage of the English discouragement and march directly to Rheims; the royal council, however, was divided into rival factions and could decide upon no course of action. At last it was determined to attack the English forts along the Loire before proceeding farther, and the Duke of Alençon was given command of the army. The fortress of Jargeau, twelve miles above Orleans, was taken on June 12; three days later the French marched down the river past Orleans and captured Meung. Talbot then united all the English forces at Beaugency, hoping to defend this town until the arrival of Fastolf with reënforcements from Paris, which he himself went forward to meet. The relief did not come in time, however, for Talbot and Fastolf reached Meung just as the city surrendered, June 18. The English then decided to retreat upon Janville, some twenty-five miles to the north. At Patay, twelve miles from Meung, finding themselves unable to go farther without fighting, they halted and gave battle to their pursuers. The French victory here was complete; the English were utterly routed and few of them escaped being either killed or captured. With the surrender of Janville, the campaign of the Loire was ended, and the country between Paris and Orleans



was free from English, though they still held several forts higher up the Loire. To the rapidity of the French movements and the enthusiasm of the French soldiers, this result was due, and for both these Joan had been largely responsible.

At the conclusion of the campaign the maid hastened to Sully, where Charles was holding his court, and urged that he set out instantly for Rheims. As usual, however, the royal council advised delay, declaring it folly to think of marching through a hostile country full of fortified towns. But Joan's entreaties finally won the day and an advance was decided upon. After further delay in determining the proper route to follow, the march to Rheims was begun on June 30. On July 5 the army camped about Troyes, the capital of Champagne, which refused to surrender to the dauphin. The council was opposed to a siege, some wishing to pass by the town, others to return home. Joan promised to capture the place within three days and was allowed to make the attempt, but so vigorous were her preparations for the siege that, on July 9, Troyes surrendered without having struck a blow. On the day following its entrance into Troyes, the French army advanced upon Châlons. This town threw open its gates to receive the dauphin; two days later, Rheims did likewise; and on Saturday, July 16, Charles and Joan together entered the city of kings. On Sunday, July 17, 1429, Charles VII was duly crowned and consecrated King of France according to ancient custom, all the appointed ceremonies being carefully observed. Throughout the service Joan stood close to the king, holding her banner in her hands; when he had been crowned, she knelt down at his feet, weeping vehemently. The story that she now declared her mission ended and asked permission to return to Domrémy seems to be a mere legend lacking historical support. The English had not yet been driven from France, and though her



“voices” no longer gave definite instructions, they still commanded Joan to proceed.

Charles having been crowned, the part of wisdom was to march at once on Paris and drive out its Anglo-Burgundian garrison before John of Bedford could raise a new army to prevent the French attack. Such a march was begun, however, only after much delay, and even then the advance was slow and tortuous — greatly to Joan’s disgust. The royal council, again the cause of all this procrastination, was more anxious to arrange a truce with Philip of Burgundy than to take Paris. Meanwhile Bedford had gathered together fresh troops with which, at Montépilloy, August 14, he was able to check the French advance. Charles thereupon retired to Compiègne, where he was but little nearer Paris than at Rheims. The maid, however, unable to endure such vacillation, continued to march forward at the head of a considerable force, and on August 25, with the aid of the Duke of Alençon, captured St. Denis, just outside of Paris. Here she waited for Charles to join her, but instead of the king there came news that on August 28 a truce between the French and the Burgundians had been agreed upon. Fortunately, however, Paris was not included in the truce, and Charles was at liberty to besiege this city. Not until September 8, however, did he unite his forces with Joan’s at St. Denis, and before he allowed the maid to attack Paris he had already made definite arrangements to abandon the campaign. The first assault, on September 8, was repulsed, so, without making any further attempt to capture the city, Charles ordered his forces to retreat across the Loire. This retreat was much more rapid than the advance had been; in eight days the French reached Gien, on the Loire, one hundred and fifty miles distant from St. Denis, and here the army was rapidly disbanded.



In spite of the reverses just suffered by the French cause, Joan was still anxious to fight. Willing to gratify her desire, the king and his council raised a small force during the month of October and allowed Joan to proceed against St. Pierre le Moustier and La Charité, two towns on the Burgundian frontier, of little importance to either party. St. Pierre fell on November 1; La Charité was besieged for a month, but the siege was finally abandoned for lack of means to carry it on. Joan then joined the king at Mehun, where she remained inactive until February, 1430, all the while asking nothing better than permission to fight the English, and receiving instead from the royal court only a patent of nobility for herself and her family. In March she accompanied the king to Sully, where she was to wait for the ending of the truce with the Burgundians at Easter. Soon, however, she grew weary of the life here, and early in April left the court without the knowledge of the king or his council, probably joining some band of soldiers on their way northward. While waiting at Melun for Easter to come, she was warned by her voices that she would be captured before St. John's Day, June 24.

When the truce was at last ended, Philip of Burgundy recommenced hostilities by preparing to lay siege to Compiègne, a walled city on the Oise some fifty miles north of Paris. As a first step he besieged Choisy, six miles distant. Hearing of this, Joan hastened to Compiègne. After she and the French captains had made several ineffective attempts to relieve the siege of Choisy, that town surrendered (May 20), and the fall of Compiègne seemed inevitable. On May 23 a sally against the Anglo-Burgundian forces was determined upon; this sally Joan prepared to lead. At four o'clock in the afternoon she and her small party issued forth and fierce fighting at once ensued. The French,



greatly outnumbered, were soon driven back to the city in wild confusion, closely pursued by the Burgundians. Flavy, the commander of Compiègne, fearing that the enemy might effect an entrance, closed the barriers of the boulevard leading to the town before Joan and a few others had reached them. Left almost alone, the maid was quickly surrounded by her enemies, dragged from her horse by a Picard archer, and claimed as his prisoner by Lionel of Wandonne.

According to the rules of war as then observed, Joan belonged to her captor; but Wandonne seems to have shared his ownership with John of Luxemburg, commander of the corps in which Lionel was a captain. She was at once sent to Beaulieu, one of Luxemburg's strongholds, for safe-keeping. To her captors she was only a piece of property to be sold to the highest bidder; but to the English she would be an invaluable prize. The latter, therefore, fearing lest Charles might make some attempt to ransom her, immediately hastened to get Joan in their own possession. Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, was chosen as their agent to buy her from the Burgundians. He secured letters from the University of Paris, demanding that she be turned over to him as a witch; on behalf of King Henry he offered £10,000 for her delivery. After some haggling the bargain was made, and as soon as the English had succeeded in raising the purchase money, Joan was turned over to them (November, 1430), Charles VII having made no effort to ransom or rescue her.

Meanwhile, Joan herself had been kept for some weeks in the castle of Beaulieu, from which she vainly endeavored to escape, and had then been taken to Beurevoir, another and stronger castle belonging to Luxemburg. At both places she seems to have been cruelly treated. Finally, worn out by confinement and insult, sick at heart over the



news that Compiègne was about to be taken by the Burgundians, and fearful lest she fall into the hands of the English, Joan disobeyed her voices for the first time and threw herself from the tower at Beaufort, hoping either to escape or to end her life. She was badly shaken but not otherwise injured by the fall, so that the Burgundians were able to deliver their property to the English in good condition.

For some time Joan's new owners could not decide whether to treat her as a prisoner of war or as a witch. Urged on by the University of Paris, they at last agreed to turn her over to the church for trial; only by proving her an agent of the devil could they nullify the coronation of Charles. In December, 1430, she was removed to Rouen and there delivered up to Cauchon, now acting as the representative of the church.

An ecclesiastical trial of the fifteenth century ordinarily consisted of two parts: first, an inquest or gathering of evidence against the accused, so that an indictment might be drawn up; second, the trial proper of the accused on the charges contained in the indictment. The first part of Joan's trial began with a preliminary meeting of the court in the royal council chamber at Rouen, on January 9, 1431. At this, as at all the subsequent meetings, Cauchon did not sit alone in judgment; the number of ecclesiastics forming his court varied greatly, however, sometimes as many as forty being present, again only five or six. At first the sessions of the court were held in the council chamber of the royal castle, but later Joan was usually examined before a small committee in her cell; at first, too, there was some show of fairness about the trial, since Cauchon believed that he should have no difficulty in proving Joan's guilt, but he soon found it necessary to resort to the most iniquitous methods in order to accomplish his purpose. During the course of the trial,



Joan was not allowed to hear mass or enjoy spiritual consolation of any kind. She was kept all the while in the common prison of Rouen, heavily ironed and constantly exposed to insults and indignities. Worse still, she was exposed to treachery, for a pretended friend was sent to her cell to secure her confidences, and she was regularly watched over and listened to by concealed spies.

At the second meeting of the court, held on January 13, a committee was chosen to digest such evidence as had already been collected against Joan, so that the court might determine what lines the inquest should follow. This task occupied the committee for ten days; other preparations consumed more time; and it was not until February 21 that Joan was summoned to appear before the court. Into the details of her examination at this and the subsequent sessions of the court there is no need to enter; suffice it to say that by shrewd answers or wise silence she skilfully avoided the traps laid for her by the examiners. The general nature of the questions asked her may readily be surmised if we enumerate a few of the different charges on which her judges wished to find her indictable, and on which their interrogations bore: she had communed with evil spirits, practised magic, ascribed supernatural virtue to her sword and banner, followed an unwomanly career in man's clothes, attacked Paris on the Feast of the Annunciation, attempted her own life at Beaurevoir, allowed people to worship her, pretended to work miracles, etc. The first part of her trial lasted until March 18, the court having met almost daily and having examined Joan at every meeting; her evidence, after being read to her and acknowledged by her, was turned over to Estivet, the prosecuting attorney, that he might prepare an indictment.

On March 27 Joan was called before the court to hear the



indictment that had been drawn up against her. This document contained no less than seventy counts, or charges, to each of which in turn Joan was required to answer. At times she replied with great skill and discrimination ; again she would refer the judges to her previous evidence or declare that she left the whole matter to God. As it was impossible with even a semblance of fairness to find her guilty on all the counts, Cauchon reduced the seventy articles to twelve, of which the most important were those relating to her belief in her saintly visitors, her unwillingness to discard her male garb, and her refusal to submit her life and deeds to the judgment of the church. On May 19 the court, largely influenced by letters received from the University of Paris, was inclined to pronounce Joan guilty of the crimes charged against her in these twelve articles, but gave her a final opportunity to submit to the church before sentence should be passed upon her. This submission the Bishop of Beauvais took good care to prevent, and Joan was condemned to be turned over to the lay tribunal—in other words, to die.

Hitherto Cauchon, determined that the court should find Joan guilty, had seen to it that she should not repent of her resolution not to change her style of dress and not to submit to the church ; now that she had been condemned such repentance was no longer undesirable, but was even necessary in order that she appear to the world a self-confessed witch and heretic. On May 24, therefore, the maid was taken from her cell to the cemetery of St. Ouen, to hear sentence publicly pronounced upon her. She was placed upon a platform in the midst of the immense crowd ; near by was the executioner with his cart, prepared to take charge of her when the sentence should have been read. After listening to a long sermon, Joan was once more called upon to submit her words and deeds to the judgment of the church ;



thus only could she escape death. At first she refused, nor would she renounce her masculine apparel as she was urged to do. Reluctantly Cauchon began to read her sentence, while the priests crowded around her, begging her to submit and to agree to change her dress. Suddenly a paper was thrust into her hands and she was almost forced to sign it. What it was she really signed can never be known; Joan herself believed that she was only promising to put on a woman's dress and to submit to the church. At all events, her enemies chose to consider that she had recanted, and Cauchon now pronounced a new sentence whereby she was condemned to imprisonment for life. The English were enraged with the Bishop for allowing Joan thus to escape him, but his schemes were deeper and darker than they imagined; having made Joan ruin her reputation by recanting, he knew he could take her life whenever he chose.

The maid, having been led back to prison, was there subjected to indignities far worse than she had formerly suffered; she was prostrated, too, by remorse over her abjuration. Exactly why, it is impossible to say, but within two days she had resumed her masculine garments — just as Cauchon had intended that she should. She also claimed to have heard her voices again and persisted in believing that they were those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Nothing more was needed; on Tuesday, May 29, the court voted that Joan was a relapsed heretic and should be turned over to the lay tribunal, — which always punished with death by burning such persons as the ecclesiastics delivered to it.

At nine o'clock on the morning of May 30, 1431, Joan of Arc was led through the streets of Rouen, clothed in a long black robe, and wearing on her head a mitre bearing the words, "Heretic, relapsed, apostate, idolater." When the Old Market had been reached, she was placed upon a platform



there and again caused to listen to a long sermon. She was then turned over to the executioner, who conducted her to a scaffold about which faggots of wood had been piled. As she passed through the crowd she begged the priests to say masses for her soul, and as she ascended the scaffold she asked for a cross, which she placed in her bosom. A crucifix also having been brought her, she kissed and embraced it while she was being bound to the stake. When the flames had at last been lighted, she urged the monk at her side to descend, and then begged him to hold up the crucifix where she could still see it. Thus she died, the crucifix before her eyes and a prayer upon her lips.

After Joan's execution the war dragged on somewhat listlessly until 1435, when the treaty of Arras was agreed upon between the French and the Burgundians; by it the crown was effectually secured for Charles. A series of French victories next forced the English, in 1444, to agree to a truce. In 1449 war again broke out and by 1450 Charles had conquered all northern France except Calais. The official records of Joan's trial had thus come into his possession and he was anxious to reverse that judgment whereby he was declared to have been crowned through the aid of the devil. It was not, however, until 1455 that the Pope, Calixtus III, gave permission to reopen Joan's case and review the course of her trial. Witnesses were examined at Domrémy, Vaucouleurs, Orleans, and Rouen, one hundred and fifty depositions being taken in all. After reviewing this evidence carefully, the judges, on July 7, 1456, pronounced sentence in the great hall of the archbishop's palace at Rouen to the effect that Joan's trial had been unfairly conducted; that all matters connected with the proceedings, the sentence, and the execution, were therefore declared null, invalid, and void; and that Joan and her family should thenceforth be



held absolutely cleared from all stains or marks of infamy. So, from political motives, the party that had done nothing to save her while living, at last did tardy justice to the memory of the Maid of Orleans.

*B. Catalina de Erauso*

Quite early in his story of *The Spanish Military Nun*, De Quincey takes care to impress upon the reader that "this is no romance, or at least no fiction"; throughout the story he makes frequent reference to Catalina's memoirs and the French reporter of them; and in the postscript of 1854, which replaced a much briefer introductory paragraph in *Tait* for May, 1847, he gives some account of his sources and discusses their probable authenticity. But De Quincey never saw the memoirs himself, and is purposely inaccurate and secretive in his postscript. Let us see, then, what facts are really known concerning Catalina de Erauso and how De Quincey came to write about her; that such a person once actually existed, there can be no reasonable doubt.

The chief source of the world's knowledge concerning Catalina is her memoirs. These she began to write in the year 1624, but they were not published until early in the nineteenth century. M. Ferrer, a native of Guipuzcoa, in Spain, chanced to read, in 1815, among the manuscripts in the possession of D. Felipe Bauza, keeper of the Marine Archives at Madrid, a copy of these memoirs, which had been transcribed from a manuscript in the Royal Academy of History, this in turn having been copied in 1784 from a manuscript volume owned by the Spanish poet, Trigueros. This "romance of cape and sword," for such he supposed it, made a strong impression on M. Ferrer, especially since the heroine had been born in his own province and since he



himself had served in Peru. In the political excitement of the times, however, he soon forgot all about the Military Nun. Several years later, while a refugee in Paris, he came across a brief account of Catalina's life and exploits in the *History of the Life and Times of Philip III*, by Gil Gonzales Davila. The idea that the nun might be a genuine historical character caused his old interest to return with redoubled force. He at once procured a copy of the memoirs that he had formerly read, and for many years pursued the most minute historical researches in order to verify, if possible, the statements there made. Contemporary references, parish registers, state documents — among them certificates from Catalina's commanders, her petition to the king, his reply, and the order for her pension — all these proofs, together with an actual portrait of the Nun-Lieutenant, convinced M. Ferrer of the substantial accuracy of Catalina's memoirs. To be sure, he could hardly explain, for instance, why the parish register should give the date of Catalina's birth as 1592 when she herself claimed to have been born in 1585; how she could have taken part in the battle of Valdivia (1606) at the very time when the convent records showed her to have been at St. Sebastian; or why the legend accompanying the portrait of her painted in 1630 should represent her as then being fifty-two years old. Still he had been able to verify the chief facts stated by Catalina, so decided to publish the memoirs, together with such notes and historical documents as seemed worth adding. This volume appeared in 1829, "an unfortunate time," says M. Valon (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 634), "since it was just on the eve of the Revolution of July. The political disturbances whirled away the unfortunate book, which disappeared as mysteriously as the heroine whose history it recounted. It can hardly have been seen by more than a



few rare amateurs, and it has now become a bibliographical curiosity." But Catalina's literary career had at last begun — though without any such "regular controversy" as that mentioned by De Quincey.

Before pursuing further this "literary career" we should pause long enough to note the chief events in Catalina's "personal career," as she herself has recorded them. She was born at St. Sebastian in 1585, and at the age of four was placed in a convent there. At the convent she remained until March 18, 1600, when she succeeded in escaping. After changing her costume and cutting her hair she wandered to Vittoria, where she entered the service of a professor, a relative of her mother. Three months later she ran away to Valladolid and became a lackey in the service of a state secretary, Don Juan de Idiaquez. To his house her father came one day to report the escape of his daughter from St. Sebastian, and Catalina deemed it prudent to flee.

According to the memoirs, Catalina, on leaving Valladolid, made her way to Bilbao, and was there imprisoned for having struck some gamins that were annoying her. She next went to Estella, in Navarre, where she remained for two years as the page of a nobleman. At the end of this time (1603) she was venturesome enough to visit St. Sebastian, fortunately without being recognized. Going thence to San Lucar, she embarked as cabin-boy on one of the vessels in a fleet about to set sail for New Andalusia.

On Holy Monday, 1603, the squadron left San Lucar, and in due time reached Araya, where ensued a naval combat with the Dutch, in which Catalina took part. After having touched at Cartagena and Nombre de Dios, she deserted her ship and made her way to Panama. There she entered the service of a merchant named Urquiza; at the end of three months she and her master set sail for Paíta, which they



finally succeeded in reaching, though their vessel was wrecked *en route*. From Paita, Catalina was sent to Saña, there to take charge of a mercantile establishment belonging to her master. A street fight in which she seriously wounded a friend of one Reyes, who had insulted her, caused Catalina to take sanctuary in a near-by church, whence she was dragged to prison. She was released three months later through the influence of the bishop, and, having refused to marry the aunt of Reyes's wife in order to escape from the private vengeance that now threatened her, was sent by her master to take charge of his establishment at Trujillo. Hither Reyes and his friends followed her. When they ventured to attack her, she again killed a man and was again forced to take sanctuary — this time in a cathedral, from which she was allowed to depart only on condition she left the country without delay. At Lima, to which city she fled, a wealthy merchant named Solarte gave her employment as his commercial agent, but one day he discovered that she was making love to his wife's sister, so he discharged Catalina from his service.

Just at this time troops were being raised for a campaign against the Indians of Chili; Catalina enlisted and soon found herself at Concepcion, where she met her brother and was transferred to his company. For three years she lived with him on the most intimate terms. Finally, however, they quarrelled about a woman and came to blows; as a punishment for her insubordination, Catalina was sentenced to an exile of three years at the fort of Paicabi. During this period she served in a campaign against the Indians, and because of her bravery at the battle of Valdivia, was promoted to the rank of *alférez*. She took part in the battle of Puren (1608), and after some years more of distinguished service was allowed to return to Concepcion. Here she quarrelled over the cards with a friend one day, killed him and also the



auditor-general, who tried to arrest her, and once more found refuge in a church. After having remained in sanctuary for some months, she was visited by a friend, who wished her to act as his second in a duel to be fought that night. She consented, and in the course of the combat killed, without knowing him, her own brother. The latter with his last breath accidentally made known the name of his murderer, and Catalina was forced again to have recourse to her sanctuary. After having been held a close prisoner here for eight months, she finally succeeded, with the aid of a friend, in making her escape.

While fleeing along the coast, she met up with two deserters. The three decided to cross the Andes into the province of Tucuman, but Catalina alone succeeded in reaching the other side of the mountains. Here she found shelter at the farmhouse of a Creole woman, who, some days later, proposed to Catalina that she remain and assist in the farm management, having first married her daughter. To this proposition Catalina agreed; two months later the wedding party went to Tucuman, where our friend the *alférez* managed to delay the performance of the ceremony, meanwhile making arrangements to marry the niece of a city ecclesiastic. Matters having thus become complicated, she suddenly decamped by night, leaving the two girls to exchange consolations.

After a journey of three months, during which she had an encounter with robbers, she reached Potosi, some sixteen hundred miles from Tucuman. Here she entered the service of Don Juan Lopez de Arquijo and was intrusted with the task of convoying twelve thousand llamas and eighty Indians to Charcas. Upon her return to Potosi she again enlisted in the army, was made adjutant-sergeant-major, and served in this capacity for two years, during which time she took part



in an expedition against the Indians of Los Chuncos and El Dorado. Having at length deserted with a number of her companions, she went to La Plata, but had not been there long before she was unjustly accused of having stabbed a woman. When finally acquitted, she made her way to Las Charcas again and found there Don Juan, her former master. She was then put in charge of another drove of llamas, which she convoyed safely to Potosi. When in Las Charcas again, she had a gaming quarrel with the bishop's nephew, killed him, and fled to Piscobamba. Here she quarrelled again, and again killed a man. Upon the testimony of false witnesses, she was condemned to be hung for this crime, and was on the scaffold itself when a reprieve came from La Plata, where the witnesses had confessed their perjury. Catalina was then taken to La Plata and set free. Soon after she went to Cochabamba on business for Don Juan and was just about to return to La Plata when, on passing the house of a certain Chavarria, she was hailed by his wife, who prayed to be rescued from her husband, as he was about to kill her. Catalina allowed the lady to share her mule; together they fled to La Plata, closely pursued by the irate husband. Having placed the woman in a convent, Catalina then had the pleasure of killing her husband, whom she met in the street. For five months Catalina remained in the shelter of a convent, but at the end of this time had little difficulty in clearing herself. She was then employed by the president of La Plata on a judicial mission to Piscobamba and Mizque.

At La Paz, where we find her next, she killed a man that had called her a liar, and escaped being hanged by a stratagem more ingenious than commendable. Cuzco was her next stopping place; here she was falsely accused of having killed the *corrégidor* and was acquitted only after six months. She



then hastened to Lima, took part in a naval battle with the Dutch before Callao, was captured by them, and left to die on the coast of Paita. Instead of dying, she made her way back to Lima, lived there seven months, then went to Cuzco, where she killed a celebrated bully and was herself seriously wounded. As soon as she was able, she fled to Guamanga. Before she had been there long, however, some alguazils tried to arrest her; she resisted, was slightly wounded, and was taken by the bishop into his own house. Next morning the bishop called her into his presence and questioned her as to her past life. Touched by his sympathy, his sound advice, and his evident goodness, she finally said to him: "Seigneur, what I have told your illustrious highness is not the truth; the truth is — that I am a woman." Other details followed, and the bishop, convinced of her veracity, soon after had her placed in the convent of Santa Clara at Guamanga.

Five months later, in 1620, the bishop died and Catalina was removed to the convent of the Holy Trinity at Lima. Here she remained for two years and a half. At the end of this time, information having been received from Spain to the effect that she had not become a professed nun before leaving St. Sebastian, Catalina was set at liberty. Immediately she determined to return to Spain; having made her way overland to Cartagena, she embarked on one of the vessels of a fleet about to return to Cadiz.

On November 1, 1624, she reached Cadiz, and after spending eight days there, made her way to Seville and thence to Madrid. At the last-named place she was arrested by the ecclesiastical authorities, and owed her release to the intervention of the Duke of Olivarez. She next visited Pampluna, where she heard of the jubilee at Rome and decided to call upon the pope. On her way, however, she was arrested at Turin as a spy, despoiled of her money and papers, and



ordered not to continue her journey. She returned, therefore, to Spain, and applied to the king for a pension, which was granted her. Again she started for Rome, but before reaching Barcelona was set upon by thieves and robbed of everything but her papers. The king, fortunately, was at Barcelona, and from him Catalina succeeded in securing a gift of food and money. She then went to Genoa, and while there killed an Italian in a duel. At last she reached Rome, where she was cordially received by the pope, and where during her stay of a month and a half she was constantly feasted and fêted by the dignitaries of church and state. From Rome she went to Naples — and with an anecdote of her life in that city her memoirs suddenly end (July, 1626).

Little is definitely known concerning the rest of her life. On July 4, 1630, she was at Seville, and on July 25 set sail for America. In 1645 she was seen at Vera Cruz by a monk named Nicholas de Renteria, who had just come over from Spain; here, under the name of Antonio de Erauso, she had charge of a drove of mules and negroes and made it her business to carry baggage from one place to another. When and where she died is altogether unknown.

Such is a brief summary of those facts about Catalina de Erauso to be gathered from her memoirs and the notes of M. Ferrer. His book, we have seen, disappeared mysteriously and soon became a bibliographical curiosity. A copy of it, or of a new edition published at Valencia in 1839, must have fallen, however, into the hands of M. Alexis de Valon. who contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 15, 1847, a forty-nine page article entitled *Catalina de Erauso*. Forty-five of these pages are devoted to telling the story of the nun's life; the other four give us some account of the original memoirs and of M. Ferrer's editorial labors. Valon claims to "retell the story from her own notes," but he does



so as a romancer, not a historian. He seems first to have picked out for his use such events in Catalina's life as appeared to him most characteristic, best fitted to make a well-rounded story, and most certain to interest the reader without wearying him by their sameness; he rejects at least half the incidents recorded by Catalina, and shows no little skill in making his choice. Upon this framework he then proceeds to build up his story in most artistic fashion. He invents particulars, he transfers others from the rejected incidents of the memoirs and embodies them in new settings; he supplies interesting descriptions of persons and things; he moralizes, he attempts to analyze Catalina's feelings, motives, character. The result is a vivid historical romance, written in a style as unlike the crude, terse, vigorous manner of Catalina as his story itself is unlike the original memoirs. The nun's character alone remains practically unchanged; here, as in the autobiography, we realize that, as Valon says, "hers is a savage, self-abandoned nature, having a conscience neither for good nor for evil;" that "she knows no morality other than that of the highways, camps, and ships;" that "she robs with candor, worthy woman, and kills with naïveté."

So much for the *Catalina de Erauso* of February 15, 1847. In *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for May, June, and July of the same year there appeared De Quincey's story of *The Nautico-Military Nun of Spain*, substantially as we have it, under a different title, in the present volume. What did De Quincey know about Catalina de Erauso? Seemingly nothing more than what he learned from Valon's article. The internal evidence is conclusive that he had never seen M. Ferrer's edition of Catalina's memoirs, that he had not even seen a review of this book which appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* soon after the publication of the new edition of 1839. The truth seems



to be that De Quincey, having read Valon's article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, thought it a capital story, and proceeded thereupon to create an English version of it.

De Quincey's *Spanish Military Nun* is, then, as Professor Masson describes it, merely "a cooked and spiced and De Quinceyified (which means electrified and glorified) translation from the French." With a single exception, the main incidents — and nearly all the minor details — of the two stories are precisely the same; there is just such similarity as would naturally have resulted if, after reading the French article, De Quincey had thrust it aside and relying solely upon his memory had rewritten the whole thing from a different point of view and to illustrate a very different conception of Catalina herself. To be more specific, De Quincey rejects certain features of his original, such as the non-essential names, the descriptive passages, the comments on Catalina's character, and the minor details that appear to him useless — especially if they are unfavorable to Catalina. In their place he supplies everything that makes *The Spanish Military Nun* so well worth reading, so infinitely superior as a literary production to M. Valon's more orthodox narrative. The all-pervading wit and humor of the present essay is entirely De Quincey's — that wit and humor tinged with irony, without which the story would be, to borrow his own phrase, a *caput mortuum*. To De Quincey we owe those delicious asides by means of which he takes us into his confidence and calls upon us to share his feelings; De Quincey's own, it is needless to say, are the numerous digressions, so fantastic, so instructive, or so eloquent. But most of all we should thank De Quincey for that mantle of tenderness and pathos which he throws about the "man-woman adventuress" of Valon, and by means of which he would hide from our view all the imperfections of his heroine. "I love this Kate, bloodstained as



she is,' he exclaims, and he does all in his power to make us love her too. Indeed, the most remarkable thing about De Quincey's recast of his French original is the skill with which he manages to glorify the character of the Military Nun herself. The most accomplished advocate was never more careful to suppress facts but little creditable to his client, to represent her actions in the most favorable light, to attribute to her the highest possible motives. The Catalina of De Quincey is thus a very different being from the Catalina of Valon, much "handier," wiser, and nobler; less lifelike, to be sure, but infinitely more worthy of our admiration and our love.

There are, then, three important literary versions of Catalina's career: her own, Valon's, and De Quincey's. We have just noticed some of the differences between these versions; parallel passages from the memoirs and Valon's article will serve, when compared with De Quincey's narrative, to illustrate others more minute.

Concerning Catalina's birth and convent life we read in her memoirs (pp. 1-2, Heredia's edition, Paris, 1894):—

"I, Doña Catalina de Erauso, was born in the city of San Sebastian in Guipuzcoa, in the year 1585, daughter of the captain Don Miguel de Erauso and of Doña Maria Perez de Galarraga y Arce, natives and inhabitants of the said city. My parents kept me at home with my brothers and sisters until I was four years old. In 1589 they placed me in the Dominican convent of San Sebastian el Antiguo. My aunt, Doña Ursula de Unza y Sarasti, cousin-german of my mother, was prioress of this convent. There I remained until I was fifteen years old, at which time they began to talk about my becoming a professed nun. The year of my noviciate had about passed when I had a dispute with a nun named Doña Catalina de Aliri, who had entered the convent a widow.



She was large and strong and I but a slight young girl; she gave me several blows, which I resented deeply."

Valon gives us the following account of the same period (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Vol. XVII, pp. 589-590).

"In 1592, an honest hidalgo of San Sebastian, named Miguel de Erauso, an old soldier with many children and little money, was greatly disappointed one fine morning when the news was brought him that during the night heaven had sent him a fourth daughter. Having carefully calculated that he would never have any dowry to give her, he decided to entrust the little Catalina to God. He called the nurse therefore; wrapped up the child in a corner of his mantle: and carried her to the convent of which his sister-in-law, Doña Ursula, was abbess. He was certainly taking time by the forelock in order to make a good Dominican of her, and the proper inclination should not have been lacking in this child, cradled, so to speak, in the sanctuary. But the proper inclination was lacking, and never before did a cloistral education produce such a nun.

"After having been the most insufferable child, she became the most unsubdued of novices. At fifteen, that age when upon the countenance of a young girl the candor of childhood begins to mingle with the divine grace of womanhood, she had, so to speak, nothing feminine in her character or in her face. Those modest blushes, that charming embarrassment, by which a young girl shows her knowledge of her own beauty and her secret consciousness of her own powers, were never seen in Catalina. She was haughty and violent; everybody had to give way to her, and so much resolution sparkled in her black eyes that the inmates of the convent hardly knew what to think of this strange novice. One might call her a hawk raised by accident in a nest of turtle-doves. But not all the saintly recluses felt alike about Catalina. The



novices of her own age, accustomed from childhood to her domination, always submitted tremblingly to Catalina, in whom they perceived a superior and almost masculine strength of will; but not all the nuns were novices. In the convent of San Sebastian *el antiguo*, there might be found more than one of those old recluses, rough and cross, embittered by celibacy, whose mummified faces resemble geometrical figures covered with parchment, and of whom the type, preserved from age to age, may still be found in all convents and even elsewhere. Doña Incarnacion de Aliri was the most crabbed of these old women, who ordinarily have a horror of youth and beauty; she detested Catalina and had long since sworn to finish with the insolent novice once for all. One evening when the nuns were going to the refectory, Catalina, scorning all convent rules, passed impudently before Doña Incarnacion, elbowing her as she went; Doña Incarnacion pushed her back sharply, and Catalina, having persisted in her attempt to pass, presently received a resounding smack from the dryest hand in the whole peninsula. At once she changed countenance and took on a look so horrible that all the nuns crowded about her in terror, fearing some tragedy. Doña Incarnacion fled; later she declared that the glance of the young girl, glittering like a sword-blade, charged with hate and ferocity like that of a savage beast, had at that moment revealed to her as by a lightning flash, the bloody destiny of Catalina."

With these two passages, the four first chapters of De Quincey's story should be compared.

Having thus considered the three chief accounts of her life we may end our study of Catalina de Erauso's "literary career," no less interesting in its vicissitudes than the "personal career" with which De Quincey has chiefly concerned himself. The study has not been complete, for we have



not taken into account the *Relacion Verdadera* and the *Segunda Relacion* of Catalina's exploits, published at Madrid in 1624 and 1625, respectively; a drama — *La Monja Alférez*, by Juan Perez de Montalvan (1602–1638) — of which she is the heroine; a French version of the memoirs published at Paris in 1830; a reprint of Ferrer's book at Barcelona in 1838; a résumé of Catalina's life in the *Musée des Familles* (1838–1839) by the Duchess d'Abrantès; a chapter concerning Catalina in the *Valence et Valladolid* (Paris, 1877), of M. Antoine de Latour; or the latest French translation of the memoirs by José-Maria de Heredia (Paris, 1894); reference has not even been made — and this for a very good reason — to those lengthy reports by “journals in Spain and Germany” which De Quincey mentions, and which may or may not have appeared. We have considered only those antecedent accounts in which De Quincey's story has made us necessarily interested, and, in excuse for not pursuing further Catalina's literary career, may quote Professor Masson's belief that, “if ever that Spanish eccentric, that masculine nun-adventuress from Biscay, with her black eyes and black hair, the tinge of brown down on her upper lip, and the sword by her side, shall take permanent hold of the imagination of those who read books, it will be because her portrait, after having been several times attempted by rougher hands, was repainted more sympathetically by this greater artist.”

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JOAN OF ARC  
THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, AND THE  
SPANISH MILITARY NUN







# THE ESSAYS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY

## JOAN OF ARC°

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine,° that — like the Hebrew shepherd boy° from the hills and forests of Judea — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*,° by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read 10 by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made 15 the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.° The 20 poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native



Domrémy° as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs° which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, 5 innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is 10 over, are for those that share thy blood.° Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the appari- 15 tors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*.° When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen,° shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five 20 centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined 25 to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious° — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She 30 might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen° as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames,



the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints°;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever. 5

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were 10 the lilies of France,° and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them°; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no gar-15 land for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

\* \* \* \* \*

But stay. What reason is there for taking up this subject of Joanna precisely in the spring of 1847°? Might it not have been left till the spring of 1947, or, perhaps, left till called 20 for°? Yes, but it *is* called for, and clamorously. You are aware, reader, that amongst the many original thinkers whom modern France has produced one of the reputed leaders is M. Michelet.° All these writers are of a revolution-25 ary cast: not in a political sense merely, but in all senses: mad, oftentimes, as March hares°; crazy with the laughing gas of recovered liberty°; drunk with the wine-cup of their mighty Revolution,° snorting, whinnying, throwing-up their heels, like wild horses in the boundless Pampas, and running 30 races of defiance with snipes, or with the winds, or with their own shadows, if they can find nothing else to challenge. Some time or other I, that have leisure to read, may intro-



duce *you*, that have not, to two or three dozen of these writers<sup>o</sup>; of whom I can assure you beforehand that they are often profound, and at intervals are even as impassioned as if they were come of our best English blood. But now, confining  
5 our attention to M. Michelet, we in England — who know him best by his worst book, the book against priests, &c.<sup>o</sup> — know him disadvantageously. That book is a rhapsody of incoherence. But his “History of France”<sup>o</sup> is quite another thing. A man, in whatsoever craft he sails, cannot stretch  
10 away out of sight when he is linked to the windings of the shore by towing-ropes of History. Facts, and the consequences of facts, draw the writer back to the falconer’s lure<sup>o</sup> from the giddiest heights of speculation. Here, therefore — in his “France” — if not always free from flightiness,  
15 if now and then off like a rocket for an airy wheel in the clouds, M. Michelet, with natural politeness, never forgets that he has left a large audience waiting for him on earth, and gazing upwards in anxiety for his return: return, therefore, he does. But History, though clear of certain tempta-  
20 tions in one direction, has separate dangers of its own. It is impossible so to write a history of France, or of England — works becoming every hour more indispensable to the inevitably-political man of this day — without perilous openings for error. If I, for instance, on the part of England,  
25 should happen to turn my labours into that channel, and (on the model of Lord Percy going to Chevy Chase)<sup>o</sup>

“A vow to God should make  
My pleasure in the Michelet woods  
Three summer days to take,”

30 probably, from simple delirium, I might hunt M. Michelet into *delirium tremens*.<sup>o</sup> Two strong angels stand by the



side of History, whether French History or English, as heraldic supporters: the angel of research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments, and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of *asbestos* were cleansed,<sup>o</sup> and must quicken them into regenerated life. Willingly I acknowledge that no man will ever avoid innumerable errors of detail; with so vast a compass of ground to traverse, this is impossible; but such errors (though I have a bushel on hand, at M. Michelet's service) are not the game I chase; it is the bitter and unfair spirit in which M. Michelet writes against England. Even *that*, after all, is but my secondary object; the real one is Joanna, the Pucelle d'Orleans<sup>o</sup> for herself.

I am not going to write the history of *La Pucelle*: to do this, or even circumstantially to report the history of her persecution and bitter death, of her struggle with false witnesses and with ensnaring judges, it would be necessary to have before us *all* the documents, and therefore the collection only now forthcoming in Paris.<sup>o</sup> But *my* purpose is narrower. There have been great thinkers, disdaining the careless judgments of contemporaries, who have thrown themselves boldly on the judgment of a far posterity, that should have had time to review, to ponder, to compare. There have been great actors on the stage of tragic humanity that might, with the same depth of confidence, have appealed from the levity of compatriot friends — too heartless for the sublime interest of their story, and too impatient for the labour of sifting its perplexities — to the magnanimity and justice of enemies. To this class belongs the Maid of Arc. The ancient Romans were too faithful to the ideal of grandeur in themselves not to relent, after a generation or two, before the grandeur of Hannibal.<sup>o</sup> Mithridates, a more doubtful



person, yet, merely for the magic perseverance of his indomitable malice, won from the same Romans the only real honour that ever he received on earth.<sup>o</sup> And we English have ever shown the same homage to stubborn enmity. To  
5 work unflinchingly for the ruin of England; to say through life, by word and by deed, *Delenda est Anglia Victrix!*<sup>o</sup> — that one purpose of malice, faithfully pursued, has quartered some people upon our national funds of homage as by a perpetual annuity. Better than an inheritance of ser-  
10 vice rendered to England herself has sometimes proved the most insane hatred to England. Hyder Ali,<sup>o</sup> even his son Tippoo,<sup>o</sup> though so far inferior, and Napoleon,<sup>o</sup> have all benefited by this disposition amongst ourselves to exaggerate the merit of diabolic enmity.<sup>o</sup> Not one of these men was  
15 ever capable, in a solitary instance, of praising an enemy (what do you say to *that*, reader?); and yet, in *their* behalf, we consent to forget, not their crimes only, but (which is worse) their hideous bigotry and anti-magnanimous egotism, — for nationality it was not. Suffren,<sup>o</sup> and some half-  
20 dozen of other French nautical heroes,<sup>o</sup> because rightly they did us all the mischief they could (which was really great), are names justly revered in England. On the same principle, La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest com-  
25 memoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen.<sup>o</sup>

Joanna, as we in England should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne (or, as M. Michelet asserts, Jean<sup>o</sup>) D'Arc, was born at Domrémy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne,<sup>o</sup> and dependent upon the town  
30 of Vaucouleurs. I have called her a Lorrainer, not simply because the word is prettier, but because Champagne too odiously reminds us English of what are for *us* imaginary wines, — which, undoubtedly, *La Pucelle* tasted as rarely as



we English: we English, because the Champagne of London is chiefly grown in Devonshire; *La Pucelle*, because the Champagne of Champagne never, by any chance, flowed into the fountain of Domrémy, from which only she drank. M. Michelet will have her to be a *Champenoise*,<sup>o</sup> and for no 5 better reason than that she "took after her father," who happened to be a *Champenois*.

These disputes, however, turn on refinements too nice. Domrémy stood upon the frontiers, and, like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race, representing the *cis* and the *trans*.<sup>o</sup> 10 A river (it is true) formed the boundary-line at this point — the river Meuse; and *that*, in old days, might have divided the populations; but in these days it did not: there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so 15 much for travellers that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great high-road between France and Germany,<sup>o</sup> *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's Cross,<sup>o</sup> or letter X. I hope the 20 compositor will choose a good large X; in which case the point of intersection, the *locus*<sup>o</sup> of conflux and intersection for these four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's-breadth where it was that Domrémy stood. These roads, so grandly 25 situated, as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms,<sup>o</sup> and haunted for ever by wars or rumours of wars,<sup>o</sup> *decussated*<sup>1</sup> (for anything I know to the contrary) absolutely under Joanna's bedroom window: one rolling away to the right, past Monsieur D'Arc's old barn, and the other unac- 30 countably preferring to sweep round that odious man's<sup>o</sup> pig-sty to the left.

On whichever side of the border chance had thrown



Joanna, the same love to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar<sup>o</sup> and Lorraine had for generations pursued the policy of eternal warfare with France on their  
5 own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the throat of France. Let France be assailed by a formidable enemy,  
10 and instantly you saw a Duke of Lorraine insisting on having his own throat cut in support of France; which favour accordingly was cheerfully granted to him in three great successive battles: twice by the English, viz. at Crécy and Agincourt, once by the Sultan at Nicopolis.<sup>o</sup>  
15 This sympathy with France during great eclipses, in those that during ordinary seasons were always teasing her with brawls and guerilla inroads, strengthened the natural piety to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house.<sup>o</sup> The outposts of France, as  
20 one may call the great frontier provinces, were of all localities the most devoted to the Fleurs de Lys.<sup>o</sup> To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin that in gentler weather was for ever tilting at the breast of France, could not but fan the zeal  
25 of France's legitimate daughters: whilst to occupy a post of honour on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France<sup>o</sup> would naturally stimulate this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That great four-headed  
30 road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardour. To say "This way lies the road to Paris, and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle; this to Prague, that to Vienna," nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations



of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened to the groaning of wheels, made the high-road itself, with relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic duty.

The situation, therefore, *locally*, of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers° was *hurting* with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years.° The battle of Agincourt in Joanna's childhood° had reopened the wounds of France. Crécy° and Poitiers,° those withering overthrows for the chivalry of France, had, before Agincourt occurred, been tranquillised by more than half-a-century; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and endless skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow that echoed their own. The monarchy of France laboured in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor king (Charles VI°) falling in at such a crisis, like the case of women labouring in childbirth during the storming of a city, trebled the awfulness of the time. Even the wild story° of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion of this madness — the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniacal himself, coming out of a forest at noonday, laying his hand upon the bridle of the king's horse, checking him for a moment to say, "Oh, king, thou art betrayed," and then vanishing, no man knew



Joanna, as he had appeared for no man knew what — fell  
For such the universal prostration of mind that laid France  
thamer knees, as before the slow unweaving of some ancient  
prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases,  
the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe° —  
these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp;  
but these were transitory chords. There had been others  
of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of  
the Crusades,° the destruction of the Templars,° the Papal  
10 interdicts,° the tragedies caused or suffered by the house  
of Anjou, and by the Emperor° — these were full of a more  
permanent significance. But, since then, the colossal figure  
of feudalism was seen standing, as it were on tiptoe,  
at Crécy, for flight from earth°: that was a revolution  
15 unparalleled; yet *that* was a trifle by comparison with the  
more fearful revolutions that were mining below the Church.  
By her own internal schisms, by the abominable spectacle  
of a double pope° — so that no man, except through political  
bias, could even guess which was Heaven's vicegerent,  
20 and which the creature of Hell — the Church was rehearsing,  
as in still earlier forms she had already rehearsed, those  
vast rents in her foundations which no man should ever  
heal.°

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the  
25 skies that to the scientific gazer first caught the colours  
of the *new* morning in advance. But the whole vast range  
alike of sweeping glooms overhead dwelt upon all meditative  
minds, even upon those that could not distinguish the  
tendencies nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore,  
30 not her own age alone as affected by its immediate calamities  
that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind, but  
her own age as one section in a vast mysterious drama,  
unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer



continually to some dreadful crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring ahead; and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which answered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye, even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted <sup>5</sup> solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanna should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her for ever the duty, self-imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no <sup>10</sup> longer. Doubt gave way; and she left her home for ever in order to present herself at the dauphin's<sup>o</sup> court.

The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard: was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard: and only not good for our <sup>15</sup> age because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology.<sup>o</sup> She wept in sympathy with the sad *Misereres*<sup>o</sup> of the Romish Church; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Te Deums*<sup>o</sup> of <sup>20</sup> Rome; she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of the same Church. But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that <sup>25</sup> degree by fairies that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a-year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view: certain weeds mark poverty in the soil; fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before <sup>30</sup> cities does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of the licensed victualler.<sup>o</sup> A village is too much for her nervous delicacy: at most, she can tolerate a distant view



of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, in what strength the fairies mustered at Domrémy, and, by a satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women  
 5 must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domrémy — those were the glories of the land: for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. “Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,” — “like Moorish temples of  
 10 the Hindoos,”<sup>o</sup> — that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets.<sup>o</sup> These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in  
 15 no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness. This sort of religious talisman being secured, a man the most afraid of ghosts (like myself, suppose, or  
 20 the reader) becomes armed into courage to wander for days in their sylvan recesses. The mountains of the Vosges, on the eastern frontier of France,<sup>o</sup> have never attracted much notice from Europe, except in 1813–14 for a few brief months, when they fell within Napoleon’s line of defence  
 25 against the Allies.<sup>o</sup> But they are interesting for this amongst other features, that they do not, like some loftier ranges, repel woods: the forests and the hills are on sociable terms. *Live and let live* is their motto.<sup>o</sup> For this reason, in part, these tracts in Lorraine were a favourite hunting-  
 30 ground with the Carlovingian princes.<sup>o</sup> About six hundred years before Joanna’s childhood, Charlemagne was known to have hunted there.<sup>o</sup> That, of itself, was a grand incident in the traditions of a forest or a chase. In these vast forests,



also, were to be found (if anywhere to be found) those mysterious fawns that tempted solitary hunters into visionary and perilous pursuits.<sup>o</sup> Here was seen (if anywhere seen) that ancient stag<sup>o</sup> who was already nine hundred years old, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met<sup>5</sup> by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar. I believe Charlemagne knighted the stag; and, if ever he is met again by a king, he ought to be made an earl, or, being upon the marches of France, a marquis.<sup>o</sup> Observe, I don't absolutely vouch<sup>10</sup> for all these things: my own opinion varies. On a fine breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical; but as twilight sets in my credulity grows steadily, till it becomes equal to anything that could be desired. And I have heard candid sportsmen declare that, outside of these very<sup>15</sup> forests, they laughed loudly at all the dim tales connected with their haunted solitudes, but, on reaching a spot notoriously eighteen miles deep within them, they agreed with Sir Roger de Coverley that a good deal might be said on both sides.<sup>o</sup>

20

Such traditions, or any others that (like the stag) connect distant generations with each other, are, for that cause, sublime; and the sense of the shadowy, connected with such appearances that reveal themselves or not according to circumstances, leaves a colouring of sanctity over ancient<sup>25</sup> forests, even in those minds that utterly reject the legend as a fact.

But, apart from all distinct stories of that order, in any solitary frontier between two great empires, — as here, for instance, or in the desert between Syria and the Euphrates,<sup>30</sup> — there is an inevitable tendency, in minds of any deep sensibility, to people the solitudes with phantom images of powers that were of old so vast. Joanna, therefore,



in her quiet occupation of a shepherdess, would be led continually to brood over the political condition of her country<sup>o</sup> by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementos of the local present.

- 5 M. Michelet, indeed, says that La Pucelle was *not* a shepherdess. I beg his pardon: she *was*. What he rests upon I guess pretty well: it is the evidence of a woman called Haumette,<sup>o</sup> the most confidential friend of Joanna. Now, she is a good witness, and a good girl, and I like her; for
- 10 she makes a natural and affectionate report of Joanna's ordinary life. But still, however good she may be as a witness, Joanna is better; and she, when speaking to the dauphin, calls herself in the Latin report *Bergereta*.<sup>o</sup> Even Haumette confesses that Joanna tended sheep in her girl-
- 15 hood. And I believe that, if Miss Haumette were taking coffee alone with me this very evening (February 12, 1847) — in which there would be no subject for scandal or for maiden blushes, because I am an intense philosopher, and Miss H. would be hard upon four hundred and fifty years
- 20 old — she would admit the following comment upon her evidence to be right. A Frenchman, about forty years ago — M. Simond, in his "*Travels*,"<sup>o</sup> — mentions accidentally the following hideous scene<sup>o</sup> as one steadily observed and watched by himself in chivalrous France not very long be-
- 25 fore the French Revolution:— A peasant was ploughing; and the team that drew his plough was a donkey and a woman. Both were regularly harnessed: both pulled alike. This is bad enough; but the Frenchman adds that, in distributing his lashes, the peasant was obviously desirous of being
- 30 impartial: or, if either of the yoke-fellows had a right to complain, certainly it was not the donkey. Now, in any country where such degradation of females could be tolerated by the state of manners, a woman of delicacy



would shrink from acknowledging, either for herself or her friend, that she had ever been addicted to any mode of labour not strictly domestic; because, if once owning herself a prædial<sup>o</sup> servant, she would be sensible that this confession extended by probability in the hearer's 5 thoughts to the having incurred indignities of this horrible kind. Haumette clearly thinks it more dignified for Joanna to have been darning the stockings of her horny-hoofed<sup>o</sup> father, Monsieur D'Arc, than keeping sheep, lest she might then be suspected of having ever done something 10 worse. But, luckily, there was no danger of *that*: Joanna never was in service; and my opinion is that her father should have mended his own stockings, since probably he was the party to make the holes in them, as many a better man than D'Arc does,<sup>o</sup> — meaning by 15 *that* not myself, because, though probably a better man than D'Arc, I protest against doing anything of the kind. If I lived even with Friday in Juan Fernandez,<sup>o</sup> either Friday must do all the darning, or else it must go undone. The better men that I meant were the sailors 20 in the British navy, every man of whom mends his own stockings. Who else is to do it? Do you suppose, reader, that the junior lords of the admiralty<sup>o</sup> are under articles to darn for the navy?

The reason, meantime, for my systematic hatred of 25 D'Arc is this: — There was a story current in France before the Revolution,<sup>o</sup> framed to ridicule the pauper aristocracy, who happened to have long pedigrees and short rent rolls: viz. that a head of such a house, dating from the Crusades, was overheard saying to his son, a Chevalier of St. Louis,<sup>o</sup> 30 "*Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon à manger!*"<sup>o</sup> Now, it is clearly made out by the surviving evidence that D'Arc would much have preferred continuing to say, "*Ma fille,*



*as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*”° to saying, “*Pucelle d’Orléans, as-tu sauvé les fleurs-de-lys?*”° There is an old English copy of verses° which argues thus:—

5 “If the man that turnips cries  
Cry not when his father dies,  
Then ’tis plain the man had rather  
Have a turnip than his father.”

I cannot say that the logic of these verses was ever *entirely* to my satisfaction. I do not see my way through it as  
10 clearly as could be wished. But I see my way most clearly through D’Arc; and the result is — that he would greatly have preferred not merely a turnip to his father, but the saving a pound or so of bacon to saving the Oriflamme of France.°

15 It is probable (as M. Michelet suggests°) that the title of Virgin or *Pucelle* had in itself, and apart from the miraculous stories about her, a secret power over the rude soldiery and partisan chiefs of that period; for in such a person they saw a representative manifestation of the  
20 Virgin Mary, who, in a course of centuries, had grown steadily upon the popular heart.°

As to Joanna’s supernatural detection of the dauphin (Charles VII) amongst three hundred lords and knights, I am surprised at the credulity which could ever lend itself  
25 to that theatrical juggle. Who admires more than myself the sublime enthusiasm, the rapturous faith in herself, of this pure creature? But I am far from admiring stage artifices which not *La Pucelle*, but the court, must have arranged; nor can surrender myself to the conjurer’s *leg-*  
30 *erdemain*, such as may be seen every day for a shilling. Southey’s “Joan of Arc”° was published in 1796. Twenty years after, talking with Southey,° I was surprised to find



him still owning a secret bias in favour of Joan, founded on her detection of the dauphin. The story, for the benefit of the reader new to the case, was this:—*La Pucelle* was first made known to the dauphin, and presented to his court, at Chinon<sup>o</sup>: and here came her first trial. By way 5 of testing her supernatural pretensions, she was to find out the royal personage amongst the whole ark of clean and unclean creatures. Failing in this *coup d'essai*,<sup>o</sup> she would not simply disappoint many a beating heart in the glittering crowd that on different motives yearned for her success,<sup>10</sup> but she would ruin herself, and, as the oracle within had told her, would, by ruining herself, ruin France. Our own Sovereign Lady Victoria<sup>o</sup> rehearses annually a trial not so severe in degree, but the same in kind. She “pricks” for sheriffs.<sup>o</sup> Joanna pricked for a king. But observe 15 the difference: our own Lady pricks for two men out of three; Joanna for one man out of three hundred. Happy Lady of the Islands and the Orient<sup>o</sup>!—she *can* go astray in her choice only by one half: to the extent of one half she *must* have the satisfaction of being right. And yet,<sup>20</sup> even with these tight limits to the misery of a boundless discretion, permit me, Liege Lady, with all loyalty, to submit that now and then you prick with your pin the wrong man. But the poor child from Domrémy, shrinking under the gaze of a dazzling court—not *because* dazzling (for in 25 visions she had seen those that were more so), but because some of them wore a scoffing smile on their features—how should *she* throw her line into so deep a river to angle for a king, where many a gay creature was sporting that masqueraded as kings in dress! Nay, even more than any 30 true king would have done: for, in Southey’s version of the story, the dauphin says, by way of trying the virgin’s magnetic sympathy with royalty,—



“On the throne,  
I the while mingling with the menial throng,  
Some courtier shall be seated.”<sup>o</sup>

This usurper is even crowned: “the jewelled crown shines  
5 on a menial’s head.”<sup>o</sup> But, really, that is “*un peu fort*”<sup>o</sup>; and the mob of spectators might raise a scruple whether our friend the jackdaw upon the throne, and the dauphin himself, were not grazing the shins of treason. For the dauphin could not lend more than belonged to him. According to  
10 the popular notion, he had no crown for himself<sup>o</sup>; consequently none to lend, on any pretence whatever, until the consecrated Maid should take him to Rheims.<sup>o</sup> This was the *popular* notion in France. But certainly it was the dauphin’s interest to support the popular notion, as he  
15 meant to use the services of Joanna. For, if he were king already, what was it that she could do for him beyond Orleans<sup>o</sup>? That is to say, what more than a merely *military* service could she render him? And, above all, if he were king without a coronation, and without the oil from the  
20 sacred ampulla,<sup>o</sup> what advantage was yet open to him by celerity above his competitor, the English boy<sup>o</sup>? Now was to be a race for a coronation: he that should win *that* race carried the superstition of France along with him: he that should first be drawn from the ovens of Rheims<sup>o</sup> was under  
25 that superstition baked into a king.

*La Pucelle*, before she could be allowed to practise as a warrior, was put through her manual and platoon exercise, as a pupil in divinity, at the bar of six eminent men in wigs. According to Southey (v. 393, Book III, in the original edition  
30 of his “Joan of Arc”), she “appalled the doctors.”<sup>o</sup> It’s not easy to do *that*: but they had some reason to feel bothered, as that surgeon would assuredly feel bothered who, upon proceeding to dissect a subject, should find the subject retaliating



as a dissector upon himself, especially if Joanna ever made the speech<sup>o</sup> to them which occupies v. 354-391, B. III. It is a double impossibility : 1st, because a piracy from Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation"<sup>o</sup> — a piracy *a parte ante*,<sup>o</sup> and by three centuries; 2dly, it is quite contrary to the 5 evidence on Joanna's trial. Southey's "Joan" of A.D. 1796 (Cottle, Bristol<sup>o</sup>) tells the doctors, amongst other secrets, that she never in her life attended — 1st, Mass; nor 2d, the Sacramental Table; nor 3d, Confession. In the meantime, all this deistical confession of Joanna's, besides being suicidal 10 for the interest of her cause, is opposed to the depositions upon *both* trials.<sup>o</sup> The very best witness<sup>o</sup> called from first to last deposes that Joanna attended these rites of her Church even too often; was taxed with doing so; and, by blushing, owned the charge as a fact, though certainly not as a fault. 15 Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek him in chapels and consecrated oratories.

This peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditateness. If the reader turns to that divine pas- 20 sage in "Paradise Regained"<sup>o</sup> which Milton has put into the mouth of our Saviour when first entering the wilderness, and musing upon the tendency of those great impulses growing within himself —

"Oh, what a multitude of thoughts at once	25
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider	
What from within I feel myself, and hear	
What from without comes often to my ears,	
Ill sorting with my present state compared !	
When I was yet a child, no childish play	30
To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set	
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,	
What might be public good ; myself I thought	
Born to that end " —	



he will have some notion of the vast reveries which brooded over the heart of Joanna in early girlhood, when the wings were budding that should carry her from Orleans to Rheims; when the golden chariot was dimly revealing itself that should  
 5 carry her from the kingdom of *France Delivered*° to the Eternal Kingdom.

It is not requisite for the honour of Joanna, nor is there in this place room, to pursue her brief career of *action*. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story:  
 10 the spiritual part is the saintly passion° of her imprisonment, trial, and execution. It is unfortunate, therefore, for Southey's "Joan of Arc" (which, however, should always be regarded as a *juvenile* effort), that precisely when her real glory begins the poem ends. But this limitation of the inter-  
 15 est grew, no doubt, from the constraint inseparably attached to the law of epic unity.° Joanna's history bisects into two opposite hemispheres, and both could not have been presented to the eye in one poem, unless by sacrificing all unity of theme, or else by involving the earlier half, as a narrative  
 20 episode,° in the latter; which, however, might have been done, for it might have been communicated to a fellow-prisoner, or a confessor, by Joanna herself. It is sufficient, as concerns *this* section of Joanna's life, to say that she fulfilled, to the height of her promises, the restoration of the prostrate throne.  
 25 France had become a province of England, and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop; and that critical opening *La Pucelle* used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves  
 30 portentous) for introducing the wedge of French native resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the dauphin once more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle



with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill<sup>5</sup> unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay<sup>o</sup>; on the 9th of July she took Troyes<sup>o</sup> by a<sup>10</sup> coup-de-main<sup>o</sup> from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month she carried the dauphin into Rheims<sup>o</sup>; on Sunday the 17th she crowned him; and there she rested from her labour of triumph. All that was to be *done* she had now accomplished: what remained was — to *suffer*.<sup>15</sup>

All this forward movement was her own: excepting one man,<sup>o</sup> the whole Council was against her. Her enemies were all that drew power from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the headlong contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of<sup>20</sup> women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labour. Hence-forwards she was thwarted; and the worst error that she committed was to lend the sanction of her presence to counsels which she had ceased to approve. But she had now accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had<sup>25</sup> dictated. These involved all the rest. Errors were now less important; and doubtless it had now become more difficult for herself to pronounce authentically what *were* errors. The noble girl had achieved, as by a rapture of motion, the capital end of clearing out a free space around her sovereign,<sup>30</sup> giving him the power to move his arms with effect, and, secondly, the inappreciable end of winning for that sovereign what seemed to all France the heavenly ratification of his



rights, by crowning him with the ancient solemnities. She had made it impossible for the English now to step before her. They were caught in an irretrievable blunder, owing partly to discord amongst the uncles of Henry VI,<sup>o</sup> partly to a want  
 5 of funds, but partly to the very impossibility which they believed to press with tenfold force upon any French attempt to forestall theirs. They laughed at such a thought; and, whilst they laughed, she *did* it. Henceforth the single redress for the English of this capital oversight, but which  
 10 never *could* have redressed it effectually, was to vitiate and taint the coronation of Charles VII as the work of a witch. That policy, and not malice (as M. Michelet is so happy to believe<sup>o</sup>), was the moving principle in the subsequent prosecution of Joanna. Unless they unhinged the force of the  
 15 first coronation in the popular mind by associating it with power given from hell, they felt that the sceptre of the invader was broken.

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose,  
 20 as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy? Let her enemies declare.<sup>o</sup> During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity which she had everywhere expressed  
 25 for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, — thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded; she mourned over the  
 30 excesses of her countrymen; she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. “*Nolebat*,” says the evidence, “*uti ense suo*,



aut quemquam interficere.”° She sheltered the English that invoked her aid in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And, as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus:— On the day when 5 she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her *triumphal* task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between 10 smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half-fantastic, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity 15 upon every human heart to seek for rest and to shrink from torment. Yet, again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear for ever, had long since persuaded her mind that for *her* no such prayer 20 could be granted. Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their 25 prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve.° But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compiègne° (whether through treacherous collusion on the 30 part of her own friends is doubtful to this day°), she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

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Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais.<sup>o</sup> He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favour of the English leaders, to reach the  
 5 highest preferment.<sup>o</sup> *Bishop that art, Archbishop that shalt be, Cardinal that mayest be,*<sup>o</sup> were the words that sounded continually in his ear; and doubtless a whisper of visions still higher, of a triple crown,<sup>o</sup> and feet upon the necks of kings, sometimes stole into his heart. M. Michelet is anxious to  
 10 keep us in mind that this bishop was but an agent of the English. True. But it does not better the case for his countryman that, being an accomplice in the crime, making himself the leader in the persecution against the helpless girl, he was willing to be all this in the spirit, and with the conscious vile-  
 15 ness of a cat's-paw.<sup>o</sup> Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden underfoot by all around thee, how I honour thy flashing intellect,  
 20 quick as God's lightning, and true as God's lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! Is it not scandalous, is it not humiliating to civilisation, that, even at this day,<sup>o</sup>  
 25 France exhibits the horrid spectacle of judges examining the prisoner against himself; seducing him, by fraud, into treacherous conclusions against his own head; using the terrors of their power for extorting confessions from the frailty of hope; nay (which is worse), using the blandish-  
 30 ments of condescension and snaky kindness for thawing into compliances of gratitude those whom they have failed to freeze into terror? Wicked judges! barbarian jurisprudence! — that, sitting in your own conceit on the summits of social



wisdom, have yet failed to learn the first principles of criminal justice, — sit ye humbly and with docility at the feet of this girl from Domrémy, that tore your webs of cruelty into shreds and dust. “Would you examine me as a witness against myself?” was the question by which many times<sup>5</sup> she defied their arts. Continually she showed that their interrogations were irrelevant to any business before the court, or that entered into the ridiculous charges against her. General questions were proposed to her on points of casuistical divinity; two-edged questions,<sup>o</sup> which not one of them-<sup>10</sup> selves could have answered, without, on the one side, landing himself in heresy (as then interpreted), or, on the other, in some presumptuous expression of self-esteem. Next came a wretched Dominican,<sup>o</sup> that pressed her with an objection,<sup>o</sup> which, if applied to the Bible, would tax every one of its<sup>15</sup> miracles with unsoundness. The monk had the excuse of never having read the Bible. M. Michelet has no such excuse; and it makes one blush for him, as a philosopher, to find him describing such an argument as “weighty,” whereas it is but a varied expression of rude Mahometan metaphysics.<sup>o</sup> Her<sup>20</sup> answer to this, if there were room to place the whole in a clear light, was as shattering as it was rapid. Another<sup>o</sup> thought to entrap her by asking what language the angelic visitors of her solitude had talked, — as though heavenly counsels could want polyglot interpreters for every word, or that God<sup>25</sup> needed language at all in whispering thoughts to a human heart. Then came a worse devil,<sup>o</sup> who asked her whether the Archangel Michael had appeared naked. Not comprehending the vile insinuation, Joanna, whose poverty suggested to her simplicity that it might be the *costliness* of<sup>30</sup> suitable robes which caused the demur, asked them if they fancied God, who clothed the flowers of the valleys,<sup>o</sup> unable to find raiment for his servants. The answer of Joanna



moves a smile of tenderness, but the disappointment of her judges makes one laugh exultingly. Others succeeded by troops,<sup>o</sup> who upbraided her with leaving her father; as if that greater Father, whom she believed herself to have been serving, did not retain the power of dispensing with his own rules, or had not said that for a less cause than martyrdom man and woman should leave both father and mother.<sup>o</sup>

On Easter Sunday, when the trial had been long proceeding, the poor girl fell so ill as to cause a belief that she had been 10 poisoned. It was not poison. Nobody had any interest in hastening a death so certain. M. Michelet, whose sympathies with all feelings are so quick that one would gladly see them always as justly directed, reads the case most truly. Joanna had a twofold malady. She was visited by a parox- 15 ysm of the complaint called *home-sickness*. The cruel nature of her imprisonment, and its length, could not but point her solitary thoughts, in darkness and in chains (for chained she was), to Domrémy. And the season, which was the most heavenly period of the spring, added stings to this yearning. 20 That was one of her maladies — *nostalgia*, as medicine calls it; the other was weariness and exhaustion from daily combats with malice. She saw that everybody hated her, and thirsted for her blood; nay, many kind-hearted creatures that would have pitied her profoundly, as regarded all politi- 25 cal charges, had their natural feelings warped by the belief that she had dealings with fiendish powers. She knew she was to die<sup>o</sup>; that was *not* the misery: the misery was that this consummation could not be reached without so much intermediate strife, as if she were contending for some chance 30 (where chance was none) of happiness, or were dreaming for a moment of escaping the inevitable. Why, then, *did* she contend? Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence



from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds which *she* could expose, but others, even of candid listeners, perhaps, could not; it was through that imperishable grandeur of soul which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her *not* to submit — no, not for a moment — to calumny as to facts, or to misconstruction as to motives. Besides, there were secretaries all around the court taking down her words. That was meant for no good to *her*. But the end does not always correspond to the meaning. And Joanna might say to herself, "These words that will be used against me tomorrow and the next day perhaps in some nobler generation may rise again for my justification." Yes, Joanna, they *are* rising even now in Paris,<sup>o</sup> and for more than justification! 15

Woman, sister, there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo,<sup>o</sup> or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which 20 last is meant — not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection,<sup>o</sup> what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* 25 create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?

Yet, sister woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that 30 you can do one thing as well as the best of us men — a greater thing than even Milton<sup>o</sup> is known to have done, or Michael Angelo: you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die,



were goddesses mortal. If any distant worlds (which *may* be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians<sup>o</sup> in optical resources as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever  
 5 treat them? St. Peter's<sup>o</sup> at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor,<sup>o</sup> or perhaps the Himalayas<sup>o</sup>? Oh no! my friend: suggest something better; these are baubles to *them*; they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing.  
 10 Do you give it up? The finest thing, then, we have to show them is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any such morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at *us*. How, then, if  
 15 it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catching glimpses at our newspapers, whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published in that distant world that the sufferer wears  
 20 upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette,<sup>o</sup> the widowed queen, coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head, turned gray by sorrow, — daughter of Cæsars<sup>o</sup> kneeling down humbly to kiss the guil-  
 25 lotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the noble Charlotte Corday,<sup>o</sup> that in the bloom of youth, that with the loveliest of persons, that with homage waiting upon her smiles wherever she turned her face to scatter them — homage that followed those smiles as surely as the carols of  
 30 birds, after showers in spring, follow the reappearing sun and the racing of sunbeams over the hills — yet thought all these things cheaper than the dust upon her sandals, in comparison of deliverance from hell for her dear suffering



France! Ah! these were spectacles indeed for those sympathising people in distant worlds; and some, perhaps, would suffer a sort of martyrdom themselves, because they could not testify their wrath, could not bear witness to the strength of love and to the fury of hatred that burned within them<sup>5</sup> at such scenes, could not gather into golden urns some of that glorious dust which rested in the catacombs of earth.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday<sup>o</sup> in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded<sup>10</sup> by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The pile "struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height"; and,<sup>15</sup> as usual, the English purpose in this is viewed as one of pure malignity.<sup>o</sup> But there are two ways of explaining all that. It is probable that the purpose was merciful. On the circumstances of the execution I shall not linger. Yet, to mark the almost fatal felicity of M. Michelet in finding out what-<sup>20</sup> ever may injure the English name, at a moment when every reader will be interested in Joanna's personal appearance, it is really edifying to notice the ingenuity by which he draws into light<sup>o</sup> from a dark corner a very unjust account of it, and neglects, though lying upon the high-road, a very pleas-<sup>25</sup> ing one. Both are from English pens. Grafton,<sup>o</sup> a chronicler, but little read, being a stiffnecked John Bull,<sup>o</sup> thought fit to say that no wonder Joanna should be a virgin, since her "foule face" was a satisfactory solution of that particular merit. Holinshead,<sup>o</sup> on the other hand, a chronicler some-<sup>30</sup> what later, every way more important, and at one time universally read, has given a very pleasing testimony to the interesting character of Joanna's person and engaging man-



ners. Neither of these men lived till the following century, so that personally this evidence is none at all. Grafton sullenly and carelessly believed as he wished to believe; Holinshead took pains to inquire, and reports undoubtedly the general impression of France. But I cite the case as illustrating M. Michelet's candour.<sup>o</sup>

The circumstantial incidents of the execution, unless with more space than I can now command, I should be unwilling to relate. I should fear to injure, by imperfect report, a martyrdom which to myself appears so unspeakably grand. Yet, for a purpose, pointing not at Joanna, but at M. Michelet — viz. to convince him that an Englishman is capable of thinking more highly of *La Pucelle* than even her admiring countrymen — I shall, in parting, allude to one or two traits in Joanna's demeanour on the scaffold, and to one or two in that of the bystanders, which authorise me in questioning an opinion of his<sup>o</sup> upon this martyr's firmness. The reader ought to be reminded that Joanna D'Arc was subjected to an unusually unfair trial of opinion. Any of the elder Christian martyrs had not much to fear of *personal* rancour. The martyr was chiefly regarded as the enemy of Cæsar; at times, also, where any knowledge of the Christian faith and morals existed, with the enmity that arises spontaneously in the worldly against the spiritual. But the martyr, though disloyal, was not supposed to be therefore anti-national; and still less was *individually* hateful. What was hated (if anything) belonged to his class, not to himself separately. Now, Joanna, if hated at all, was hated personally, and in Rouen on national grounds. Hence there would be a certainty of calumny arising against *her* such as would not affect martyrs in general. That being the case, it would follow of necessity that some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she



really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who, in their own persons, would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny 5 uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no *positive* testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. And yet, strange to say, M. Michelet, who at times seems to admire the Maid of Arc as much as I do,<sup>o</sup> is the one sole writer amongst her 10 *friends* who lends some countenance to this odious slander. His words are that, if she did not utter this word *recant* with her lips, she uttered it in her heart. "Whether she *said* the word is uncertain: but I affirm that she *thought* it."<sup>o</sup>

Now, I affirm that she did not; not in any sense of the 15 word "*thought*" applicable to the case. Here is France calumniating *La Pucelle*: here is England defending her. M. Michelet can only mean that, on a *priori* principles,<sup>o</sup> every woman must be presumed liable to such a weakness; that Joanna was a woman; *ergo*,<sup>o</sup> that she was liable to such 20 a weakness. That is, he only supposes her to have uttered the word by an argument which presumes it impossible for anybody to have done otherwise. I, on the contrary, throw the *onus*<sup>o</sup> of the argument not on presumable tendencies of nature, but on the known facts of that morning's execution, 25 as recorded by multitudes. What else, I demand, than mere weight of metal,<sup>o</sup> absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admira- 30 tion? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself — "ten thousand men wept"<sup>o</sup>; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of



superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier — who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow  
 5 — suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I  
 10 cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up  
 15 in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her  
 20 last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead<sup>o</sup> to swear it.

\* \* \* \* \*

25 Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold — thou upon a down bed.<sup>o</sup> But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the  
 30 same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop



and shepherd girl — when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you — let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she, from 5 her dungeön, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart — that resur- 10 rection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests — were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages°), was 15 given back to her by God the bliss of childhood.° By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; 20 the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the 25 scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death.° For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies° — died, amidst peals redoubling upon 30 peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is



in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews: but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades where only wild deer should run armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France.<sup>o</sup> There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign.<sup>o</sup> There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah no! he is the



prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, 5 or on earth beneath,° counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*°: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody 10 that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy°? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims°? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, 15 bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE, — when heaven and earth are silent.



## THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH°

### SECTION I — THE GLORY OF MOTION

SOME twenty or more years before I matriculated at Oxford,° Mr. Palmer,° at that time M.P. for Bath, had accomplished two things, very hard to do on our little planet, the Earth, however cheap they may be held by eccentric° people in comets: he had invented mail-coaches, and he had married the daughter of a duke.° He was, therefore, just twice as great a man as Galileo,° who did certainly invent (or, which is the same thing,° discover) the satellites of Jupiter, those very next things extant to mail-coaches in the two capital pretensions of speed and keeping time, but, on the other hand, who did *not* marry the daughter of a duke.°

These mail-coaches, as organised by Mr. Palmer, are entitled to a circumstantial notice from myself, having had so large a share in developing the anarchies of my subsequent dreams: an agency which they accomplished, 1st, through velocity at that time unprecedented — for they first revealed the glory of motion; 2dly, through grand effects for the eye between lamp-light and the darkness upon solitary roads; 3dly, through animal beauty and power so often displayed in the class of horses selected for this mail service; 4thly, through the conscious presence of a central intellect, that, in the midst of vast distances° — of storms, of darkness, of danger — overruled all obstacles into one steady co-operation to a national result. For my own feeling, this post-office service spoke as by some mighty orchestra, where a thousand



instruments, all disregarding each other, and so far in danger of discord, yet all obedient as slaves to the supreme *baton* of some great leader, terminate in a perfection of harmony like that of heart, brain, and lungs in a healthy animal organisation.<sup>o</sup> But, finally, that particular element in this whole<sup>3</sup> combination which most impressed myself, and through which it is that to this hour Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system tyrannises over my dreams by terror and terrific beauty, lay in the awful *political* mission which at that time it fulfilled. The mail-coach it was that distributed over the face of the island, like the opening of apocalyptic vials,<sup>o</sup> the heart-shaking<sup>o</sup> news of Trafalgar,<sup>o</sup> of Salamanca,<sup>o</sup> of Vittoria,<sup>o</sup> of Waterloo.<sup>o</sup> These were the harvests that, in the grandeur of their reaping, redeemed the tears and blood in which they had been sown. Neither was the meanest peasant so much below the grandeur<sup>15</sup> and the sorrow of the times as to confound battles such as these, which were gradually moulding the destinies of Christendom, with the vulgar conflicts of ordinary warfare, so often no more than gladiatorial trials of national prowess. The victories of England in this stupendous contest rose of<sup>20</sup> themselves as natural *Te Deums*<sup>o</sup> to heaven; and it was felt by the thoughtful that such victories, at such a crisis of general prostration,<sup>o</sup> were not more beneficial to ourselves than finally to France, our enemy, and to the nations of all western or central Europe, through whose pusillanimity it was that<sup>24</sup> the French domination had prospered.<sup>o</sup>

The mail-coach, as the national organ for publishing these mighty events, thus diffusively influential, became itself a spiritualised and glorified object to an impassioned heart; and naturally, in the Oxford of that day, *all* hearts were im-<sup>30</sup>passioned, as being all (or nearly all) in *early* manhood. In most universities there is one single college<sup>o</sup>; in Oxford there were five-and-twenty,<sup>o</sup> all of which were peopled by young



men, the *élite* of their own generation; not boys, but men. none under eighteen. In some of these many colleges the custom permitted the student to keep what are called "short terms"; that is, the four terms of Michaelmas, Lent, Easter, 5 and Act,<sup>o</sup> were kept by a residence, in the aggregate, of ninety-one days, or thirteen weeks. Under this interrupted residence, it was possible that a student might have a reason for going down to his home four times in the year. This made eight journeys to and fro. But, as these homes lay 10 dispersed through all the shires of the island, and most of us disdained all coaches except his majesty's mail, no city out of London could pretend to so extensive a connexion with Mr. Palmer's establishment as Oxford. Three mails, at the least, I remember as passing every day through Oxford, and bene- 15 fitting by my personal patronage — viz. the Worcester, the Gloucester, and the Holyhead mail.<sup>o</sup> Naturally, therefore, it became a point of some interest with us, whose journeys revolved<sup>o</sup> every six weeks on an average, to look a little into the executive details of the system. With some of these Mr. 20 Palmer had no concern; they rested upon bye-laws enacted by posting-houses<sup>o</sup> for their own benefit, and upon other bye-laws, equally stern, enacted by the inside passengers for the illustration of their own haughty exclusiveness. These last were of a nature to rouse our scorn; from which the tran- 25 sition was not very long to systematic mutiny. Up to this time, say 1804, or 1805 (the year of Trafalgar), it had been the fixed assumption of the four inside people (as an old tradition of all public carriages derived from the reign of Charles II<sup>o</sup>) that they, the illustrious quaternion, constituted a por- 30 celain variety of the human race, whose dignity would have been compromised by exchanging one word of civility with the three miserable delf-ware<sup>o</sup> outsides. Even to have kicked an outsider might have been held to attain<sup>o</sup> the foot con-



cerned in that operation, so that, perhaps, it would have required an act of Parliament to restore its purity of blood. What words, then, could express the horror, and the sense of treason, in that case, which *had* happened, where all three outsiders (the trinity of Pariahs<sup>o</sup>) made a vain attempt to sit 5 down at the same breakfast-table or dinner-table with the consecrated four? I myself witnessed such an attempt; and on that occasion a benevolent old gentleman endeavoured to soothe his three holy associates, by suggesting that, if the outsiders were indicted for this criminal attempt at the next 10 assizes, the court would regard it as a case of lunacy or *delirium tremens* rather than of treason. England owes much of her grandeur to the depth of the aristocratic element in her social composition, when pulling against her strong democracy. I am not the man to laugh at it. But sometimes, 15 undoubtedly, it expressed itself in comic shapes. The course taken with the infatuated outsiders, in the particular attempt which I have noticed, was that the waiter, beckoning them away from the privileged *salle-à-manger*,<sup>o</sup> sang out, "This way, my good men," and then enticed these good men away 20 to the kitchen. But that plan had not always answered. Sometimes, though rarely, cases occurred where the intruders, being stronger than usual, or more vicious than usual, resolutely refused to budge, and so far carried their point as to have a separate table arranged for themselves in a corner of 25 the general room. Yet, if an Indian screen could be found ample enough to plant them out from the very eyes of the high table, or *dais*, it then became possible to assume as a fiction of law that the three delf fellows, after all, were not present. They could be ignored by the porcelain men, under 30 the maxim that objects not appearing and objects not existing are governed by the same logical construction.<sup>o</sup>

Such being, at that time, the usage of mail-coaches, what



was to be done by us of young Oxford? We, the most aristocratic of people, who were addicted to the practice of looking down superciliously even upon the insides themselves as often very questionable characters — were we, by voluntarily going outside, to court indignities? If our dress and bearing sheltered us generally from the suspicion of being “raff”<sup>o</sup> (the name at that period for “snobs”<sup>o</sup>), we really *were* such constructively by the place we assumed. If we did not submit to the deep shadow of eclipse, we entered at least the skirts of its penumbra. And the analogy of theatres was valid against us, — where no man can complain of the annoyances incident to the pit or gallery,<sup>o</sup> having his instant remedy in paying the higher price of the boxes. But the soundness of this analogy we disputed. In the case of the theatre, it cannot be pretended that the inferior situations have any separate attractions, unless the pit may be supposed to have an advantage for the purposes of the critic or the dramatic reporter. But the critic or reporter is a rarity. For most people, the sole benefit is in the price. Now, on the contrary, the outside of the mail had its own incommunicable advantages. These we could not forgo. The higher price we would willingly have paid, but not the price connected with the condition of riding inside; which condition we pronounced insufferable. The air, the freedom of prospect, the proximity to the horses, the elevation of seat: these were what we required; but, above all, the certain anticipation of purchasing occasional opportunities of driving.

Such was the difficulty which pressed us; and under the coercion of this difficulty we instituted a searching inquiry into the true quality and valuation of the different apartments about the mail. We conducted this inquiry on metaphysical principles; and it was ascertained satisfactorily that the roof of the coach, which by some weak men had been called the



attics, and by some the garrets,° was in reality the drawing-room; in which drawing-room the box was the chief ottoman or sofa; whilst it appeared that the *inside*, which had been traditionally regarded as the only room tenantable by gentlemen, was, in fact, the coal-cellar in disguise. 5

Great wits jump.° The very same idea had not long before struck the celestial intellect of China.° Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to that country was a state-coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III°; but the exact mode of using it was an intense 10 mystery to Pekin.° The ambassador, indeed (Lord Macartney°), had made some imperfect explanations upon this point; but, as His Excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary 15 to call a cabinet council on the grand state question, "Where was the Emperor° to sit?" The hammer-cloth° happened to be unusually gorgeous; and, partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon,° and undeniably went fore-20 most, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne, and, for the scoundrel who drove,—he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, solemnly his imperial majesty ascended his new English throne under a flourish of trumpets, having the 25 first lord of the treasury° on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people,° constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and *that* was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, 30 "Where am *I* to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but



such is the rapacity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition addressed to the Emperor through the window — "I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?" — "Anyhow," was the imperial  
 5 answer; "don't trouble *me*, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the key-holes — *anyhow*." Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins<sup>o</sup> communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily  
 10 as Pekin had any right to expect. The Emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck; and the  
 15 state-coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo Fo — whom the learned more accurately called Fi Fi.<sup>o</sup>

A revolution of this same Chinese character did young Oxford of that era effect in the constitution of mail-coach  
 20 society. It was a perfect French Revolution<sup>o</sup>; and we had good reason to say, *ça ira*.<sup>o</sup> In fact, it soon became *too* popular. The "public" — a well-known character, particularly disagreeable, though slightly respectable, and notorious for affecting the chief seats in synagogues<sup>o</sup> — had at first  
 25 loudly opposed this revolution; but, when the opposition showed itself to be ineffectual, our disagreeable friend went into it with headlong zeal. At first it was a sort of race between us; and, as the public is usually from thirty to fifty years old, naturally we of young Oxford, that averaged  
 30 about twenty, had the advantage. Then the public took to bribing, giving fees to horse-keepers, &c., who hired out their persons as warming-pans on the box-seat. *That*, you know, was shocking to all moral sensibilities. Come to



bribery, said we, and there is an end to all morality, — Aristotle's, Zeno's, Cicero's, or anybody's.<sup>o</sup> And, besides, of what use was it? For *we* bribed also. And, as our bribes, to those of the public, were as five shillings to sixpence, here again young Oxford had the advantage. But the 5 contest was ruinous to the principles of the stables connected with the mails. This whole corporation was constantly bribed, rebribed, and often sur-rebribed<sup>o</sup>; a mail-coach yard was like the hustings in a contested election<sup>o</sup>; and a horse-keeper, ostler, or helper, was held by 10 the philosophical at that time to be the most corrupt character in the nation.

There was an impression upon the public mind, natural enough from the continually augmenting velocity of the mail, but quite erroneous, that an outside seat on this class 15 of carriages was a post of danger. On the contrary, I maintained that, if a man had become nervous from some gipsy prediction in his childhood, allocating to a particular moon now approaching some unknown danger, and he should inquire earnestly, "Whither can I fly for shelter? Is a 20 prison the safest retreat? or a lunatic hospital? or the British Museum<sup>o</sup>?" I should have replied, "Oh no; I'll tell you what to do. Take lodgings for the next forty days on the box of his majesty's mail. Nobody can touch you there. If it is by bills at ninety days after date that you 25 are made unhappy — if noters and protesters<sup>o</sup> are the sort of wretches whose astrological shadows darken the house of life<sup>o</sup> — then note you what I vehemently protest: viz. that, no matter though the sheriff and under-sheriff in every county should be running after you with his *posse*,<sup>o</sup> touch a 30 hair of your head he cannot whilst you keep house and have your legal domicile on the box of the mail. It is felony to stop the mail; even the sheriff cannot do that. And an



*extra* touch of the whip to the leaders (no great matter if it grazes the sheriff) at any time guarantees your safety." In fact, a bedroom in a quiet house seems a safe enough retreat; yet it is liable to its own notorious nuisances — to robbers by 5 night, to rats, to fire. But the mail laughs at these terrors. To robbers, the answer is packed up and ready for delivery in the barrel of the guard's blunderbuss. Rats again! there *are* none about mail-coaches, any more than snakes in Von Troil's Iceland<sup>o</sup>; except, indeed, now and then a 10 parliamentary rat,<sup>o</sup> who always hides his shame in what I have shown to be the "coal-cellar." And, as to fire, I never knew but one in a mail-coach; which was in the Exeter mail, and caused by an obstinate sailor bound to Devonport. Jack, making light of the law and the lawgiver that had 15 set their faces against his offence, insisted on taking up a forbidden seat<sup>o</sup> in the rear of the roof, from which he could exchange his own yarns with those of the guard. No greater offence was then known to mail-coaches; it was treason, it was *læsa majestas*,<sup>o</sup> it was by tendency arson; and the ashes 20 of Jack's pipe, falling amongst the straw of the hinder boot, containing the mail-bags, raised a flame which (aided by the wind of our motion) threatened a revolution in the republic of letters. Yet even this left the sanctity of the box unviolated. In dignified repose, the coachman and myself sat on, 25 resting with benign composure upon our knowledge that the fire would have to burn its way through four inside passengers before it could reach ourselves. I remarked to the coachman, with a quotation from Virgil's *Æneid* really too hackneyed —

30 "Jam proximus ardet  
Ucalegon."<sup>o</sup>

But, recollecting that the Virgilian part of the coachman's education might have been neglected, I interpreted so far as



to say that perhaps at that moment the flames were catching hold of our worthy brother and inside passenger, Ucalegon. The coachman made no answer, — which is my own way when a stranger addresses me either in Syriac or in Coptic; but by his faint sceptical smile he seemed to insinuate that he knew better, — for that Ucalegon, as it happened, was not in the way-bill, and therefore could not have been booked.°

No dignity is perfect which does not at some point ally itself with the mysterious. The connexion of the mail with the state and the executive government — a connexion 10 obvious, but yet not strictly defined — gave to the whole mail establishment an official grandeur which did us service on the roads, and invested us with seasonable terrors. Not the less impressive were those terrors because their legal limits were imperfectly ascertained. Look at those turn-15 pike gates: with what deferential hurry, with what an obedient start, they fly open at our approach! Look at that long line of carts and carters ahead, audaciously usurping the very crest of the road. Ah! traitors, they do not hear us as yet; but, as soon as the dreadful blast of our horn 20 reaches them with proclamation of our approach, see with what frenzy of trepidation they fly to their horses' heads, and deprecate our wrath by the precipitation of their crane-neck quarterings.° Treason they feel to be their crime; each individual carter feels himself under the ban of con-25 fiscation and attainder; his blood is attainted through six generations; and nothing is wanting but the headsman and his axe, the block and the sawdust, to close up the vista of his horrors. What! shall it be within benefit of clergy° to delay the king's message on the high-road? — to interrupt 30 the great respirations, ebb and flood, *systole* and *diastole*, of the national intercourse? — to endanger the safety of tidings running day and night between all nations and languages?



Or can it be fancied, amongst the weakest of men, that the bodies of the criminals will be given up to their widows for Christian burial? Now, the doubts which were raised as to our powers did more to wrap them in terror, by wrapping  
5 them in uncertainty, than could have been effected by the sharpest definitions of the law from the Quarter Sessions.<sup>o</sup> We, on our parts (we, the collective mail, I mean), did our utmost to exalt the idea of our privileges by the insolence with which we wielded them. Whether this insolence  
10 rested upon law that gave it a sanction, or upon conscious power that haughtily dispensed with that sanction, equally it spoke from a potential station; and the agent, in each particular insolence of the moment, was viewed reverentially, as one having authority.<sup>o</sup>

15 Sometimes after breakfast his majesty's<sup>o</sup> mail would become frisky; and, in its difficult wheelings amongst the intricacies of early markets, it would upset an apple-cart, a cart loaded with eggs, &c. Huge was the affliction and dismay, awful was the smash. I, as far as possible, endeav-  
20 oured in such a case to represent the conscience and moral sensibilities of the mail; and, when wildernesses of eggs were lying poached<sup>o</sup> under our horses' hoofs, then would I stretch forth my hands in sorrow, saying (in words too celebrated at that time, from the false echoes<sup>o</sup> of Marengo),  
25 "Ah! wherefore have we not time to weep over you?" — which was evidently impossible, since, in fact, we had not time to laugh over them. Tied to post-office allowance in some cases of fifty minutes for eleven miles, could the royal mail pretend to undertake the offices of sympathy and  
30 condolence? Could it be expected to provide tears for the accidents of the road? If even it seemed to trample on humanity, it did so, I felt, in discharge of its own more peremptory duties.



Upholding the morality of the mail, *a fortiori*° I upheld its rights; as a matter of duty, I stretched to the uttermost its privilege of imperial precedence, and astonished weak minds by the feudal powers which I hinted to be lurking constructively in the charters of this proud establishment.<sup>5</sup> Once I remember being on the box of the Holyhead mail, between Shrewsbury and Oswestry,° when a tawdry thing from Birmingham,° some "Tallyho" or "Highflyer,"° all flaunting with green and gold, came up alongside of us. What a contrast to our royal simplicity of form and colour<sup>10</sup> in this plebeian wretch! The single ornament on our dark ground of chocolate colour was the mighty shield of the imperial arms, but emblazoned in proportions as modest as a signet-ring bears to a seal of office. Even this was displayed only on a single panel, whispering, rather than proclaiming,<sup>15</sup> our relations to the mighty state; whilst the beast from Birmingham, our green-and-gold friend from false, fleeting, perjured Brummagem,° had as much writing and painting on its sprawling flanks as would have puzzled a decipherer from the tombs of Luxor.° For some time this Birmingham<sup>20</sup> machine ran along by our side — a piece of familiarity that already of itself seemed to me sufficiently jacobinical.° But all at once a movement of the horses announced a desperate intention of leaving us behind. "Do you see *that*?" I said to the coachman. — "I see," was his short answer. He was<sup>25</sup> wide awake, — yet he waited longer than seemed prudent; for the horses of our audacious opponent had a disagreeable air of freshness and power. But his motive was loyal; his wish was that the Birmingham conceit should be full-blown before he froze it. When *that* seemed right, he unloosed, or,<sup>30</sup> to speak by a stronger word, he *sprang*, his known resources: he slipped our royal horses like cheetahs, or hunting-leopards, after the affrighted game. How they could retain such a



reserve of fiery power after the work they had accomplished seemed hard to explain. But on our side, besides the physical superiority, was a tower of moral strength, namely the king's name, "which they upon the adverse faction wanted."<sup>o</sup> Passing them without an effort, as it seemed, we threw them into the rear with so lengthening an interval between us as proved in itself the bitterest mockery of their presumption; whilst our guard blew back a shattering blast of triumph that was really too painfully full of derision.

10 I mention this little incident for its connexion with what followed. A Welsh rustic, sitting behind me, asked if I had not felt my heart burn within me during the progress of the race? I said, with philosophic calmness, *No*; because we were not racing with a mail, so that no glory could be  
 15 gained. In fact, it was sufficiently mortifying that such a Birmingham thing should dare to challenge us. The Welshman replied that he didn't see *that*; for that a cat might look at a king,<sup>o</sup> and a Brummagem coach might lawfully race the Holyhead mail. "*Race* us, if you like," I replied,  
 20 "though even *that* has an air of sedition; but not *beat* us. This would have been treason; and for its own sake I am glad that the 'Tallyho' was disappointed." So dissatisfied did the Welshman seem with this opinion that at last I was obliged to tell him a very fine story from one of our elder  
 25 dramatists<sup>o</sup>: viz. that once, in some far oriental kingdom, when the sultan of all the land, with his princes, ladies, and chief omrahs,<sup>o</sup> were flying their falcons, a hawk suddenly flew at a majestic eagle, and, in defiance of the eagle's natural advantages, in contempt also of the eagle's traditional royalty,  
 30 and before the whole assembled field of astonished spectators from Agra and Lahore,<sup>o</sup> killed the eagle on the spot. Amaze-ment seized the sultan at the unequal contest, and burning admiration for its unparalleled result. He commanded that



the hawk should be brought before him; he caressed the bird with enthusiasm; and he ordered that, for the commemoration of his matchless courage, a diadem of gold and rubies should be solemnly placed on the hawk's head, but then that, immediately after this solemn coronation, the bird <sup>5</sup> should be led off to execution, as the most valiant indeed of traitors, but not the less a traitor, as having dared to rise rebelliously against his liege lord and anointed sovereign, the eagle. "Now," said I to the Welshman, "to you and me, as men of refined sensibilities, how painful it would have <sup>10</sup> been that this poor Brummagem brute, the 'Tallyho,' in the impossible case of a victory over us, should have been crowned with Birmingham tinsel, with paste diamonds and Roman pearls,<sup>o</sup> and then led off to instant execution." The Welshman doubted if that could be warranted by law. And, <sup>15</sup> when I hinted at the 6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18,<sup>o</sup> for regulating the precedency of coaches, as being probably the statute relied on for the capital punishment of such offences, he replied drily that, if the attempt to pass a mail really were treasonable, it was a pity that the "Tallyho" <sup>20</sup> appeared to have so imperfect an acquaintance with law.

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, — not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* <sup>25</sup> evidence: as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience; or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London.<sup>o</sup> Apart from such an assertion, or such <sup>30</sup> a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was not



*magna loquimur*,<sup>o</sup> as upon railways, but *vivimus*. Yes, "magna vivimus"<sup>o</sup>; we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realise our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad  
5 animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling<sup>o</sup>; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes,  
10 in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread  
15 the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings — kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse. But now, on the new system of travelling,  
20 iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile<sup>o</sup> nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of  
25 the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings fitted to convulse all  
30 nations must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or



solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-walloping<sup>o</sup> of the boiler. Thus have perished multi-form openings for public expressions of interest, scenical<sup>o</sup> yet natural, in great national tidings, — for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst<sup>5</sup> the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the 10 train.

How else, for example, than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London mail that in summer months entered about daybreak amongst the lawny thickets of Marlborough forest,<sup>o</sup> couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath 15 road, have become the glorified inmate of my dreams? Yet Fanny, as the loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld, merited the station which even now, from a distance of forty years, she holds in my dreams; yes, though by 20 links of natural association she brings along with her a troop of dreadful creatures, fabulous and not fabulous, that are more abominable to the heart than Fanny and the dawn are delightful.<sup>o</sup>

Miss Fanny of the Bath road, strictly speaking, lived at 25 a mile's distance from that road, but came so continually to meet the mail that I on my frequent transits rarely missed her, and naturally connected her image with the great thoroughfare where only I had ever seen her. Why she came so punctually I do not exactly know; but I believe 30 with some burden of commissions, to be executed in Bath, which had gathered to her own residence as a central rendez-vous for converging them. The mail-coachman who drove



the Bath mail and wore the royal livery<sup>o</sup> happened to be Fanny's grandfather. A good man he was, that loved his beautiful granddaughter, and, loving her wisely, was vigilant over her deportment in any case where young Oxford might  
 5 happen to be concerned. Did my vanity then suggest that I myself, individually, could fall within the line of his terrors? Certainly not, as regarded any physical pretensions<sup>o</sup> that I could plead; for Fanny (as a chance passenger from her own neighbourhood once told me) counted in  
 10 her train a hundred and ninety-nine professed admirers, if not open aspirants to her favour; and probably not one of the whole brigade but excelled myself in personal advantages. Ulysses even, with the unfair advantage of his accursed bow, could hardly have undertaken that amount  
 15 of suitors.<sup>o</sup> So the danger might have seemed slight — only that woman is universally aristocratic; it is amongst her nobilities of heart that she *is* so. Now, the aristocratic distinctions in my favour might easily with Miss Fanny have compensated my physical deficiencies. Did I then  
 20 make love to Fanny? Why, yes; about as much love as one *could* make whilst the mail was changing horses — a process which, ten years later, did not occupy above eighty seconds; but *then*, — viz. about Waterloo<sup>o</sup> — it occupied five times eighty. Now, four hundred seconds offer a field quite  
 25 ample enough for whispering into a young woman's ear a great deal of truth, and (by way of parenthesis) some trifle of falsehood. Grandpapa did right, therefore, to watch me. And yet, as happens too often to the grandpapas of earth in a contest with the admirers of granddaughters, how vainly  
 30 would he have watched me had I meditated any evil whispers to Fanny! She, it is my belief, would have protected herself against any man's evil suggestions. But he, as the result showed, could not have intercepted the opportunities for



such suggestions. Yet, why not? Was he not active? Was he not blooming? Blooming he was as Fanny herself.

“Say, all our praises why should lords° —”

Stop, that’s not the line.

“Say, all our roses why should girls engross?”

5

The coachman showed rosy blossoms on his face deeper even than his granddaughter’s — *his* being drawn from the ale-cask, Fanny’s from the fountains of the dawn. But, in spite of his blooming face, some infirmities he had; and one particularly in which he too much resembled a crocodile.° This lay 10 in a monstrous inaptitude for turning round. The crocodile, I presume, owes that inaptitude to the absurd *length* of his back; but in our grandpapa it arose rather from the absurd *breadth* of his back, combined, possibly, with some growing stiffness in his legs. Now, upon this crocodile infirmity of 15 his I planted a human advantage for tendering my homage to Miss Fanny. In defiance of all his honourable vigilance, no sooner had he presented to us his mighty Jovian back (what a field for displaying to mankind his royal scarlet!), whilst inspecting professionally the buckles, the straps, and 20 the silvery turrets° of his harness, than I raised Miss Fanny’s hand to my lips, and, by the mixed tenderness and respectfulness of my manner, caused her easily to understand how happy it would make me to rank upon her list as No. 10 or 12: in which case a few casualties amongst her lovers 25 (and, observe, they *hanged* liberally in those days) might have promoted me speedily to the top of the tree°; as, on the other hand, with how much loyalty of submission I acquiesced by anticipation in her award, supposing that she should plant me in the very rearward of her favour,° as 30



No. 199+1. Most truly I loved this beautiful and ingenuous girl; and, had it not been for the Bath mail, timing all courtships by post-office allowance, heaven only knows what might have come of it. People talk of being over head  
 5 and ears in love; now, the mail was the cause that I sank only over ears in love, — which, you know, still left a trifle of brain to overlook the whole conduct of the affair.

Ah, reader! when I look back upon those days, it seems to me that all things change — all things perish. “Perish  
 10 the roses and the palms of kings”<sup>o</sup>: perish even the crowns and trophies of Waterloo: thunder and lightning are not the thunder and lightning which I remember. Roses are degenerating. The Fannies of our island — though this I say with reluctance — are not visibly improving; and the Bath  
 15 road is notoriously superannuated. Crocodiles, you will say, are stationary. Mr. Waterton<sup>o</sup> tells me that the crocodile does *not* change, — that a cayman, in fact, or an alligator, is just as good for riding upon as he was in the time of the Pharaohs.<sup>o</sup> *That* may be; but the reason is that the croco-  
 20 dile does not live fast — he is a slow coach. I believe it is generally understood among naturalists that the crocodile is a blockhead. It is my own impression that the Pharaohs were also blockheads. Now, as the Pharaohs and the crocodile domineered over Egyptian society,<sup>o</sup> this accounts for a  
 25 singular mistake that prevailed through innumerable generations on the Nile. The crocodile made the ridiculous blunder of supposing man to be meant chiefly for his own eating. Man, taking a different view of the subject, naturally met that mistake by another: he viewed the crocodile  
 30 as a thing sometimes to worship, but always to run away from. And this continued till Mr. Waterton changed the relations between the animals.<sup>o</sup> The mode of escaping from the reptile he showed to be not by running away, but by



leaping on its back booted and spurred. The two animals had misunderstood each other. The use of the crocodile has now been cleared up — viz. to be ridden; and the final cause of man<sup>o</sup> is that he may improve the health of the crocodile by riding him a-foxhunting before breakfast. And it is pretty 5 certain that any crocodile who has been regularly hunted through the season, and is master of the weight he carries, will take a six-barred gate now as well as ever he would have done in the infancy of the pyramids.

If, therefore, the crocodile does *not* change, all things else 1, undeniably *do*: even the shadow of the pyramids grows less. And often the restoration in vision of Fanny and the Bath road makes me too pathetically sensible of that truth. Out of the darkness, if I happen to call back the image of Fanny, up rises suddenly from a gulf of forty years<sup>o</sup> a rose in June<sup>o</sup>; 15 or, if I think for an instant of the rose in June, up rises the heavenly face of Fanny. One after the other, like the antiphonies in the choral service, rise Fanny and the rose in June, then back again the rose in June and Fanny. Then come both together, as in a chorus — roses and Fannies, 20 Fannies and roses, without end, thick as blossoms in paradise. Then comes a venerable crocodile, in a royal livery of scarlet and gold, with sixteen capes; and the crocodile is driving four-in-hand from the box of the Bath mail. And suddenly we upon the mail are pulled up by a mighty dial, sculptured 25 with the hours, that mingle with the heavens and the heavenly host. Then all at once we are arrived at Marlborough forest, amongst the lovely households<sup>o</sup> of the roe-deer; the deer and their fawns retire into the dewy thickets; the thickets are rich with roses; once again the roses call up 30 the sweet countenance of Fanny; and she, being the granddaughter of a crocodile, awakens a dreadful host of semi-legendary animals — griffins, dragons, basilisks, sphinxes<sup>o</sup> —



till at length the whole vision of fighting images crowds into one towering armorial shield, a vast emblazonry of human charities and human loveliness that have perished, but quartered heraldically° with unutterable and demoniac natures, 5 whilst over all rises, as a surmounting crest, one fair female hand, with the forefinger pointing, in sweet, sorrowful admonition, upwards to heaven, where is sculptured the eternal writing which proclaims the frailty of earth and her children.°

#### GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY°

But the grandest chapter of our experience within the 10 whole mail-coach service was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo; the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile; but the other nine (from 1805 15 to 1815 inclusively) furnished a long succession of victories, the least of which, in such a contest of Titans,° had an inappreciable value of position: partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more from its keeping alive through central Europe the sense of a deep- 20 seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in one quarter to which 25 the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity° of having bearded the *élite* of their troops, and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail- 30 coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event.



And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did any unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation<sup>o</sup> from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest 5 news.

From eight P.M. to fifteen or twenty minutes later imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street<sup>o</sup>; where, at that time,<sup>o</sup> and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand,<sup>o</sup> was seated the General Post-office.<sup>o</sup> In what exact strength we mus- 10 tered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*,<sup>o</sup> we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their 15 strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity — but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses — were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage on every morning in the year was taken down to an official inspector for examination: wheels, axles, linch- 20 pins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; 25 and, behold! to the ordinary display what a heart-shaking addition! — horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal 30 liveries of course; and, as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering



of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connexion with the great news in which already they have the general interest of patriotism.

5 That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away.

10 One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and

15 summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years — Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen — expressing the grandeur of the empire by the

20 antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off; which process is the finest part of

25 the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir! — what sea-like ferment! — what a thundering of wheels! — what a trampling of hoofs! — what a sounding of trumpets! — what farewell

30 cheers — what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail — “Liverpool for ever!” — with the name of the particular victory — “Badajoz<sup>o</sup> for ever!” or “Salamanca for ever!” The half-



slumbering consciousness that all night long, and all the next day — perhaps for even a longer period — many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred° miles — northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends 10 at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, 15 we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows; young and old understand the language of 20 our victorious symbols; and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness — real or assumed — thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The vic- 25 tory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole!° Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handker- 30 chiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation. On the London side of Barnet,° to which we draw near within a few minutes



after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies — one likely  
5 to be “mamma,” and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes, in these ingenuous girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands on first discovering our laurelled  
10 equipage, by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them, and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying, “See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory.” In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers — I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me — raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under  
20 the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture; all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing  
25 to them? Oh no; they will not say *that*. They cannot deny — they do not deny — that for this night they are our sisters; gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to come, we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women, again, who stop to gaze upon  
30 us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labour — do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they



stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birthright to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy — such is the sad law of earth — may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet, we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here, also, the glasses are all down; here, also, is an elderly lady seated; but the two daughters are missing; for the single young person sitting by the lady's side seems to be an attendant — so I judge from her dress, and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning; and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once; but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins intervening, had given to the guard a *Courier* evening paper, containing the gazette, for the next carriage that might pass. Accordingly he tossed it in, so folded that the huge capitals expressing some such legend as GLORIOUS VICTORY might catch the eye at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph, explained everything; and; if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connexion with this Spanish war.

Here, now, was the case of one who, having formerly suffered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night,



and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman, who too probably would find herself, in a day or two, to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed herself to express an exultation so  
 5 unmeasured in the news and its details as gave to her the appearance which amongst Celtic Highlanders is called *jei*.° This was at some little town where we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people up out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial  
 10 illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights  
 15 (technically, Bengal lights°) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels°; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness: these  
 20 optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy. As we staid for three or four minutes, I alighted; and immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where no doubt she had been presiding through  
 25 the earlier part of the night, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion was the imperfect one of Talavera° — imperfect for its results, such was  
 30 the virtual treachery of the Spanish general, Cuesta,° but not imperfect in its ever-memorable heroism. I told her the main outline of the battle. The agitation of her enthusiasm had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first apply-



ing for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relative in the Peninsular army.° Oh yes; her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23d Dragoons.° My heart sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman 5 should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals.° They leaped their horses — *over* a trench where they could; *into* it, and with the result of death or mutilation, when they could *not*. What proportion cleared 10 the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did* closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervour (I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God° must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence) that two results followed. 15 As regarded the enemy, this 23d Dragoons, not, I believe, originally three hundred and fifty strong, paralysed a French column six thousand strong, then ascended the hill, and fixed the gaze of the whole French army. As regarded themselves, the 23d were supposed at first to have been barely not anni- 20 hilated; but eventually, I believe, about one in four survived. And this, then, was the regiment — a regiment already for some hours glorified and hallowed to the ear of all London, as lying stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama° — in which the young trooper served whose 25 mother was now talking in a spirit of such joyous enthusiasm. Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. To-morrow, said I to myself — to-morrow, or the next day, will publish the worst. For one night more wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After to-morrow 30 the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, then, let her owe to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But, if I told her not of the bloody price that had



been paid, not therefore was I silent on the contributions from her son's regiment to that day's service and glory. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing  
5 laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gaily as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death,  
10 — saying to myself, but not saying to *her*, "and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly — poured out their noble blood as cheerfully — as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or had sunk to  
15 sleep in her arms." Strange it is, yet true, that she seemed to have no fears for her son's safety, even after this knowledge that the 23d Dragoons had been memorably engaged; but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore that *he*, had rendered conspicuous service  
20 in the dreadful conflict — a service which had actually made them, within the last twelve hours, the foremost topic of conversation in London — so absolutely was fear swallowed up in joy — that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she  
25 thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*.

## SECTION II — THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH°

What is to be taken as the predominant opinion of man, reflective and philosophic, upon SUDDEN DEATH? It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society, sudden death  
30 has been variously regarded as the consummation of an



earthly career most fervently to be desired,<sup>o</sup> or, again, as that consummation which is with most horror to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner-party (*cæna*), on the very evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his earthly career were numbered, being asked what death,<sup>5</sup> in *his* judgment, might be pronounced the most eligible, replied "That which should be most sudden."<sup>o</sup> On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character, for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such<sup>10</sup> a death in the very van of horrors: "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from SUDDEN DEATH — *Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is ranked among the last of<sup>15</sup> curses; and yet by the noblest of Romans it was ranked as the first of blessings. In that difference most readers will see little more than the essential difference between Christianity and Paganism. But this, on consideration, I doubt. The Christian Church may be right in its estimate of sudden<sup>20</sup> death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a quiet dismissal from life, as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humilities of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct<sup>25</sup> scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany, unless under a special construction of the word "sudden." It seems a petition indulged rather and conceded to human infirmity than exacted from human piety. It is not so much a doctrine built upon the eternities of the Chris-<sup>30</sup> tian system as a plausible opinion built upon special varieties of physical temperament. Let that, however, be as it may, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon



a doctrine which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death from the disposition to lay a false stress upon words or acts  
 5 simply because by an accident they have become *final* words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is un-  
 10 philosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason for allowing special emphasis to this act simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it were no accident, but one of his  
 15 *habitual* transgressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a transgression because some sudden calamity, surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one. Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a  
 20 new feature in his act of intemperance — a feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that, having known himself drawing near to the presence of God, should have suited his demeanour to an expectation so awful. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in  
 25 the man's act is not any element of special immorality, but simply of special misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. Very possibly Cæsar and the Christian Church do not differ in the way supposed, — that is, do not differ by any  
 30 difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death; but perhaps they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death, a *Βιαιωατος*° — death that is *βίαιος*, or, in other



words, death that is brought about, not by internal and spontaneous change, but by active force having its origin from without. In this meaning the two authorities agree. Thus far they are in harmony. But the difference is that the Roman by the word "sudden" means *unlingering*,<sup>o</sup> whereas<sup>5</sup> the Christian Litany by "sudden death" means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons to religious preparation. The poor mutineer who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades dies by a most sudden death<sup>10</sup> in Cæsar's sense; one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly *not* one) groan, and all is over. But, in the sense of the Litany, the mutineer's death is far from sudden: his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished him with<sup>15</sup> separate warnings of his fate — having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Here at once, in this sharp verbal distinction, we comprehend the faithful earnestness with which a holy Christian Church pleads on behalf of her poor departing children that<sup>20</sup> God would vouchsafe to them the last great privilege and distinction possible on a death-bed, viz. the opportunity of untroubled preparation for facing this mighty trial. Sudden death, as a mere variety in the modes of dying where death in some shape is inevitable, proposes a question of choice<sup>25</sup> which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety of temperament. Meantime, one aspect of sudden death there is, one modification, upon which no doubt can arise, that of all martyrdoms it is the most agitating — viz. where it surprises<sup>30</sup> a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurrying, flying, inappreciably minute chance of evading it. Sudden as the danger which it affronts<sup>o</sup> must



be any effort by which such an evasion can be accomplished. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurry seems destined to be vain, — even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case: viz. where the appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of some other life besides your own, accidentally thrown upon *your* protection. To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; 10 though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another, — a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death: this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious 15 criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. You are called upon, by the case supposed, possibly to die, but to die at the very moment when, by any even partial failure or effeminate collapse of your energies, you will be self-denounced as a murderer. You had but the twinkling of an eye for your 20 effort, and that effort might have been unavailing; but to have risen to the level of such an effort would have rescued you, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to your final and farewell duty.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, 25 lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected, 30 perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, through languishing prostration in hope and the energies of hope, that constant sequel of lying down before the lion, publishes the secret frailty of



human nature — reveals its deep-seated falsehood to itself — records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream<sup>o</sup>; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of 5 us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is presented for tempting him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; once again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls by his own choice; again, by infinite iteration, the ancient earth groans to 10 Heaven, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child. "Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives signs of woe that all is lost"<sup>o</sup>; and again the counter-sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens for the endless rebellion against God. It is not without 15 probability that in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original transgression. In dreams, perhaps under some secret conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of 20 our mysterious race completes for himself the treason of the aboriginal fall.

The incident, so memorable in itself by its features of horror, and so scenical by its grouping for the eye, which furnished the text for this reverie upon *Sudden Death*, oc- 25 curred to myself in the dead of night, as a solitary spectator, when seated on the box of the Manchester and Glasgow mail,<sup>o</sup> in the second or third summer after Waterloo.<sup>o</sup> I find it necessary to relate the circumstances, because they are such as could not have occurred unless under a singular combina- 30 tion of accidents. In those days, the oblique and lateral communications with many rural post-offices were so ar-



ranged, either through necessity or through defect of system,  
 as to make it requisite for the main north-western mail  
 (*i.e.* the *down* mail<sup>o</sup>) on reaching Manchester to halt for a  
 number of hours; how many, I do not remember; six or  
 5 seven, I think; but the result was that, in the ordinary course,  
 the mail recommenced its journey northwards about mid-  
 night. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel,  
 I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of  
 fresh air; meaning to fall in with the mail and resume my  
 10 seat at the post-office. The night, however, being yet dark,  
 as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that  
 hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the  
 road, I lost my way, and did not reach the post-office until  
 it was considerably past midnight; but, to my great relief  
 15 (as it was important for me to be in Westmorland<sup>o</sup> by the  
 morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing  
 through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet  
 lost. Past the time it was; but, by some rare accident, the  
 mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat  
 20 on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at  
 the Bridgewater Arms.<sup>o</sup> I had left it there in imitation of a  
 nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore  
 of his discovery, by way of warning off the ground the whole  
 human race, and notifying to the Christian and the heathen  
 25 worlds, with his best compliments, that he has hoisted his  
 pocket-handkerchief once and for ever upon that virgin soil:  
 thenceforward claiming the *jus dominii*<sup>o</sup> to the top of the  
 atmosphere above it, and also the right of driving shafts to  
 the centre of the earth below it; so that all people found  
 30 after this warning either aloft in upper chambers of the at-  
 mosphere, or groping in subterraneous shafts, or squatting  
 audaciously on the surface of the soil, will be treated as tres-  
 passers — kicked,<sup>o</sup> that is to say, or decapitated, as circum



stances may suggest, by their very faithful servant, the owner of the said pocket-handkerchief. In the present case, it is probable that my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium*° might have been cruelly violated in my person — for, in the dark, people commit deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality°; but it so happened that on this night there was no other outside passenger; and thus the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal.

Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles — viz. from a point seventy miles beyond London.° In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary.° But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor° on the box, the coachman. And in *that* also there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew my own attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. In fact, he had been foretold by Virgil as

“Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.”° 20

He answered to the conditions in every one of the items:— 1, a monster he was; 2, dreadful; 3, shapeless; 4, huge; 5, who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calendars in the *Arabian Nights*, and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity,° what right had *I* to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult; I delighted in no man's punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) identified in an instant an old friend of mine whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe



that could (if *any* could) have driven six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat*° — that dreadful bridge of Mahomet, with no side battlements, and of *extra* room not enough for a razor's edge — leading right across the bottomless gulf. Under this  
 5 eminent man, whom in Greek I cognominated Cyclops° *Diphrelates* (Cyclops the Charioteer), I, and others known to me, studied the diphrelatic° art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, it is to be lamented that I did not stand high in his es-  
 10 teem. It showed his dogged honesty (though, observe, not his discernment) that he could not see my merits. Let us excuse his absurdity in this particular by remembering his want of an eye. Doubtless *that* made him blind to my merits. In the art of conversation, however, he admitted that I had  
 15 the whip-hand of him. On this present occasion great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit-at-law now pending  
 20 at Lancaster°; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have  
 25 now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from *me*? Some people have called *me* procrastinating.° Yet you are witness, reader, that I was here kept waiting for the post-office. Will the post-office lay  
 30 its hand on its heart, in its moments of sobriety, and assert that ever it waited for me? What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by



war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service, which as yet does not benefit at all by steam. For an *extra* hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. But at last 5 all is finished. Sound your horn, guard! Manchester, good-bye!; we've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office: which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really is such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage,<sup>o</sup> since 10 it compels us to look sharply for this lost hour amongst the next eight or nine, and to recover it (if we can) at the rate of one mile extra per hour. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles an hour; and for the moment I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops. 15

From Manchester to Kendal,<sup>o</sup> which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmorland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster; which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the 20 same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *Proud* Preston); at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent.<sup>o</sup> Within these first 25 three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal: he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, 30 all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions,<sup>o</sup> avails him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou



snorest." Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity<sup>o</sup> — which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon<sup>o</sup> — betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself which, instead  
 5 of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes,<sup>o</sup> he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster: in consequence of which for three nights and three days he had not lain down in a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on  
 10 the trial in which he was interested, or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch,<sup>o</sup> he was driving. This explanation  
 15 certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surren-  
 20 dered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep<sup>o</sup> rested upon him; and, to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love amongst the Roses"<sup>o</sup> for perhaps  
 25 thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his  
 30 Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought was the condition of the roads at night



during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster.° To break up this old traditional usage required, 1, a conflict 5 with powerful established interests, 2, a large system of new arrangements, and 3, a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation.° As things were at present, twice in the year° so vast a body of business rolled northwards from the southern quarter of the county 10 that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, 15 therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England. 20

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And, to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though 25 slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August; in the middle of which lay my own birthday° — a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born° thoughts. The 30 county was my own native county — upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of



labour in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men, as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily.<sup>o</sup> At 5 this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united 10 with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labour) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter-vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in soli- 15 tude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea<sup>o</sup>; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the 20 first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, 25 — which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, — there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace; and, in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts 30 of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere.<sup>o</sup> Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must for ever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between



earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic<sup>o</sup> vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us* our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror, the parting face a jest — for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this



ominous accident of our situation, — we were on the wrong side of the road.<sup>o</sup> But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road — viz. the luxury of the soft beaten sand as contrasted with the paved centre — would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*.<sup>o</sup> Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us would rely upon *us* for quartering.<sup>o</sup> All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was — a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off — secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not therefore healed. What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible.<sup>o</sup> Easy was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth



for two centuries. Unbridle him for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly <sup>a</sup> the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart<sup>o</sup>? Was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the 10 travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us* — and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered self — rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the 15 guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned,<sup>o</sup> of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles or 20 outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the 25 case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, 30 gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic



aisle,<sup>o</sup> a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady — though really I see nobody, 5 at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you — is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it, being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between 10 them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a-half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the *Iliad*<sup>o</sup> to prompt the sole 15 resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry 20 terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people and one gig-horse. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done; 25 more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if indeed he loves the young girl at his side — or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be 30 called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will at least make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man



should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, — shrinking without a struggle from his duty, — he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore 5 should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must by the fiercest of translations — must 10 without time for a prayer — must within seventy seconds — stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: 15 already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a-day<sup>o</sup>: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem when some fearful summons on the 20 great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn for ever!" How grand a triumph if, even then, amidst the raving of all 25 around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation — is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance stedfastly upon us, as if to search and 30 value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he

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sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot at his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our over-towering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light



does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but, by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed that all was finished as regarded any effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig; which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene; which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage — partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it — as if it sympathised with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen



into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady —

5 But the lady —! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the  
10 case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night — from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight° — from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering,  
15 murmuring love — suddenly as from the woods and fields — suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation — suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and  
20 the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at the right angles we wheeled into our  
25 former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.



## SECTION III — DREAM-FUGUE°:

FOUNDED ON THE PRECEDING THEME OF SUDDEN DEATH.

“ Whence the sound  
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
 Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who moved  
 Their stops and chords was seen ; his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high, 5  
 Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.”

*Par. Lost, Bk. XI.°*

*Tumultuosissimamente°*

Passion of sudden death ! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs° ! — rapture 10 of panic taking the shape (which amongst tombs in churches I have seen) of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds — of woman's Ionic form° bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands — waiting, watching, trembling, praying for 15 the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever° ! Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses ! — vision that didst start back, that didst reel away, like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind ! Epilepsy so brief of horror, 20 wherefore is it that thou canst not die ? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams ? Fragment of music too passionate, heard once, and heard no more, what aileth thee, that thy deep rolling chords come 25 up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years° have lost no element of horror ?

## I

Lo, it is summer — almighty summer ! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide : and on the



ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating — she upon a fairy pinnacle, and I upon an English three-decker.<sup>o</sup> Both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within the  
5 domain of our common country, within that ancient watery park, within the pathless chase of ocean, where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, from the rising to the setting sun. Ah, what a wilderness of floral beauty was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the  
10 tropic islands through which the pinnacle moved! And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers: young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing together, and slowly drifting towards *us* amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corymbi<sup>o</sup> from  
15 vintages, amidst natural carolling, and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly the pinnacle nears us, gaily she hails us, and silently she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then, as at some signal from heaven, the music, and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish  
20 laughter — all are hushed. What evil has smitten the pinnacle, meeting or overtaking her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and, behold! the pinnacle was dismantled; the revel and the  
25 revellers were found no more; the glory of the vintage was dust; and the forests with their beauty were left without a witness upon the seas. “But where,” and I turned to our crew — “where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whither  
30 have fled the noble young men that danced with *them*?” Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the mast-head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out, “Sail on the weather beam<sup>o</sup>! Down she comes upon us: in seventy seconds she will founder.”



## II

I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel<sup>o</sup> from a cross-bow, 5 ran a frigate right athwart our course. "Are they mad?" some voice exclaimed from our deck. "Do they woo their ruin?" But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current<sup>o</sup> or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock. As 10 she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea: whilst still by sight I followed her, 15 as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, standing amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood, with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the 20 tackling — rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling, praying<sup>o</sup>; there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was 25 hidden for ever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I know not, nor how,

## III

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened



me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But, when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness — saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching, as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds — saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm — these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn.

I sat, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother. But suddenly the tears and funeral bells were hushed by a shout as of



many nations, and by a roar as from some great king's artillery, advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by echoes from the mountains. "Hush!" I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen — "hush! — this either is the very anarchy of strife, or else" — and then I listened more 5 profoundly, and whispered as I raised my head — "or else, oh heavens! it is *victory* that is final, victory that swallows up all strife.°"

## IV

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, 10 amongst companions crowned with laurel. The darkness of gathering midnight, brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about ourselves as a centre: we heard them, but saw them not. Tidings had arrived, within an hour, of a grandeur that 15 measured itself against centuries; too full of pathos they were, too full of joy, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless anthems, and *Te Deums*° reverberated from the choirs and orchestras of earth. These tidings we that sat upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege 20 to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible through the darkness, by snortings and tramlings, our angry horses, that knew no fear of fleshly weariness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore *was* it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word, that should bear witness to the 25 hope of nations as now accomplished for ever. At midnight the secret word arrived; which word was — *Waterloo and Recovered Christendom*°! The dreadful word shone by its own light; before us it went; high above our leaders' heads it rode, and spread a golden light over the paths which we 30



traversed. Every city, at the presence of the secret word, threw open its gates. The rivers were conscious as we crossed.° All the forests, as we ran along their margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness  
5 comprehended it.°

Two hours after midnight we approached a mighty Minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But, when the dreadful word that rode before us reached them with its golden light, silently they moved back upon their hinges;  
10 and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace; and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our course, the lamps, dying or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying  
15 past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us, when before us we saw the aerial galleries of organ and choir. Every pinnacle of the fretwork, every station of advantage° amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers  
20 that sang deliverance; that wept no more tears, as once their fathers had wept; but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying,

“Chant the deliverer’s praise in every tongue,”°

and receiving answers from afar,

25      “Such as once in heaven and earth were sung.”

And of their chanting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor slackening.

Thus as we ran like torrents — thus as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo° of the cathedral  
30 graves — suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis



rising upon the far-off horizon — a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon, so mighty was the distance. In the 5 second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the 10 limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs — bas-reliefs of battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages, battles from yesterday; battle-fields 15 that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers; battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did *we* run; where the towers curved, there did *we* curve. With the flight of swallows our horses swept round 20 every angle. Like rivers in flood wheeling round headlands, like hurricanes that ride into the secrets of forests, faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions, kindled warrior instincts, amongst the dust that lay around us — dust oftentimes of 25 our noble fathers that had slept in God from Créci° to Trafalgar. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld afar off a 30 female child, that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists which went before her hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which



she played — but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the mighty shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. “Oh, baby!” I exclaimed, “shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy<sup>o</sup> to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee!” In horror I rose at the thought; but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that was sculptured on a bas-relief — a Dying Trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to his feet; and, unslinging his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips — sounding once, and yet once again; proclamation that, in *thy* ears, oh, baby! spoke from the battlements of death. Immediately deep shadows fell between us, and aboriginal silence. The choir had ceased to sing. The hoofs of our horses, the dreadful rattle of our harness, the groaning of our wheels, alarmed the graves no more. By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked unto life. By horror we, that were so full of life, we men and our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid air to their everlasting gallop, were frozen to a bas-relief. Then a third time the trumpet sounded; the seals were taken off all pulses; life, and the frenzy of life, tore into their channels again; again the choir burst forth in sunny grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness; again the thunderings of our horses carried temptation into the graves. One cry burst from our lips, as the clouds, drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us. — “Whither has the infant fled? — is the young child caught up to God?” Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three mighty windows to the clouds; and on a level with their summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of purest alabaster. On its eastern face was



trembling a crimson glory. A glory was it from the reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows? Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs painted *on* the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs of earth? There, suddenly, within that crimson radiance, rose the apparition 5 of a woman's head, and then of a woman's figure. The child it was — grown up to woman's height. Clinging to the horns of the altar,<sup>o</sup> voiceless she stood — sinking, rising, raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, dimly 10 was seen the fiery font, and the shadow of that dreadful being who should have baptized her with the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for *her*; that prayed when *she* could *not*; that fought with Heaven by 15 tears for *her* deliverance; which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye that from Heaven he had won at last.

## V

Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered 20 at intervals — gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense — threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter, with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was 25 finishing, didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo — farewell love, and farewell anguish — rang through the dreadful *sanctus*.<sup>o</sup> Oh, darkness of the grave! that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited and searched by the effulgence in the angel's eye — were these indeed thy 30



children? Poms of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, did ye indeed mingle with the festivals of Death? Lo! as I looked back for seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, I saw the  
5 quick and the dead° that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man. All the hosts of jubilation, like armies that ride in pursuit, moved with one step. Us, that, with laurelled heads, were passing from the cathedral, they overtook, and, as with a garment, they wrapped us round  
10 with thunders greater than our own. As brothers we moved together; to the dawn that advanced, to the stars that fled; rendering thanks to God in the highest° — that, having hid His face through one generation behind thick clouds of War, once again was ascending, from the Campo Santo of Waterloo  
15 was ascending, in the visions of Peace; rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom having overshadowed with His ineffable passion of death, suddenly did God relent, suffered thy angel to turn aside His arm, and even in thee, sister unknown! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden for  
20 ever, found an occasion to glorify His goodness. A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the gates of the golden dawn, with the secret word riding before thee, with the armies of the grave behind thee, — seen thee sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thou-  
25 sand times in the worlds of sleep have seen thee followed by God's angel through storms, through desert seas, through the darkness of quicksands, through dreams and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams; only that at the last, with one sling of His victorious arm, He might snatch thee back from  
30 ruin, and might emblazon in thy deliverance the endless resurrections of His love!



## AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT°

"THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH." — This little paper, according to my original intention, formed part of the "Suspiria de Profundis"°; from which, for a momentary purpose, I did not scruple to detach it, and to publish it apart, as sufficiently intelligible even when dislocated from its place in a larger 5 whole. To my surprise, however, one or two critics, not carelessly in conversation, but deliberately in print, professed their inability to apprehend the meaning of the whole, or to follow the links of the connexion between its several parts. I am myself as little able to understand where the difficulty 10 lies, or to detect any lurking obscurity, as these critics found themselves to unravel my logic. Possibly I may not be an indifferent and neutral judge in such a case. I will therefore sketch a brief abstract of the little paper according to my original design, and then leave the reader to judge how far 15 this design is kept in sight through the actual execution.

Thirty-seven years ago,° or rather more, accident made me, in the dead of night, and of a night memorably solemn, the solitary witness of an appalling scene, which threatened instant death in a shape the most terrific to two young people 20 whom I had no means of assisting, except in so far as I was able to give them a most hurried warning of their danger; but even *that* not until they stood within the very shadow of the catastrophe, being divided from the most frightful of deaths by scarcely more, if more at all, than seventy seconds. 25

Such was the scene, such in its outline, from which the



whole of this paper radiates as a natural expansion. This scene is circumstantially narrated in Section the Second, entitled "The Vision of Sudden Death."

But a movement of horror, and of spontaneous recoil from  
 5 this dreadful scene, naturally carried the whole of that scene, raised and idealised, into my dreams, and very soon into a rolling succession of dreams. The actual scene, as looked down upon from the box of the mail, was transformed into a dream, as tumultuous and changing as a musical fugue.  
 10 This troubled dream is circumstantially reported in Section the Third, entitled "Dream-Fugue on the theme of Sudden Death." What I had beheld from my seat upon the mail, — the scenical strife of action and passion, of anguish and fear, as I had there witnessed them moving in ghostly silence, —  
 15 this duel between life and death narrowing itself to a point of such exquisite evanescence as the collision neared: all these elements of the scene blended, under the law of association, with the previous and permanent features of distinction investing the mail itself; which features at that time lay —  
 20 1st, in velocity unprecedented, 2dly, in the power and beauty of the horses, 3dly, in the official connexion with the government of a great nation, and, 4thly, in the function, almost a consecrated function, of publishing and diffusing through the land the great political events, and especially the great  
 25 battles, during a conflict of unparalleled grandeur. These honorary distinctions are all described circumstantially in the First or introductory Section ("The Glory of Motion"). The three first were distinctions maintained at all times; but the fourth and grandest belonged exclusively to the war with  
 30 Napoleon; and this it was which most naturally introduced Waterloo into the dream. Waterloo, I understand, was the particular feature of the "Dream-Fugue" which my censors were least able to account for. Yet surely Waterloo, which,



in common with every other great battle, it had been our special privilege to publish over all the land, most naturally entered the dream under the licence of our privilege. If not — if there be anything amiss — let the Dream be responsible. The Dream is a law to itself; and as well quarrel with a rainbow for showing, or for *not* showing, a secondary arch. So far as I know, every element in the shifting movements of the Dream derived itself either primarily from the incidents of the actual scene, or from secondary features associated with the mail. For example, the cathedral aisle derived 10 itself from the mimic combination of features which grouped themselves together at the point of approaching collision — viz. an arrow-like section of the road, six hundred yards long, under the solemn lights described, with lofty trees meeting overhead in arches. The guard's horn, again — a humble 15 instrument in itself — was yet glorified as the organ of publication for so many great national events. And the incident of the Dying Trumpeter, who rises from a marble bas-relief, and carries a marble trumpet to his marble lips for the purpose of warning the female infant, was doubtless secretly suggested 24 by my own imperfect effort to seize the guard's horn, and to blow a warning blast. But the Dream knows best; and the Dream, I say again, is the responsible party.



## THE SPANISH MILITARY NUN°

### 1. — AN EXTRA NUISANCE IS INTRODUCED INTO SPAIN.

ON a night in the year 1592° (but which night is a secret liable to 365 answers), a Spanish "*son of somebody*" (*i.e.* hidalgo°), in the fortified town of St. Sebastian,° received the disagreeable intelligence from a nurse that his wife had just  
5 presented him with a daughter. No present that the poor misjudging lady could possibly have made him was so entirely useless towards any purpose of his. He had three daughters already; which happened to be more by 2+1, according to  
his reckoning, than any reasonable allowance of daughters.  
10 A supernumerary son might have been stowed away; but supernumerary daughters were the very nuisance of Spain. He did, therefore, what in such cases every proud and lazy Spanish gentleman endeavoured to do. And surely I need not interrupt myself by any parenthesis to inform the base  
15 British reader, who makes it his glory to work hard, that the peculiar point of honour for the Spanish gentleman lay in precisely these two qualities of pride and laziness; for, if he were not proud, or had anything to do, what could you look for but ruin to the old Spanish aristocracy? some of  
20 whom boasted that no member of their house (unless illegitimate, and a mere *terræ filius*°) had done a day's work since the Flood.° In the ark they admitted that Noah kept them tightly to work; because, in fact, there was work to do that must be done by somebody. But, once anchored upon



Ararat, they insisted upon it most indignantly that no ancestor of the Spanish *noblesse*° had ever worked, except through his slaves. And with a view to new leases of idleness, through new generations of slaves, it was (as many people think) that Spain went so heartily into the enterprises 5 of Cortez and Pizarro.° A sedentary body of Dons,° without needing to uncross their thrice-noble legs, would thus levy eternal tributes of gold and silver upon eternal mines, through eternal successions of nations that had been, and were to be, enslaved. Meantime, until these golden visions should be 10 realised, aristocratic *daughters*, who constituted the hereditary torment of the true Castilian° Don, were to be disposed of in the good old way, viz. by quartering them for life upon nunneries: a plan which entailed no sacrifice whatever upon any of the parties concerned, except, indeed, the little insignifi- 15 cant sacrifice of happiness and natural birthrights to the daughters. But this little inevitable wreck, when placed in the counter scale to the magnificent purchase of eternal idleness for an aristocracy so ancient, was surely entitled to little attention amongst philosophers. Daughters must perish by 20 generations, and ought to be proud of perishing, in order that their papas, being hidalgos, might luxuriate in laziness. Accordingly, on this system, our hidalgo of St. Sebastian wrapped the new little daughter, odious to his paternal eyes, in a pocket-handkerchief, and then, wrapping up his own 25 throat with a great deal more care, off he bolted to the neighbouring convent of St. Sebastian, — meaning by that term not merely a convent of that city, but also (amongst several convents) the one dedicated to that saint.° It is well that in this quarrelsome world we quarrel furiously about tastes°; 30 since, agreeing too closely about the objects to be liked, we should agree too closely about the objects to be appropriated; which would breed much more fighting than is bred by dis-



agreeing. That little human tadpole, which the old toad of a father would not suffer to stay ten minutes in his house, proved as welcome at the nunnery of St. Sebastian as she was odious at home. The lady superior of the convent was 5 aunt, by the mother's side, to the new-born stranger. She therefore kissed and blessed the little lady. The poor nuns, who were never to have any babies of their own, and were languishing for some amusement, perfectly doated on this prospect of a wee pet. The superior thanked the hidalgo for 10 his very splendid present. The nuns thanked him, each and all; until the old crocodile<sup>o</sup> actually began to whimper sentimentally at what he now perceived to be excess of munificence in himself. Munificence, indeed, he remarked, was his foible, next after parental tenderness.

## 2. — WAIT A LITTLE, HIDALGO!

15 What a luxury it is, sometimes, to a cynic that there go two words to a bargain.<sup>o</sup> In the convent of St. Sebastian all was gratitude; gratitude (as aforesaid) to the hidalgo from all the convent for his present, until at last the hidalgo began to express gratitude to *them* for their gratitude to *him*. Then 20 came a rolling fire of thanks to St. Sebastian: from the superior, for sending a future saint; from the nuns, for sending such a love of a plaything; and, finally, from papa, for sending such substantial board and well-bolted lodgings: "from which," said the malicious old fellow, "my pussy will 25 never find her way out to a thorny and dangerous world." Won't she? I suspect, son of somebody, that the next time you see "pussy," which may happen to be also the last, will not be in a convent of any kind. At present, whilst this general rendering of thanks was going on, one person only 30 took no part in them. That person was "pussy," whose



little figure lay quietly stretched out in the arms of a smiling young nun, with eyes nearly shut, yet peering a little at the candles. Pussy said nothing. It's of no great use to say much when all the world is against you. But, if St. Sebastian had enabled her to speak out the whole truth, pussy <sup>5</sup> *would* have said: "So, Mr. Hidalgo, you have been engaging lodgings for me, lodgings for life. Wait a little. We'll try that question when my claws are grown a little longer."

### 3. — SYMPTOMS OF MUTINY.

Disappointment, therefore, was gathering ahead. But for the present there was nothing of the kind. That noble old <sup>10</sup> crocodile, papa, was not in the least disappointed as regarded *his* expectation of having no anxiety to waste, and no money to pay, on account of his youngest daughter. He insisted on his right to forget her; and in a week *had* forgotten her, never to think of her again, but once. The lady superior, as <sup>15</sup> regarded *her* demands, was equally content, and through a course of several years; for, as often as she asked pussy if she would be a saint, pussy replied that she would if saints were allowed plenty of sweetmeats. But least of all were the nuns disappointed. Everything that they had fancied <sup>20</sup> possible in a human plaything fell short of what pussy realised in racketing, racing, and eternal plots against the peace of the elder nuns. No fox ever kept a hen-roost in such alarm as pussy kept the dormitory of the senior sisters; whilst the younger ladies were run off their legs by the eternal wiles, <sup>25</sup> and had their gravity discomposed, even in chapel, by the eternal antics, of this privileged little kitten.

The kitten had long ago received a baptismal name, — which was Kitty, or Kate; and *that* in Spanish is Catalina. It was a good name, as it recalled her original name of <sup>30</sup>



“pussy.” And, by the way, she had also an ancient and honourable surname — viz. *De Erauso*; which is to this day° a name rooted in Biscay.° Her father, the hidalgo, was a military officer in the Spanish service, and had little  
 5 care whether his kitten should turn out a wolf or a lamb, having made over the fee-simple° of his own interest in the little Kate to St. Sebastian, “to have and to hold,”° so long as Kate should keep her hold of this present life. Kate had no apparent intention to let slip that hold; for she was bloom-  
 10 ing as a rose-bush in June,° tall and strong as a young cedar. Yet, notwithstanding this robust health, which forbade one to think of separation from St. Sebastian by death, and notwithstanding the strength of the convent walls, which forbade one to think of any other separation, the time was drawing  
 15 near when St. Sebastian’s lease in Kate must, in legal phrase, “determine,”° and any *chateaux en Espagne*° that the saint might have built on the cloistral fidelity of his pet Catalina must suddenly give way in one hour, like many other vanities in our own days of Spanish growth, such as Spanish consti-  
 20 tutions and charters, Spanish financial reforms, Spanish bonds, and other little varieties of Spanish ostentatious mendacity.°

#### 4. — THE SYMPTOMS THICKEN.

After reaching her tenth year, Catalina became thoughtful and not very docile. At times she was even headstrong and  
 25 turbulent, so that the gentle sisterhood of St. Sebastian, who had no other pet or plaything in the world, began to weep in secret, fearing that they might have been rearing by mistake some future tigress; for, as to infancy, *that*, you know, is playful and innocent even in the cubs of a tigress. But *there*  
 30 the ladies were going too far. Catalina was impetuous and aspiring, violent sometimes, headstrong and haughty towards



those who presumed upon her youth, absolutely rebellious against all open harshness, but still generous and most forgiving, disdainful of petty arts, and emphatically a noble girl. She was gentle, if people would let her be so. But woe to those who took liberties with *her*! A female servant of 5 the convent, in some authority, one day, in passing up the aisle to matins, *wilfully* gave Kate a push; and, in return, Kate, who never left her debts in arrear, gave the servant for a keepsake such a look as that servant carried with her in fearful remembrance to her grave. It seemed as if Kate had 10 tropic blood in her veins that continually called her away to the tropics. It was all the fault of that "blue rejoicing sky,"<sup>o</sup> of those purple Biscayan mountains,<sup>o</sup> of that glad tumultuous ocean,<sup>o</sup> which she beheld daily from the nunnery gardens. Or, if only half of it was *their* fault, the other half lay in those 15 golden tales,<sup>o</sup> streaming upwards even into the sanctuaries of convents, like morning mists touched by earliest sunlight, of kingdoms overshadowing a new world which had been founded by her kinsmen with the simple aid of a horse and a lance. The reader is to remember that this is no romance, 20 or at least no fiction,<sup>o</sup> that he is reading; and it is proper to remind the reader of real romances in Ariosto or our own Spenser that such martial ladies as the *Marfisa* or *Bradamant* of the first, and *Britomart* of the other, were really not the improbabilities that modern society imagines.<sup>o</sup> Many a 25 stout man, as you will soon see, found that Kate, with a sabre in hand, and well mounted, was no romance at all, but far too serious a fact.

#### 5. — GOOD-NIGHT, ST. SEBASTIAN!

The day is come — the evening is come<sup>o</sup> — when our poor Kate, that had for fifteen years been so tenderly rocked in 30



the arms of St. Sebastian and his daughters, and that henceforth shall hardly find a breathing space between eternal storms, must see her peaceful cell, must see the holy chapel, for the last time. It was at vespers,° it was during the chanting of the vesper service, that she finally read the secret signal for her departure, which long she had been looking for. It happened that her aunt, the Lady Principal, had forgotten her breviary. As this was in a private scrutoire,° the prudent lady did not choose to send a servant for it, but gave the key to her niece. The niece, on opening the scrutoire, saw, with that rapidity of eye-glance for the one thing needed in great emergencies which ever attended her through life, that *now* was the moment, *now* had the clock struck for an opportunity which, if neglected, might never return. There lay the total° keys, in one massive *trousseau*,° of that monastic fortress, impregnable even to armies from without. St. Sebastian! do you see what your pet is going to do? And do it she will, as sure as your name is St. Sebastian. Kate went back to her aunt with the breviary and the key, but taking good care to leave that awful door,° on whose hinge revolved all her future life, unlocked. Delivering the two articles to the superior, she complained of headache — (ah, Kate! what did *you* know of headaches?) — upon which her aunt, kissing her forehead, dismissed her to bed. Now, then, through three-fourths of an hour Kate will have free elbow-room for unanchoring her boat, for unshipping her oars, and for pulling ahead right out of St. Sebastian's cove into the main ocean of life.

Catalina, the reader is to understand, does not belong to the class of persons in whom pre-eminently I profess an interest.° But everywhere one loves energy and indomitable courage. And always what is best in its kind one admires, even where the kind may happen to be not specially attrac-



tive. Kate's advantages for her rôle in this life lay in four things: viz. in a well-built person and a particularly strong wrist; 2d, in a heart that nothing could appal; 3d, in a sagacious head, never drawn aside from the *hoc age*° (from the instant question of the hour) by any weakness of imagination; 4th, in a tolerably thick skin, — not literally, for she was fair and blooming and eminently handsome, having such a skin, in fact, as became a young woman of family in northernmost Spain; but her sensibilities were obtuse as regarded *some* modes of delicacy, *some* modes of equity, *some* modes of 10 the world's opinion, and *all* modes whatever of personal hardship. Lay a stress on that word *some* — for, as to delicacy, she never lost sight of that kind which peculiarly concerns her sex. Long afterwards she told the Pope himself,° when confessing without disguise to the paternal old man her sad 15 and infinite wanderings (and I feel convinced of her veracity), that in this respect — viz. all which concerned her sexual honour — even then she was as pure as a child. And, as to equity, it was only that she substituted the rude natural equity of camps for the specious and conventional equity 20 of courts and towns. I must add, though at the cost of interrupting the story by two or three more sentences, that Catalina had also a fifth advantage, which sounds humbly, but is really of use in a world where even to fold and seal a letter adroitly is not the lowest of accomplishments. She was a 25 *handy* girl. She could turn her hand to anything; of which I will give you two memorable instances. Was there ever a girl in this world but herself that cheated and snapped her fingers at that awful Inquisition which brooded over the convents of Spain°? that did this without collusion from outside; 30 trusting to nobody but to herself, and what beside? to one needle, two skeins of thread, and a bad pair of scissors! For that the scissors were bad, though Kate does not say so in



her memoirs, I know by an *a priori*° argument: viz. because all scissors were bad in the year 1607.° Now, say all decent logicians, from a universal to a particular *valet consequentia*,° the right of inference is good. All scissors were bad, *ergo*°  
 5 some scissors were bad. The second instance of her handiness will surprise you even more: — She once stood upon a scaffold, under sentence of death (but, understand, on the evidence of false witnesses). Jack Ketch° — or, as the present generation calls him, “Mr. Calcraft,”° or “—— Cal-  
 10 craft, Esq.” — was absolutely tying the knot under her ear, and the shameful man of ropes fumbled so deplorably, that Kate (who by much nautical experience had learned from another sort of “Jack”° how a knot *should* be tied in this world) lost all patience with the contemptible artist, told  
 15 him she was ashamed of him, took the rope out of his hand, and tied the knot irreproachably herself. The crowd saluted her with a festal roll, long and loud, of *vivas*; and, this word *viva* being a word of good augury° — But stop; let me not anticipate.

20 From this sketch of Catalina’s character the reader is prepared to understand the decision of her present proceeding. She had no time to lose: the twilight, it is true, favoured her; but in any season twilight is as short-lived as a farthing rush-light°; and she must get under hiding before pursuit com-  
 25 menced. Consequently she lost not one of her forty-five minutes in picking and choosing. No *shilly-shally*° in Kate. She saw with the eyeball of an eagle what was indispensable. Some little money perhaps, in the first place, to pay the first toll-bar° of life: so, out of four shillings in aunty’s purse,  
 30 or what amounted to that English sum in various Spanish coins, she took one. You can’t say *that* was exorbitant. Which of us wouldn’t subscribe a shilling for poor Kate, to put into the first trouser-pockets that ever she will wear?



I remember even yet, as a personal experience, that, when first arrayed, at four years old, in nankeen trousers, though still so far retaining hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above my trousers, all my female friends (because they pitied me, as one that had suffered from years of 'ague') filled my pockets with half-crowns, of which I can render no account at this day. But what were my poor pretensions by the side of Kate's? Kate was a fine blooming girl of fifteen, with no touch of ague; and, before the next sun rises, Kate shall draw on her first trousers, made by her own hand; and, that she may do so, of all the valuables in aunty's repository she takes nothing beside, first (for I detest your ridiculous and most pedantic neologism of *firstly*) — first, the shilling, for which I have already given a receipt, — secondly, two skeins of suitable thread, — thirdly, one stout needle, and (as I told you before, if you would please to remember things) one bad pair of scissors. Now she was ready; ready to cast off St. Sebastian's towing-rope; ready to cut and run for port anywhere; which port (according to a smart American adage) is to be looked for "at the back of beyond." The finishing touch of her preparations was to pick out the proper keys: even there she showed the same discretion. She did no gratuitous mischief. She did not take the wine-cellar key, which would have irritated the good father-confessor; she did not take the key of the closet which held the peppermint-water and other cordials, for *that* would have distressed the elderly nuns. *She* took those keys only that belonged to *her*, if ever keys did; for they were the keys that locked her out from her natural birthright of liberty. Very different views are taken by different parties of this particular act now meditated by Kate. The Court of Rome treats it as the immediate suggestion of Hell, and open to no forgiveness. Another Court, far loftier, ampler, and of larger



authority — viz. the Court which holds its dreadful tribunal in the human heart and conscience — pronounces this act an inalienable privilege of man, and the mere reassertion of a birthright that can neither be bought nor sold.°

## 6. — KATE'S FIRST BIVOUAC AND FIRST MARCH.

5 Right or wrong, however, in Romish casuistry, Kate was resolved to let herself out; and *did*; and, for fear any man should creep in while vespers lasted, and steal the kitchen grate, she locked her old friends *in*. Then she sought a shelter. The air was moderately warm. She hurried into  
10 a chestnut wood; and upon withered leaves, which furnished to Kate her very first bivouac in a long succession of such experiences, she slept till earliest dawn. Spanish diet and youth leave the digestion undisordered, and the slumbers light. When the lark rose, up rose Catalina. No time to  
15 lose; for she was still in the dress of a nun, and therefore, by a law too flagrantly notorious, liable to the peremptory challenge and arrest of any man — the very meanest or poorest — in all Spain. With her *armed* finger (ay, by the way, I forgot the thimble; but Kate did *not*°), she set to  
20 work upon her amply-embroidered petticoat. She turned it wrong side out; and, with the magic that only female hands possess, had she soon sketched° and finished a dashing pair of Wellington trousers.° All other changes° were made according to the materials she possessed, and quite sufficiently  
25 to disguise the two main perils — her sex, and her monastic dedication. What was she to do next? Speaking of Wellington trousers anywhere in the north of Spain would remind *us*, but could hardly remind *her*, of Vittoria,° where she dimly had heard of some maternal relative. To Vittoria,  
30 therefore, she bent her course; and, like the Duke of Wel-



lington, but arriving more than two centuries earlier, she gained a great victory at that place. She had made a two days' march, with no provisions but wild berries; she depended, for anything better, as light-heartedly as the duke, upon attacking sword in hand, storming her dear friend's intrenchments, and effecting a lodgment in his breakfast-room, should he happen to possess one. This amiable relative<sup>o</sup> proved to be an elderly man, who had but one foible,—or perhaps it was a virtue,—which had by continual development overshadowed his whole nature: it was pedantry. On that hint Catalina spoke: she knew by heart, from the services of the convent, a good number of Latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming; and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft impeachment<sup>o</sup>; relented at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular*<sup>o</sup> and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality.<sup>o</sup> The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared least about. On the other hand, the amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost-bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its gerunds, wanted its supines, — wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, — was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was, as you may say, marching and counter-marching his favourite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery; changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties; until Kate, not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource,—as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a vesper headache. This was really worse than St. Sebastian's. It



reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault°; who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*°—*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuit; nous nous ennuyons, &c.*; thence to the imperfect 5 — *Je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois, &c.*; thence to the imperative — *Qu'il s'ennuye, &c.*; and so on, through the whole dolorous conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that *nous nous ennuyons*,° the best course is to part. Kate saw *that*; and she walked off from the Don's (of whose amorous 10 passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe), taking from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But then, observe, the Don also was a relative; and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field-days. A 15 man if he *is* a kinsman, has no unlimited privilege of boring one; an uncle has a qualified right to bore his nephews, even when they happen to be nieces; but he has no right to bore either nephew or niece *gratis*.

7. — KATE AT COURT, WHERE SHE PRESCRIBES PHLEBOTOMY, AND IS PROMOTED.

From Vittoria, Kate was guided by a carrier to Valladolid.° 20 dolid.° Luckily, as it seemed at first,—but, in fact, it made little difference in the end,—here, at Valladolid, were assembled the King° and his Court. Consequently, there was plenty of regiments, and plenty of regimental bands. Attracted by one of these, Catalina was quietly listening to 25 the music, when some street ruffians, in derision of the gay colours and the particular form of her forest-made costume° (rascals! what sort of trousers would *they* have made with no better scissors?), began to pelt her with stones. Ah, my friends of the genus *blackguard*, you little know who it is



that you are selecting for experiments! This is the one creature of fifteen years old in all Spain, be the other male or female, whom nature, and temper, and provocation have qualified for taking the conceit out of you! This she very soon did, laying open with sharp stones more heads than 5 either one or two, and letting out rather too little than too much of bad Valladolid blood. But mark the constant villainy of this world! Certain Alguazils<sup>o</sup> — very like some other Alguazils that I know of nearer home — having stood by quietly to see the friendless stranger insulted and assaulted, 10 now felt it their duty to apprehend the poor nun for her most natural retaliation; and, had there been such a thing as a treadmill<sup>o</sup> in Valladolid, Kate was booked for a place on it without further inquiry. Luckily, injustice does not *always* prosper. A gallant young cavalier, who had wit- 15 nessed from his windows the whole affair, had seen the provocation, and admired Catalina's behaviour, equally patient at first and bold at last, hastened into the street, pursued the officers, forced them to release their prisoner upon stating the circumstances of the case, and instantly offered to Catalina a 20 situation amongst his retinue. He was a man of birth and fortune; and the place offered, that of an honorary page, not being at all degrading even to a "daughter of somebody,"<sup>o</sup> was cheerfully accepted.

#### 8. — TOO GOOD TO LAST?

Here Catalina spent a happy quarter of a year. She was 25 now splendidly dressed in dark blue velvet, by a tailor that did not work within the gloom of a chestnut forest. She and the young cavalier, Don Francisco de Cardenas,<sup>o</sup> were mutually pleased, and had mutual confidence. All went well, until one evening (but, luckily, not before the sun had 30



been set so long as to make all things indistinct) who should  
 march into the antechamber of the cavalier but that sublime  
 of crocodiles,° *papa*, whom we lost sight of fifteen years ago,  
 and shall never see again after this night. He had his  
 5 crocodile tears all ready for use, in working order, like a  
 good industrious fire-engine. Whom will he speak to first  
 in this lordly mansion? It was absolutely to Catalina her-  
 self that he advanced; whom, for many reasons, he could  
 not be supposed to recognise — lapse of years, male attire,  
 10 twilight, were all against him. Still, she might have the  
 family countenance; and Kate fancied (but it must have  
 been a fancy) that he looked with a suspicious scrutiny into  
 her face, as he inquired for the young Don. To avert her  
 own face, to announce him to Don Francisco, to wish *papa*  
 15 on the shores of that ancient river, the Nile, furnished but  
 one moment's work to the active Catalina. She lingered,  
 however, as her place entitled her to do, at the door of the  
 audience-chamber. She guessed already, but in a moment  
 she *heard* from *papa*'s lips, what was the nature of his errand.  
 20 His daughter Catherine, he informed the Don, had eloped  
 from the convent of St. Sebastian, a place rich in delight,  
 radiant with festal pleasure, overflowing with luxury.  
 Then he laid open the unparalleled ingratitude of such a  
 step. Oh, the unseen treasure that had been spent upon  
 25 that girl! Oh, the untold sums of money, the unknown  
 amounts of cash, that had been sunk in that unhappy  
 speculation! The nights of sleeplessness suffered during  
 her infancy! The fifteen years of solicitude thrown away  
 in schemes for her improvement! It would have moved  
 30 the heart of a stone. The *hidalgo* wept copiously at his  
 own pathos. And to such a height of grandeur had he  
 carried his Spanish sense of the sublime that he disdained  
 to mention — yes! positively not even in a parenthesis



would he condescend to notice — that pocket-handkerchief which he had left at St. Sebastian's fifteen years ago, by way of envelope for "pussy," and which, to the best of pussy's knowledge, was the one sole memorandum of papa ever heard of at St. Sebastian's. Pussy, however, saw no use in revising and correcting the text of papa's remembrances. She showed her usual prudence, and her usual incomparable decision. It did not appear, as yet, that she would be reclaimed (or was at all suspected for the fugitive) by her father, or by Don Cardenas. For it is an instance of that singular fatality which pursued Catalina through life that, to her own astonishment (as she now collected from her father's conference), nobody had traced her to Valladolid, nor had her father's visit any connexion with any suspicious traveller in that direction. The case was quite different. Strangely enough, her street row had thrown her, by the purest of accidents, into the one sole household in all Spain that had an official connexion with St. Sebastian's. That convent had been founded by the young cavalier's family; and, according to the usage of Spain, the young man (as present representative of his house) was the responsible protector and official visitor of the establishment. It was not to the Don as harbourer of his daughter, but to the Don as hereditary patron of the convent, that the hidalgo was appealing. This being so, Kate might have staid safely some time longer. Yet, again, that would but have multiplied the clues for tracing her; and, finally, she would too probably have been discovered; after which, with all his youthful generosity, the poor Don could not have protected her. Too terrific was the vengeance that awaited an abettor of any fugitive nun; but, above all, if such a crime were perpetrated by an official mandatory<sup>o</sup> of the Church. Yet, again, so far it was the



more hazardous course to abscond that it almost revealed her to the young Don as the missing daughter. Still, if it really *had* that effect, nothing at present obliged him to pursue her, as might have been the case a few weeks later.

5 Kate argued (I daresay) rightly, as she always did. Her prudence whispered eternally that safety there was none for her until she had laid the Atlantic between herself and St. Sebastian's. Life was to be for *her* a Bay of Biscay; and it was odds but she had first embarked upon this billowy life

10 from the literal Bay of Biscay.<sup>o</sup> Chance ordered otherwise. Or, as a Frenchman<sup>o</sup> says, with eloquent ingenuity, in connexion with this very story, "Chance is but the *pseudonym* of God for those particular cases which he does not choose to subscribe openly with his own sign-manual."<sup>o</sup> She crept

15 upstairs to her bedroom. Simple are the travelling preparations of those that, possessing nothing, have no imperials<sup>o</sup> to pack. She had Juvenal's qualification for carolling gaily through a forest full of robbers<sup>o</sup>; for she had nothing to lose but a change of linen, that rode easily enough under her left

20 arm, leaving the right free for answering the questions of impertinent customers. As she crept downstairs, she heard the crocodile still weeping forth his sorrows to the pensive ear of twilight, and to the sympathetic Don Francisco. Ah! what a beautiful idea occurs to me at this point! Once,

25 on the hustings at Liverpool, I saw a mob orator, whose brawling mouth, open to its widest expansion, suddenly some larking sailor, by the most dexterous of shots, plugged up with a paving-stone. Here, now, at Valladolid was another mouth that equally required plugging. What a pity, then,

30 that some gay brother-page of Kate's had not been there to turn aside into the room armed with a roasted potato, and, taking a sportsman's aim, to have lodged it in the crocodile's abominable mouth! Yet, what an anachronism! There



were no roasted potatoes in Spain at that date (1608); which can be apodeictically<sup>o</sup> proved, because in Spain there were no potatoes at all, and very few in England.<sup>o</sup> But anger drives a man to say anything.

#### 9. — HOW TO CHOOSE LODGINGS.

Catalina had seen her last of friends and enemies in 5 Valladolid. Short was her time there; but she had improved it so far as to make a few of both. There was an eye or two in Valladolid that would have glared with malice upon her, had she been seen by *all* eyes in that city as she tripped through the streets in the dusk; and eyes there were that 10 would have softened into tears, had they seen the desolate condition of the child, or in vision had seen the struggles that were before her. But what's the use of wasting tears upon our Kate? Wait till to-morrow morning at sunrise, and see if she is particularly in need of pity. What, now, 15 should a young lady do—I propose it as a subject for a prize essay—that finds herself in Valladolid at nightfall, having no letters of introduction, and not aware of any reason, great or small, for preferring this or that street in general, except so far as she knows of some reason for avoiding one street in 20 particular? The great problem I have stated Kate investigated as she went along; and she solved it with the accuracy which she ever applied to *practical* exigencies. Her conclusion was—that the best door to knock at, in such a case, was the door where there was no need to knock at all, 25 as being deliberately left open to all comers. For she argued that within such a door there would be nothing to steal, so that, at least, you could not be mistaken in the dark for a thief. Then, as to stealing from *her*, they might do that if they could.



Upon these principles, which hostile critics will in vain endeavour to undermine, she laid her hand upon what seemed a rude stable-door. Such it proved; and the stable was not absolutely empty: for there was a cart inside — a four-  
 5 wheeled cart. True, there was so; but you couldn't take *that* away in your pocket; and there were also five loads of straw—but then of those a lady could take no more than her *reticule* would carry; which perhaps was allowed by the courtesy of Spain. So Kate was right as to the difficulty of  
 10 being challenged for a thief. Closing the door as gently as she had opened it, she dropped her person, handsomely dressed as she was, upon the nearest heap of straw. Some ten feet further were lying two muleteers, honest and happy enough, as compared with the lords of the bedchamber°  
 15 then in Valladolid; but still gross men, carnally deaf from eating garlic and onions and other horrible substances. Accordingly, they never heard her, nor were aware, until dawn, that such a blooming person existed. But she was aware of *them*, and of their conversation. In the intervals of  
 20 their sleep, they talked much of an expedition to America, on the point of sailing under Don Ferdinand de Cordova.° It was to sail from some Andalusian° port. That was the thing for *her*. At daylight she woke, and jumped up, needing little more toilet than the birds that already were singing in  
 25 the gardens, or than the two muleteers, who, — good, honest fellows, — saluted the handsome boy kindly, thinking no ill at his making free with *their* straw, though no leave had been asked.

With these philo-garlic° men Kate took her departure.  
 30 The morning was divine; and, leaving Valladolid with the transports that befitted such a golden dawn,—feeling also already, in the very obscurity of her exit, the pledge of her final escape,—she cared no longer for the crocodile, nor for



St. Sebastian, nor (in the way of fear) for the protector of St. Sebastian, though of *him* she thought with some tenderness; so deep is the remembrance of kindness mixed with justice. Andalusia she reached rather slowly; many weeks the journey cost her<sup>o</sup>; but, after all, what are weeks? She<sup>5</sup> reached Seville<sup>o</sup> many months before she was sixteen<sup>o</sup> years old, and quite in time for the expedition.

19. — AN UGLY DILEMMA, WHERE RIGHT AND WRONG IS  
REDUCED TO A QUESTION OF RIGHT OR LEFT.

Ugly indeed is that dilemma where shipwreck and the sea are on one side of you, and famine on the other, or, if a chance of escape is offered, apparently it depends upon<sup>10</sup> taking the right road where there is no guide-post.

St. Lucar<sup>o</sup> being the port of rendezvous for the Peruvian expedition, thither she went. All comers were welcome on board the fleet; much more a fine young fellow like Kate. She was at once engaged as a mate<sup>o</sup>; and *her* ship, in par-<sup>15</sup> ticular, after doubling Cape Horn without loss, made the coast of Peru. Paita was the port of her destination.<sup>o</sup> Very near to this port they were, when a storm threw them upon a coral reef. There was little hope of the ship from the first, for she was unmanageable, and was not expected to hold<sup>20</sup> together for twenty-four hours. In this condition, with death before their faces, mark what Kate did; and please to remember it for her benefit, when she does any other little thing that angers you. The crew lowered the long-boat. Vainly the captain protested against this disloyal desertion<sup>25</sup> of a king's ship, which might yet, perhaps, be run on shore, so as to save the stores. All the crew, to a man, deserted the captain. You may say *that* literally; for the single exception was *not* a man. being our bold-hearted Kate. She was the



only sailor that refused to leave her captain, or the King of Spain's ship. The rest pulled away for the shore, and with fair hopes of reaching it. But one half-hour told another tale. Just about that time came a broad sheet of lightning, 5 which, through the darkness of evening, revealed the boat in the very act of mounting like a horse upon an inner reef, instantly filling, and throwing out the crew, every man of whom disappeared amongst the breakers. The night which succeeded was gloomy for both the representatives of his 10 Catholic Majesty.<sup>o</sup> It cannot be denied by the underwriters at Lloyd's<sup>o</sup> that the muleteer's stable at Valladolid was worth twenty such ships, though the stable was *not* insured against fire, and the ship *was* insured against the sea and the wind by some fellow that thought very little of his engagements. 15 But what's the use of sitting down to cry? That was never any trick of Catalina's. By daybreak she was at work with an axe in her hand. I knew it, before ever I came to this place in her memoirs. I felt, as sure as if I had read it, that when day broke we should find Kate at work. Thimble 20 or axe, trousers or raft, all one to *her*.

The captain, though true to his duty, faithful to his king, and on his king's account even hopeful, seems from the first to have desponded on his own. He gave no help towards the raft. Signs were speaking, however, pretty loudly that 25 he must do something; for notice to quit was now served pretty liberally. Kate's raft was ready; and she encouraged the captain to think that it would give both of them something to hold by in swimming, if not even carry double. At this moment, when all was waiting for a start and the ship 30 herself was waiting only for a final lurch to say *Good-bye* to the King of Spain, Kate went and did a thing which some erring people will misconstrue. She knew of a box laden with gold coins, reputed to be the King of Spain's, and meant



for contingencies on the voyage out. This she smashed open with her axe, and took out a sum in ducats and pistoles<sup>o</sup> equal to one hundred guineas English; which, having well secured in a pillow-case, she then lashed firmly to the raft. Now, this, you know, though not "*flotsam*," because it would 5 not float, was certainly, by maritime law, "*jetsam*."<sup>o</sup> It would be the idlest of scruples to fancy that the sea or a shark had a better right to it than a philosopher, or a splendid girl who showed herself capable of writing a very fair 8vo,<sup>o</sup> to say nothing of her decapitating in battle, as you will find, more 10 than one of the king's enemies, and recovering the king's banner. No sane moralist would hesitate to do the same thing under the same circumstances, even on board an English vessel, and though the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary, that pokes his nose into everything 15 nautical,<sup>o</sup> should be looking on. The raft was now thrown into the sea. Kate jumped after it, and then entreated the captain to follow her. He attempted it; but, wanting her youthful agility, he struck his head against a spar, and sank like lead, giving notice below that his ship was coming after 20 him as fast as she could make ready. Kate's luck was better: she mounted the raft, and by the rising tide was gradually washed ashore, but so exhausted as to have lost all recollection. She lay for hours, until the warmth of the sun revived her. On sitting up, she saw a desolate shore stretch- 25 ing both ways—nothing to eat, nothing to drink; but fortunately the raft and the money had been thrown near her, none of the lashings having given way: only what is the use of a gold ducat, though worth nine shillings in silver, or even of a hundred, amongst tangle and sea-gulls? The 30 money she distributed amongst her pockets, and soon found strength to rise and march forward. But which *was* forward? and which backward? She knew by the con-



1    versation of the sailors that Paita must be in the neighbour-  
 hood; and Paita, being a port, could not be in the inside of  
 Peru, but, of course, somewhere on its outside — and the  
 outside of a maritime land must be the shore; so that, if she  
 5 kept the shore, and went far enough, she could not fail of  
 hitting her foot against Paita at last, in the very darkest of  
 nights, provided only she could first find out which was *up*  
 and which was *down*: else she might walk her shoes off, and  
 find herself, after all, a thousand miles in the wrong. Here  
 10 was an awkward case, and all for want of a guide-post. Still,  
 when one thinks of Kate's prosperous horoscope, — that,  
 after so long a voyage, *she* only, out of the total crew, was  
 thrown on the American shore, with one hundred and five  
 pounds in her purse of clear gain on the voyage, — a conviction  
 15 arises that she *could* not guess wrongly. She might have  
 tossed up, having coins in her pocket, *heads or tails!* but this  
 kind of sortilege was then coming to be thought irreligious in  
 Christendom, as a Jewish and a heathen mode of questioning  
 the dark future.<sup>o</sup> She simply guessed, therefore; and very  
 20 soon a thing happened which, though adding nothing to  
 strengthen her guess as a true one, did much to sweeten it,  
 if it should prove a false one. On turning a point of the  
 shore, she came upon a barrel of biscuit washed ashore from  
 the ship. Biscuit is one of the best things I know, even if  
 25 not made by Mrs. Bobo<sup>o</sup>; but it is the soonest spoiled; and  
 one would like to hear counsel on one puzzling point, — why  
 it is that a touch of water utterly ruins it, taking its life, and  
 leaving behind a *caput mortuum*.<sup>o</sup> Upon this *caput*, in de-  
 fault of anything better, Kate breakfasted. And, breakfast  
 30 being over, she rang the bell for the waiter to take away, and  
 to — Stop! what nonsense! There could be no bell;  
 besides which, there could be no waiter. Well, then, with-  
 out asking the waiter's aid, she that was always prudent



packed up some of the Catholic king's biscuit, as she had previously packed up far too little of his gold. But in such cases a most delicate question occurs, pressing equally on dietetics and algebra. It is this: if you pack up too much, then, by this extra burden of salt provisions, you may retard<sup>5</sup> for days your arrival at fresh provisions; on the other hand, if you pack up too little, you may famish, and never arrive at all. Catalina hit the *juste milieu*<sup>o</sup>; and about twilight on the third day she found herself entering Paíta, without having had to swim any *very* broad river in her walk. 10

11. — FROM THE MALICE OF THE SEA TO THE MALICE OF  
MAN AND WOMAN.

The first thing, in such a case of distress, which a young lady does, even if she happens to be a young gentleman, is to beautify her dress. Kate always attended to *that*. The man she sent for was not properly a tailor, but one who employed tailors, he himself furnishing the materials. His<sup>15</sup> name was Urquiza, — a fact of very little importance to us in 1854,<sup>o</sup> if it had stood only at the head and foot of Kate's little account. But, unhappily for Kate's *début* on this vast American stage, the case was otherwise. Mr. Urquiza had the misfortune (equally common in the Old World and the<sup>20</sup> New) of being a knave, and also a showy, specious knave. Kate, who had prospered under sea allowances of biscuit and hardship, was now expanding in proportions. With very little vanity or consciousness on that head, she now displayed a really magnificent person; and, when dressed anew in the<sup>25</sup> way that became a young officer in the Spanish service, she looked<sup>o</sup> the representative picture of a Spanish *caballador*.<sup>o</sup> It is strange that such an appearance, and such a rank, should have suggested to Urquiza the presumptuous idea of



wishing that Kate might become his clerk. He *did*, however, wish it; for Kate wrote a beautiful hand; and a stranger thing is that Kate accepted his proposal. This might arise from the difficulty of moving in those days to  
 5 any distance in Peru. The ship which threw Kate ashore had been merely bringing stores to the station of Paita; and no corps of the royal armies was readily to be reached, whilst something must be done at once for a livelihood. Urquiza had two mercantile establishments — one at Trujillo,<sup>o</sup> to  
 10 which he repaired in person, on Kate's agreeing to undertake the management of the other in Paita. Like the sensible girl that we have always found her, she demanded specific instructions for her guidance in duties so new. Certainly she was in a fair way for seeing life. Telling her beads at St.  
 15 Sebastian's, manœuvring irregular verbs at Vittoria, acting as gentleman-usher at Valladolid, serving his Spanish Majesty round Cape Horn, fighting with storms and sharks off the coast of Peru, and now commencing as book-keeper or *com-mis*<sup>o</sup> to a draper at Paita — does she not justify the char-  
 20 acter that I myself gave her, just before dismissing her from St. Sebastian's, of being a "handy" girl? Mr. Urquiza's instructions were short, easy to be understood, but rather comic; and yet (which is odd) they led to tragic results. There were two debtors of the shop (*many*, it is to be hoped,  
 25 but two meriting his affectionate notice) with respect to whom he left the most opposite directions. The one was a very handsome lady<sup>o</sup>; and the rule as to *her* was that she was to have credit unlimited, — strictly unlimited. That seemed plain. The other customer, favoured by Mr. Ur-  
 30 quiza's valedictory thoughts, was a young man, cousin to the handsome lady, and bearing the name of Reyes. This youth occupied in Mr. Urquiza's estimate the same hyperbolical rank as the handsome lady, but on the opposite side of the



equation. The rule as to *him* was that he was to have *no* credit, — strictly none. In this case, also, Kate saw no difficulty; and, when she came to know Mr. Reyes a little, she found the path of pleasure coinciding with the path of duty. Mr. Urquiza could not be more precise in laying down the 5 rule than Kate was in enforcing it. But in the other case a scruple arose. *Unlimited* might be a word, not of Spanish law, but of Spanish rhetoric; such as, "*Live a thousand years,*"<sup>o</sup> which even annuity offices utter without a pang. Kate therefore wrote to Trujillo, expressing her honest fears, 10 and desiring to have more definite instructions. These were positive. If the lady chose to send for the entire shop, her account was to be debited instantly with *that*. She had, however, as yet, not sent for the shop; but she began to manifest strong signs of sending for the *shopman*. Upon 15 the blooming young Biscayan had her roving eye settled; and she was in the course of making up her mind to take Kate for a sweetheart. Poor Kate saw this with a heavy heart. And, at the same time that she had a prospect of a tender friend more than she wanted, she had become certain 20 of an extra enemy that she wanted quite as little. What she had done to offend Mr. Reyes Kate could not guess, except as to the matter of the credit; but, then, in that she only followed her instructions. Still, Mr. Reyes was of opinion that there were two ways of executing orders. But 25 the main offence was unintentional on Kate's part. Reyes (though as yet she did not know it) had himself been a candidate for the situation of clerk, and intended probably to keep the equation precisely as it was with respect to the allowance of credit, — only to change places with the hand- 30 some lady — keeping *her* on the negative side, himself on the affirmative: an arrangement, you know, that in the final result could have made no sort of pecuniary difference to Urquiza



Thus stood matters when a party of vagrant comedians strolled into Paita. Kate, being a native Spaniard, ranked as one of the Paita aristocracy, and was expected to attend. She did so; and there also was the malignant Reyes. He came and seated himself purposely so as to shut out Kate from all view of the stage. She, who had nothing of the bully in her nature, and was a gentle creature when her wild Biscayan<sup>o</sup> blood had not been kindled by insult, courteously requested him to move a little; upon which Reyes replied that it was not in his power to oblige the clerk as to that, but that he *could* oblige him by cutting his throat. The tiger that slept in Catalina wakened at once. She seized him, and would have executed vengeance on the spot, but that a party of young men interposed, for the present, to part them. The next day, when Kate (always ready to forget and forgive) was thinking no more of the row, Reyes passed: by spitting at the window, and other gestures insulting to Kate, again he roused her Spanish blood. Out she rushed, sword in hand; a duel began in the street; and very soon Kate's sword had passed into the heart of Reyes. Now that the mischief was done, the police were, as usual, all alive for the pleasure of avenging it. Kate found herself suddenly in a strong prison, and with small hopes of leaving it, except for execution.

12. — FROM THE STEPS LEADING UP TO THE SCAFFOLD  
TO THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO ASSASSINATION.

The relatives of the dead man were potent in Paita, and clamorous for justice; so that the *corrégidor*,<sup>o</sup> in a case where he saw a very poor chance of being corrupted by bribes, felt it his duty to be sublimely incorruptible. The reader knows, however, that amongst the connexions of the deceased bully was that handsome lady who differed as much from her cousin



in her sentiments as to Kate as she did in the extent of her credit with Mr. Urquiza. To *her* Kate wrote a note; and, using one of the Spanish King's gold coins for bribing the jailer, got it safely delivered. That, perhaps, was unnecessary; for the lady had been already on the alert, and had 5 summoned Urquiza from Trujillo. By some means not very luminously stated,<sup>o</sup> and by paying proper fees in proper quarters, Kate was smuggled out of the prison at nightfall, and smuggled into a pretty house in the suburbs. Had she known exactly the footing she stood on as to the law, she 10 would have been decided. As it was, she was uneasy, and jealous<sup>o</sup> of mischief abroad; and, before supper, she understood it all. Urquiza briefly informed his clerk that it would be requisite for him (the clerk) to marry the handsome lady. But why? Because, said Urquiza, after talking for hours 15 with the *corrégidor*, who was infamous for obstinacy, he had found it impossible to make him "hear reason" and release the prisoner until this compromise of marriage was suggested. But how could public justice be pacified for the clerk's unfortunate homicide of Reyes by a female cousin of the de- 20 ceased man engaging to love, honour, and obey<sup>o</sup> the clerk for life? Kate could not see her way through this logic. "Nonsense, my friend," said Urquiza; "you don't comprehend. As it stands, the affair is a murder, and hanging the penalty. But, if you marry into the murdered man's house, then it 25 becomes a little family murder — all quiet and comfortable amongst ourselves. What has the *corrégidor* to do with that? or the public either? Now, let me introduce the bride." Supper entered at that moment, and the bride immediately after. The thoughtfulness of Kate was narrowly observed, 30 and even alluded to, but politely ascribed to the natural anxieties of a prisoner and the very imperfect state of his liberation even yet from prison *surveillance*. Kate had,



indeed, never been in so trying a situation before. The anxieties of the farewell night at St. Sebastian were nothing to this; because, even if she had failed *then*, a failure might not have been always irreparable. It was but to watch and wait.

5 But now, at this supper table, she was not more alive to the nature of the peril than she was to the fact that, if before the night closed she did not by some means escape from it, she never *would* escape with life. The deception as to her sex, though resting on no motive that pointed to these people,

10 or at all concerned them, would be resented as if it had. The lady would regard the case as a mockery; and Urquiza would lose his opportunity of delivering himself from an imperious mistress. According to the usages of the times and country, Kate knew that within twelve hours she would be

15 assassinated.

People of infirmer resolution would have lingered at the supper table, for the sake of putting off the evil moment of final crisis. Not so Kate. She had revolved the case on all its sides in a few minutes, and had formed her resolution.

20 This done, she was as ready for the trial at one moment as another; and, when the lady suggested that the hardships of a prison must have made repose desirable, Kate assented, and instantly rose. A sort of procession formed, for the purpose of doing honour to the interesting guest, and escorting

25 him in pomp to his bedroom. Kate viewed it much in the same light as that procession to which for some days she had been expecting an invitation from the *corréidor*. Far ahead ran the servant-woman, as a sort of outrider; then came Urquiza, like a pacha of two tails,<sup>o</sup> who granted two sorts of

30 credit — viz. unlimited and none at all — bearing two wax-lights, one in each hand, and wanting only cymbals and kettle-drums to express emphatically the pathos of his Castilian strut; next came the bride, a little in advance of the



clerk, but still turning obliquely towards him, and smiling graciously into his face; lastly, bringing up the rear, came the prisoner — our poor ensnared Kate — the nun, the page, the mate, the clerk, the homicide, the convict, and, for this night only, by particular desire, the bridegroom-elect. 5

It was Kate's fixed opinion that, if for a moment she entered any bedroom having obviously no outlet, her fate would be that of an ox once driven within the shambles. Outside, the bullock might make some defence with his horns; but, once in, with no space for turning, he is muffled and 10 gagged. She carried her eye, therefore, like a hawk's, steady, though restless, for vigilant examination of every angle she turned. Before she entered any bedroom, she was resolved to reconnoitre it from the doorway, and, in case of necessity, show fight at once before entering, as the best chance in a 15 crisis where all chances were bad. Everything ends; and at last the procession reached the bedroom-door, the outrider having filed off to the rear. One glance sufficed to satisfy Kate that windows there were none, and therefore no outlet for escape. Treachery appeared even in *that*; and Kate, 20 though unfortunately without arms, was now fixed for resistance. Mr. Urquiza entered first, with a strut more than usually grandiose, and inexpressibly sublime — "Sound the trumpets! Beat the drums!"<sup>o</sup> There were, as we know already, no windows; but a slight interruption to Mr. Ur- 25 quiza's pompous tread showed that there were steps downwards into the room. Those, thought Kate, will suit me even better. She had watched the unlocking of the bedroom-door — she had lost nothing — she had marked that the key was left in the lock. At this moment, the beautiful lady, 30 as one acquainted with the details of the house, turning with the air of a gracious monitress, held out her fair hand to guide Kate in careful descent of the steps. This had the air of



taking out Kate to dance; and Kate, at that same moment, answering to it by the gesture of a modern waltzer,<sup>o</sup> threw her arm behind the lady's waist, hurled her headlong down the steps right against Mr. Urquiza, draper and haberdasher, and then, with the speed of lightning, throwing the door  
 5 *home* within its architrave, doubly locked the creditor and unlimited debtor into the rat-trap which they had prepared for herself.

The affrighted outrider fled with horror; she knew that the  
 10 clerk had already committed one homicide; a second would cost him still less thought; and thus it happened that egress was left easy.

### 13.—FROM HUMAN MALICE BACK AGAIN TO THE MALICE OF WINDS AND WAVES.

But, when abroad, and free once more in the bright starry night, which way should Kate turn? The whole city would  
 15 prove but one vast rat-trap for her, as bad as Mr. Urquiza's, if she was not off before morning. At a glance she comprehended that the sea was her only chance. To the port she fled. All was silent. Watchmen there were none; and she jumped into a boat. To use the oars was dangerous, for she  
 20 had no means of muffling them. But she contrived to hoist a sail, pushed off with a boat-hook, and was soon stretching across the water for the mouth of the harbour, before a breeze light but favourable. Having cleared the difficulties of exit, she lay down, and unintentionally fell asleep. When she  
 25 awoke, the sun had been up three or four hours; all was right otherwise; but, had she not served as a sailor, Kate would have trembled upon finding that, during her long sleep of perhaps seven or eight hours, she had lost sight of land; by what distance she could only guess; and in what direction



was to some degree doubtful. All this, however, seemed a great advantage to the bold girl, throwing her thoughts back on the enemies she had left behind. The disadvantage was — having no breakfast, not even damaged biscuit; and some anxiety naturally arose as to ulterior prospects a little beyond 5 the horizon of breakfast. But who's afraid? As sailors whistle for a wind,<sup>o</sup> Catalina really had but to whistle for anything with energy, and it was sure to come. Like Cæsar to the pilot of Dyrrhachium, she might have said, for the comfort of her poor timorous boat (though a boat that in fact 10 was destined soon to perish), "*Catalinam vehis, et fortunas ejus.*"<sup>o</sup> Meantime, being very doubtful as to the best course for sailing, and content if her course did but lie off shore, she "carried on,"<sup>o</sup> as sailors say, under easy sail, — going, in fact, just whither and just how the Pacific breezes suggested in 15 the gentlest of whispers. *All right behind*, was Kate's opinion; and, what was better, very soon she might say, *all right ahead*; for, some hour or two before sunset, when dinner was for once becoming, even to Kate, the most interesting of subjects for meditation, suddenly a large ship began to swell 20 upon the brilliant atmosphere. In those latitudes, and in those years, any ship was pretty sure to be Spanish: sixty years later, the odds were in favour of its being an English buccaneer<sup>o</sup>; which would have given a new direction to Kate's energy. Kate continued to make signals with a 25 handkerchief whiter than the crocodile's of Ann. Dom. 1592; else it would hardly have been noticed. Perhaps, after all, it would not, but that the ship's course carried her very nearly across Kate's. The stranger lay to for her. It was dark by the time Kate steered herself under the ship's quarter; 30 and *then* was seen an instance of this girl's eternal wakefulness. Something was painted on the stern of her boat, she could not see *what*; but she judged that, whatever this might



be, it would express some connexion with the port that she had just quitted. Now, it was her wish to break the chain of traces connecting her with such a scamp as Urquiza; since, else, through his commercial correspondence, he might dis-  
 5 perse over Peru a portrait of herself by no means flattering. How should she accomplish this? It was dark; and she stood, as you may see an Etonian do<sup>o</sup> at times, rocking her little boat from side to side, until it had taken in water as much as might be agreeable. Too much it proved for the  
 10 boat's constitution, and the boat perished of dropsy — Kate declining to tap it.<sup>o</sup> She got a ducking herself; but what cared she? Up the ship's side she went, as gaily as ever, in those years when she was called pussy, she had raced after the nuns of St. Sebastian; jumped upon deck, and told the  
 15 first lieutenant, when he questioned her about her adventures, quite as much truth as any man, under the rank of admiral, had a right to expect.

#### 14. — BRIGHT GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

This ship was full of recruits for the Spanish army, and bound to Concepcion.<sup>o</sup> Even in that destiny was an iteration  
 20 or repeating memorial, of the significance that ran through Catalina's most casual adventures. She had enlisted amongst the soldiers; and, on reaching port, the very first person who came off from shore was a dashing young military officer, whom at once, by his name<sup>o</sup> and rank (though  
 25 she had never consciously seen him), she identified as her own brother. He was splendidly situated in the service, being the Governor-General's<sup>o</sup> secretary, besides his rank as a cavalry officer; and, his errand on board being to inspect the recruits, naturally, on reading in the roll one of them



described as a Biscayan,<sup>o</sup> the ardent young man came up with high-bred courtesy to Catalina, took the young recruit's hand with kindness, feeling that to be a compatriot at so great a distance was to be a sort of relative, and asked with emotion after old boyish remembrances. There was a 5 scriptural pathos in what followed, as if it were some scene of domestic reunion opening itself from patriarchal ages.<sup>o</sup> The young officer was the eldest son of the house, and had left Spain when Catalina was only three years old. But, singularly enough, Catalina it was, the little wild cat that 10 he yet remembered seeing at St. Sebastian's, upon whom his earliest inquiries settled. "Did the recruit know his family, the De Erausos?" Oh yes; everybody knew *them*. "Did the recruit know little Catalina?" Catalina smiled as she replied that she did; and gave such an animated 15 description of the little fiery wretch as made the officer's eye flash with gratified tenderness, and with certainty that the recruit was no counterfeit Biscayan. Indeed, you know, if Kate couldn't give a good description of "pussy," *who* could? The issue of the interview was that the officer insisted on 20 Kate's making a home of his quarters. He did other services for his unknown sister. He placed her as a trooper in his own regiment, and favoured her in many a way that is open to one having authority.<sup>o</sup> But the person, after all, that did most to serve our Kate, was Kate. War was then raging 25 with Indians, both from Chili and Peru. Kate had always done her duty in action; but at length, in the decisive battle of Puren,<sup>o</sup> there was an opening for doing something more. Havoc had been made of her own squadron; most of the officers were killed, and the standard was carried off. Kate 30 gathered around her a small party — galloped after the Indian column that was carrying away the trophy — charged — saw all her own party killed — but, in spite of wounds on



her face and shoulder, succeeded in bearing away the recovered standard. She rode up to the general and his staff; she dismounted; she rendered up her prize; and fainted away, much less from the blinding blood than from the  
 5 tears of joy which dimmed her eyes as the general, waving his sword in admiration over her head, pronounced our Kate on the spot an *Alférez*,<sup>o</sup> or standard-bearer, with a commission from the King of Spain and the Indies.<sup>o</sup> Bonny Kate! noble Kate! I would there were not two centuries  
 10 laid between us, so that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand.

### 15. — THE SUNSHINE IS OVERCAST.

Kate had the good sense to see the danger of revealing her sex, or her relationship, even to her own brother. The grasp of the Church never relaxed, never "prescribed,"<sup>o</sup> unless  
 15 freely and by choice. The nun, if discovered, would have been taken out of the horse-barracks or the dragoon-saddle. She had the firmness, therefore, for many years, to resist the sisterly impulses that sometimes suggested such a confidence. For years,<sup>o</sup> and those years the most important of her life —  
 20 the years that developed her character — she lived undetected as a brilliant cavalry officer, under her brother's patronage. And the bitterest grief in poor Kate's whole life was the tragical (and, were it not fully attested, one might say the ultra-scenical) event that dissolved their long  
 25 connexion. Let me spend a word of apology on poor Kate's errors. We all commit many; both you and I, reader. No, stop; that's not civil. You, reader, I know, are a saint; I am *not*, though very near it. I *do* err at long intervals; and then I think with indulgence of the many circumstances



that plead for this poor girl. The Spanish armies of that day inherited, from the days of Cortez and Pizarro, shining remembrances of martial prowess, and the very worst of ethics. To think little of bloodshed, to quarrel, to fight, to gamble, to plunder, belonged to the very atmosphere of a camp, to its indolence, to its ancient traditions. In your own defence, you were obliged to do such things. Besides all these grounds of evil, the Spanish army had just then an extra demoralisation from a war with savages — faithless and bloody. Do not think too much, reader, of killing a man — do not, I beseech you! That word "*kill*" is sprinkled over every page of Kate's own autobiography.<sup>o</sup> It ought not to be read by the light of these days. Yet, how if a man that she killed were —? Hush! It was sad; but is better hurried over in a few words. Years after this period,<sup>o</sup> a young officer, one day dining with Kate, entreated her to become his second in a duel. Such things were everyday affairs. However, Kate had reasons for declining the service, and did so. But the officer, as he was sullenly departing, said that, if he were killed (as he thought he *should* be), his death would lie at Kate's door. I do not take *his* view of the case, and am not moved by his rhetoric or his logic. Kate *was*, and relented. The duel was fixed for eleven at night, under the walls of a monastery. Unhappily, the night proved unusually dark, so that the two principals had to tie white handkerchiefs round their elbows, in order to desery each other. In the confusion they wounded each other mortally. Upon that, according to a usage not peculiar to Spaniards, but extending (as doubtless the reader knows) for a century longer to our own countrymen,<sup>o</sup> the two seconds were obliged in honour to do something towards avenging their principals. Kate had her usual fatal luck. Her sword passed sheer through the body of her opponent: this unknown opponent, falling



dead, had just breath left to cry out, "Ah, villain! you have killed me!" in a voice of horrific reproach; and the voice was the voice of her brother!

The monks of the monastery under whose silent shadows  
 5 this murderous duel had taken place, roused by the clashing  
 of swords and the angry shouts of combatants, issued out  
 with torches, to find one only of the four officers surviving.  
 Every convent and altar had the right of asylum<sup>o</sup> for a short  
 period. According to the custom, the monks carried Kate  
 10 insensible with anguish of mind, to the sanctuary of their  
 chapel. There for some days they detained her; but then,  
 having furnished her with a horse and some provisions,  
 they turned her adrift. Which way should the unhappy  
 fugitive turn? In blindness of heart, she turned towards  
 15 the sea. It was the sea that had brought her to Peru;  
 it was the sea that would perhaps carry her away.<sup>o</sup> It  
 was the sea that had first shown her this land and its  
 golden hopes; it was the sea that ought to hide from her  
 its fearful remembrances. The sea it was that had twice  
 20 spared her life in extremities; the sea it was that might  
 now, if it chose, take back the bauble that it had spared  
 in vain.

#### 16. — KATE'S ASCENT OF THE ANDES.

Three days our poor heroine followed the coast.<sup>o</sup> Her  
 horse was then almost unable to move; and on *his* account  
 25 she turned inland to a thicket, for grass and shelter. As she  
 drew near to it, a voice challenged, "*Who goes there?*" —  
 Kate answered, "*Spain.*" — "*What people?*" — "*A friend.*"  
 It was two soldiers, deserters, and almost starving. Kate  
 shared her provisions with these men; and, on hearing their



plan, which was to go over the Cordilleras,° she agreed to join the party. *Their* object was the wild one of seeking the river *Dorado*,° whose waters rolled along golden sands, and whose pebbles were emeralds. *Hers* was to throw herself upon a line the least liable to pursuit, and the readiest for a new chapter of life, in which oblivion might be found for the past. After a few days of incessant climbing and fatigue, they found themselves in the regions of perpetual snow. Summer came even hither; but came as vainly to this kingdom of frost as to the grave of her brother. No fire but the 10 fire of human blood in youthful veins could ever be kept burning in these ærial solitudes. Fuel was rarely to be found, and kindling a fire by interfriction of dry sticks was a secret almost exclusively Indian. However, our Kate can do everything; and she's the girl, if ever girl *did* such a thing, that I 15 back at any odds for crossing the Cordilleras. I would bet you something now, reader, if I thought you would deposit your stakes by return of post (as they play at chess through the post-office), that Kate does the trick; that she gets down to the other side; that the soldiers do *not*; and that the horse, 20 if preserved at all, is preserved in a way that will leave him very little to boast of.

The party had gathered wild berries and esculent roots at the foot of the mountains, and the horse was of very great use in carrying them. But this larder was soon emptied. 25 There was nothing then to carry; so that the horse's value, as a beast of burden, fell cent per cent.° In fact, very soon he could not carry himself, and it became easy to calculate when he would reach the bottom on the wrong side the Cordilleras. He took three steps back for one upwards. A 30 council of war being held, the small army resolved to slaughter their horse. He, though a member of the expedition, had no vote; and, if he had, the votes would have stood three to



one — majority, two against him. He was cut into quarters — a difficult fraction to distribute amongst a triad of claimants. No saltpetre or sugar could be had; but the frost was antiseptic. And the horse was preserved in as useful a sense 5 as ever apricots were preserved, or strawberries; and *that* was the kind of preservation which one page ago I promised to the horse.

On a fire painfully devised out of broom and withered leaves a horse-steak was dressed; for drink, snow was allowed 10 *à discretion*.<sup>o</sup> This ought to have revived the party; and Kate, perhaps, it *did*. But the poor deserters were thinly clad, and they had not the boiling heart of Catalina. More and more they drooped. Kate did her best to cheer them. But the march was nearly at an end for *them*; and they were 15 going, in one half-hour, to receive their last billet.<sup>o</sup> Yet, before this consummation, they have a strange spectacle to see — such as few places could show but the upper chambers of the Cordilleras. They had reached a billowy scene of rocky masses, large and small, looking shockingly black on 20 their perpendicular sides as they rose out of the vast snowy expanse. Upon the highest of these that was accessible Kate mounted to look around her, and she saw — oh, rapture at such an hour! — a man sitting on a shelf of rock, with a gun by his side. Joyously she shouted to her comrades, and ran 25 down to communicate the good news. Here was a sportsman, watching, perhaps, for an eagle; and now they would have relief. One man's cheek kindled with the hectic of sudden joy, and he rose eagerly to march. The other was fast sinking under the fatal sleep that frost sends before her- 30 self as her merciful minister of death; but, hearing in his dream the tidings of relief, and assisted by his friends, he also staggeringly arose. It could not be three minutes' walk, Kate thought, to the station of the sportsman. That thought



supported them all. Under Kate's guidance, who had taken a sailor's glance at the bearings, they soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks so far as to bring the man within view. He had not left his resting-place; their steps on the soundless snow, naturally, he could not hear; and, as their road brought them upon him from the rear, still less could he see them. Kate hailed him; but so keenly was he absorbed in some speculation, or in the object of his watching, that he took no notice of them, not even moving his head. Coming close behind him, Kate touched his shoulder, and said, "My friend, are you sleeping?" Yes, he *was* sleeping — sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking°; and, the slight touch of Kate having disturbed the equilibrium of the corpse, down it rolled on the snow: the frozen body rang like a hollow iron cylinder; the face uppermost, and blue with mould, mouth open, teeth ghastly and bleaching in the frost, and a frightful grin upon the lips. This dreadful spectacle finished the struggles of the weaker man, who sank and died at once. The other made an effort with so much spirit that, in Kate's opinion, horror had acted upon him beneficially as a stimulant. But it was not really so. It was simply a spasm of morbid strength. A collapse succeeded; his blood began to freeze; he sat down in spite of Kate, and *he* also died without further struggle. Yes, gone are the poor suffering deserters; stretched out and bleaching upon the snow; and insulted discipline is avenged. Great kings have long arms; and sycophants are ever at hand for the errand of the potent. What had frost and snow to do with the quarrel? Yet *they* made themselves sycophantic servants to the King of Spain; and *they* it was that dogged his deserters up to the summit of the Cordilleras, more surely than any Spanish bloodhound, or any Spanish *tirailleur's*° bullet.



## 17.—KATE STANDS ALONE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ANDES.

Now is our Kate standing alone on the summits of the Andes, and in solitude that is frightful, for she is alone with her own afflicted conscience. Twice before she had stood in solitude as deep upon the wild, wild waters of the Pacific; 5 but her conscience had been then untroubled. Now is there nobody left that can help; her horse is dead — the soldiers are dead. There is nobody that she can speak to, except God; and very soon you will find that she *does* speak to Him; for already on these vast ærial deserts He has been whisper-  
 10 ing to *her*. The condition of Kate in some respects resembled that of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.° But possibly, reader, you may be amongst the many careless readers that have never fully understood what that condition was. Suffer me to enlighten you; else you ruin the story of the mariner, 15 and, by losing all its pathos, lose half its beauty.

There are three readers of the *Ancient Mariner*. The first is gross enough to fancy all the imagery of the mariner's visions delivered by the poet for actual facts of experience; which being impossible, the whole pulverises, for that reader, 20 into a baseless fairy tale. The second reader is wiser than *that*; he knows that the imagery is the imagery of febrile delirium; really seen, but not seen as an external reality. The mariner had caught the pestilential fever which carried off all his mates; he only had survived: the delirium had 25 vanished; but the visions that had haunted the delirium remained. "Yes," says the third reader, "they remained; naturally they did, being scorched by fever into his brain; but how did they happen to remain on his belief as gospel truths? The delirium had vanished; why had not the painted 30 scenery of the delirium vanished except as visionary memorials of a sorrow that was cancelled? Why was it that



craziness settled upon this mariner's brain, driving him, as if he were a Cain,<sup>o</sup> or another Wandering Jew,<sup>o</sup> to 'pass like night from land to land,'<sup>o</sup> and, at certain intervals, wrenching him until he made rehearsal of his errors, even at the difficult cost of 'holding children from their play, and old 5 men from the chimney corner'?"<sup>o</sup> That craziness, as the *thirā* reader deciphers, rose out of a deeper soil than any bodily affection. It had its root in penitential sorrow. Oh, bitter is the sorrow to a conscientious heart, when, too late, it discovers the depth of a love that has been trampled 10 under foot! This mariner had slain the creature that, on all the earth, loved him best. In the darkness of his cruel superstition he had done it, to save his human brothers from a fancied inconvenience<sup>o</sup>; and yet, by that very act of cruelty, he had himself called destruction upon their heads. 15 The Nemesis<sup>o</sup> that followed punished *him* through *them* — him that wronged through those that wrongfully he sought to benefit. That spirit who watches over the sanctities of love is a strong angel — is a jealous angel; and this angel it was

20

“That loved the bird that loved the man  
That shot him with his bow.”<sup>o</sup>

He it was that followed the cruel archer into silent and slumbering seas: —

“Nine fathom deep he had followed him,  
Through the realms of mist and snow.”<sup>o</sup>

25

This jealous angel it was that pursued the man into noonday darkness and the vision of dying oceans, into delirium, and finally (when recovered from disease) into an unsettled mind.

30

Not altogether unlike, though free from the criminal



intention of the mariner, had been the offence of Kate; not unlike, also, was the punishment that now is dogging her steps. She, like the mariner, had slain the one sole creature that loved her upon the whole wide earth; she, like the  
5 mariner, for this offence, had been hunted into frost and snow — very soon will be hunted into delirium; and from *that* (if she escapes with life) will be hunted into the trouble of a heart that cannot rest. There was the excuse of one darkness, physical darkness, for *her*; there was the excuse  
10 of another darkness, the darkness of superstition, for the mariner. But, with all the excuses that earth, and the darkness of earth, can furnish, bitter it would be for any of us, reader, through every hour of life, waking or dreaming, to look back upon one fatal moment when we had pierced the  
15 heart that would have died for *us*. In this only the darkness had been merciful to Kate—that it had hidden for ever from her victim the hand that slew him. But now, in such utter solitude, her thoughts ran back to their earliest interview. She remembered with anguish how, on touching the  
20 shores of America, almost the first word that met her ear had been from *him*, the brother whom she had killed, about the “pussy” of times long past; how the gallant young man had hung upon her words, as in her native Basque<sup>o</sup> she described her own mischievous little self, of twelve years back;  
25 how his colour went and came whilst his loving memory of the little sister was revived by her own descriptive traits, giving back, as in a mirror, the fawn-like grace, the squirrel-like restlessness, that once had kindled his own delighted laughter; how he would take no denial, but showed on the  
30 spot that simply to have touched—to have kissed—to have played with—the little wild thing that glorified by her innocence the gloom of St. Sebastian’s cloisters, gave a *right* to his hospitality; how through *him* only she had found a wel-



come in camps; how through *him* she had found the avenue to honour and distinction. And yet this brother, so loving and generous, who, without knowing, had cherished and protected her, and all from pure holy love for herself as the innocent plaything of St. Sebastian's, *him* in a moment she 5 had dismissed from life. She paused; she turned round, as if looking back for his grave; she saw the dreadful wildernesses of snow which already she had traversed. Silent they were at this season, even as in the panting heats of noon the Saharas of the torrid zone are oftentimes silent. Dreadful 10 was the silence; it was the nearest thing to the silence of the grave. Graves were at the foot of the Andes, — *that* she knew too well; graves were at the summit of the Andes, — *that* she saw too well. And, as she gazed, a sudden thought flashed upon her, when her eyes settled upon the corpses of the poor 15 deserters, — Could she, like *them*, have been all this while unconsciously executing judgment upon herself? Running from a wrath that was doubtful, into the very jaws of a wrath that was inexorable? Flying in panic — and behold! there was no man that pursued°? For the first time in her life, 20 Kate trembled. *Not* for the first time, Kate wept.° Far less for the first time was it that Kate bent her knee — that Kate clasped her hands — that Kate prayed. But it *was* the first time that she prayed as *they* pray for whom no more hope is left but in prayer. 25

Here let me pause a moment, for the sake of making somebody angry. A Frenchman° who sadly misjudges Kate, looking at her through a Parisian opera-glass, gives it as *his* opinion° that, because Kate first *records* her prayer on this occasion, therefore now first of all she prayed. *I* 30 think not so. *I* love this Kate, bloodstained as she is; and I could not love a woman that never bent her knee in thankfulness or in supplication. However, we have all a



to our own little opinion; and it is not *you*, "*mon cher*," ° you Frenchman, that I am angry with, but somebody else that stands behind you. You, Frenchman, and your compatriots, I love oftentimes for your festal gaiety of heart °: and I quarrel only with your levity, and that eternal worldliness that freezes too fiercely — that absolutely blisters with its frost, like the upper air of the Andes. *You* speak of Kate only as too readily you speak of all women; the instinct of a natural scepticism being to scoff at all hidden depths of truth. Else you are civil enough to Kate; and your "*homage*" (such as it may happen to be) is always at the service of a woman on the shortest notice. But behind *you* I see a worse fellow — a gloomy fanatic, a religious sycophant, that seeks to propitiate his circle by bitterness against the offences that are most unlike his own. And against him I must say one word for Kate to the too hasty reader. This villain opens his fire on our Kate under shelter of a lie. For there is a standing lie in the very constitution of civil society — a *necessity* of error, misleading us as to the proportions of crime. Mere necessity obliges man to create many acts into felonies, and to punish them as the heaviest offences, which his better sense teaches him secretly to regard as perhaps among the lightest. Those poor mutineers or deserters, for instance, were they necessarily without excuse? They might have been oppressively used; but, in critical times of war, no matter for the individual palliations, the mutineer *must* be shot: there is no help for it, — as, in extremities of general famine, we shoot the man (alas! we are *obliged* to shoot him) that is found robbing the common stores in order to feed his own perishing children, though the offence is hardly visible in the sight of God. ° Only blockheads adjust their scale of guilt to the scale of human punishments. Now, our wicked friend the fanatic, who calumniates Kate, abuses



the advantage which, for such a purpose, he derives from the exaggerated social estimate of all violence. Personal security being so main an object of social union, we are obliged to frown upon all modes of violence, as hostile to the central principle of that union. We are *obliged* to rate it <sup>5</sup> according to the universal results towards which it tends, and scarcely at all according to the special condition of circumstances in which it may originate. Hence a horror arises for that class of offences, which is (philosophically speaking) exaggerated; and, by daily use, the ethics of a <sup>10</sup> police-office translate themselves insensibly into the ethics even of religious people. But I tell that sycophantish fanatic — not this only, viz. that he abuses unfairly against Kate the advantage which he has from the *inevitably* distorted bias of society; but also I tell him this second little thing, — <sup>15</sup> that, upon turning away the glass from that one obvious aspect of Kate's character, her too fiery disposition to vindicate all rights by violence, and viewing her in relation to *general* religious capacities, she was a thousand times more promisingly endowed than himself. It is impossible to be <sup>20</sup> noble in many things without having many points of contact with true religion. If you deny *that*, you it is that calumniate religion. Kate *was* noble in many things. Her worst errors never took a shape of self-interest or deceit. She was brave, she was generous, she was forgiving, she bore no <sup>25</sup> malice, she was full of truth — qualities that God loves either in man or woman. She hated sycophants and dissemblers. I hate them; and more than ever at this moment on her behalf. I wish she were but here, to give a punch on the head to that fellow who traduces her. And, coming round <sup>30</sup> again to the occasion from which this short digression has started — viz. the question raised by the Frenchman, whether Kate were a person likely to *pray* under other circumstances



than those of extreme danger — I offer it as *my opinion* that she was. Violent people are not always such from choice, but perhaps from situation. And, though the circumstances of Kate's position allowed her little means for realising her own wishes, it is certain that those wishes pointed continually to peace and an unworldly happiness, if *that* were possible. The stormy clouds that enveloped her in camps opened overhead at intervals, showing her a far-distant blue serene.<sup>o</sup> She yearned, at many times, for the rest which is not in camps or armies; and it is certain that she ever combined with any plans or day-dreams of tranquillity, as their most essential ally, some aid derived from that dove-like religion which, at St. Sebastian's, from her infant days, she had been taught so profoundly to adore.

#### 18. — KATE BEGINS TO DESCEND THE MIGHTY STAIRCASE.

Now, let us rise from this discussion of Kate against libellers, as Kate herself is rising from prayer, and consider, in conjunction with *her*, the character and promise of that dreadful ground which lies immediately before her. What is to be thought of it? I could wish we had a theodolite here, and a spirit-level, and other instruments, for settling some important questions. Yet, no: on consideration, if one *had* a wish allowed by that kind fairy without whose assistance it would be quite impossible to send even for the spirit-level, nobody would throw away the wish upon things so paltry. I would not put the fairy upon such an errand: I would order the good creature to bring no spirit-level, but a stiff glass of spirits for Kate; also, next after which, I would request a palanquin, and relays of fifty stout bearers — all drunk, in order that they might not feel the cold. The main interest at this moment, and the main difficulty —



indeed, the "open question" of the case — was, to ascertain whether the ascent were yet accomplished or not, and when would the descent commence? or had it, perhaps, long commenced? The character of the ground, in those immediate successions that could be connected by the eye, decided 5 nothing; for the undulations of the level had been so continual for miles as to perplex any eye, even an engineer's, in attempting to judge whether, upon the whole, the tendency were upwards or downwards. Possibly it was yet neither way. It is indeed probable that Kate had been for some 10 time travelling along a series of terraces that traversed the whole breadth of the topmost area at that point of crossing the Cordilleras; and this area, perhaps, but not certainly, might compensate any casual tendencies downwards by corresponding reascents. Then came the question, how long 15 would these terraces yet continue? and had the ascending parts *really* balanced the descending? Upon *that* seemed to rest the final chance for Kate. Because, unless she very soon reached a lower level and a warmer atmosphere, mere weariness would oblige her to lie down, under a fierceness of 20 cold that would not suffer her to rise after once losing the warmth of motion; or, inversely, if she even continued in motion, continued extremity of cold would, of itself, speedily absorb the little surplus energy for moving which yet remained unexhausted by weariness: that is, in short, the 25 excessive weariness would give a murderous advantage to the cold, or the excessive cold would give a corresponding advantage to the weariness.

At this stage of her progress, and whilst the agonising question seemed yet as indeterminate as ever, Kate's struggle 30 with despair, which had been greatly soothed by the fervour of her prayer, revolved upon her in deadlier blackness. All turned, she saw, upon a race against time and the arrears of



the road°; and she, poor thing! how little qualified could *she* be, in such a condition, for a race of any kind — and against two such obstinate brutes as Time and Space! This hour of the progress, this noontide of Kate's struggle, must  
 5 have been the very crisis of the whole. Despair was rapidly tending to ratify itself. Hope, in any degree, would be a cordial for sustaining her efforts. But to flounder along a dreadful chaos of snow-drifts, or snow-chasms, towards a point of rock which, being turned, should expose only  
 10 another interminable succession of the same character — might *that* be endured by ebbing spirits, by stiffening limbs, by the ghastly darkness that was now beginning to gather upon the inner eye? And, if once despair became triumphant, all the little arrear of physical strength would collapse  
 15 at once.

Oh! verdure of human fields, cottages of men and women (that now suddenly, in the eyes of Kate, seemed all brothers and sisters), cottages with children around them at play, that are so far below — oh! spring and summer, blossoms and  
 20 flowers, to which, as to *his* symbols, God has given the gorgeous privilege of rehearsing for ever upon earth his most mysterious perfection — Life, and the resurrections of Life° — is it indeed true that poor Kate must never see you more? Mutteringly she put that question to herself. But strange  
 25 are the caprices of ebb and flow in the deep fountains of human sensibilities. At this very moment, when the utter incapacitation of despair was gathering fast at Kate's heart, a sudden lightening, as it were, or flashing inspiration of hope, shot far into her spirit, a reflux almost supernatural  
 30 from the earliest effects of her prayer. Dimmed and confused had been the accuracy of her sensations for hours; but all at once a strong conviction came over her that more and more was the sense of descent becoming steady and con-



tinuous. Turning round to measure backwards with her eye the ground traversed through the last half-hour, she identified, by a remarkable point of rock, the spot near which the three corpses were lying. The silence seemed deeper than ever. Neither was there any phantom memorial of life for the eye or for the ear, nor wing of bird, nor echo, nor green leaf, nor creeping thing that moved or stirred, upon the soundless waste.° Oh, what a relief to this burden of silence would be a human groan! Here seemed a motive for still darker despair. And yet, at that very moment, a pulse of joy began to thaw the ice at her heart. It struck her, as she reviewed the ground from that point where the corpses lay, that undoubtedly it had been for some time slowly descending. Her senses were much dulled by suffering; but this thought it was, suggested by a sudden apprehension of a continued descending movement, which had caused her to turn round. Sight had confirmed the suggestion first derived from her own steps. The distance attained was now sufficient to establish the tendency. Oh, yes, yes; to a certainty she *was* descending — she *had* been descending for some time.<sup>20</sup> Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls<sup>25</sup> of your house, ceases (you suddenly think) to rise; yes; measured by a golden plummet, it is sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. Kate faced round in agitation to her proper direction. She saw, what previously, in her stunning confusion, she had *not* seen,<sup>30</sup> that hardly two stonethrows in advance lay a mass of rock, split as into a gateway. Through that opening it now became certain that the road was lying. Hurrying forward.



she passed within these natural gates. Gates of paradise they were. Ah, what a vista did that gateway expose before her dazzled eye! what a revelation of heavenly promise! Full two miles long, stretched a long narrow glen, every 5 where descending, and in many parts rapidly. All was now placed beyond a doubt. She *was* descending, — for hours, perhaps, *had* been descending insensibly, — the mighty staircase. Yes, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles farther, there may be 10 rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista a pavilion-shaped mass of dark green foliage — a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen of thick bushy under- 15 growth! Oh! verdure of dark olive foliage, offered suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting<sup>o</sup> — solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace in the dreadful desert — must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost 20 on the frontier of man's dominions, standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dovecot from 25 the swooping hawk — as the Christian pinnacle to the shelter of Christian batteries from the bloody Mahometan corsair<sup>o</sup> — so flew, so tried to fly, towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas! could not weigh their anchors, and make sail to meet her, the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost. 30 And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge,<sup>o</sup> flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that,



on entering the archway of what seemed to *him* the heavenly city gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more; so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose 5 her couch, and with little prospect of ever rising again to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before 10 falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are the fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw, through the fretwork of the foliage, another 15 dome, far beyond the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands.<sup>o</sup> She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of colouring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not till now consciously 20 observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in the confusion of her misery, she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself, "*It is evening*"; and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be, "The sun, that rejoices,<sup>o</sup> has 25 finished his daily toil; man, that labours, has finished *his*; I, that suffer, have finished mine." That might be what she thought; but what she *said* was "*It is evening*; and the hour is come when the *Angelus*<sup>o</sup> is sounding through St. Sebastian." What made her think of St. Sebastian, so far 30 away in the depth of space and time? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were *not*; and, because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome,



that made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St. Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the echoing *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself  
 5 back into childhood; became "pussy" once again; fancied that all since then was a frightful dream; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers; still innocent as then; loved as then she had been loved; and that all men were liars who said her  
 10 hand was ever stained with blood. Little is mentioned of the delusions which possessed her<sup>o</sup>; but that little gives a key to the impulse which her palpitating heart obeyed, and which her rambling brain for ever reproduced in multiplying mirrors. Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief  
 15 half-hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners<sup>o</sup>; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the  
 20 cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

#### 19. — KATE'S BEDROOM IS INVADED BY HORSEMEN.

All night long she slept in her verdurous St. Bernard's hospice<sup>o</sup> without awaking; and whether she would *ever* awake seemed to depend upon accident. The slumber that towered  
 25 above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes, sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting, expanding; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze.



sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funeral darkness.° You fancy that, after twelve hours of *any* sleep, she must have been refreshed; better, at least, than she was last night. Ah! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in 5 which death arranges his machinery, and stations his artillery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements. It is now eight o'clock in the morning; and, to all appearance, if Kate should receive no aid before 13 noon, when next the sun is departing to his rest, then, alas! Kate will be departing to hers: when next the sun is holding out his golden Christian signal to man that the hour is come for letting his anger go down,° Kate will be sleeping away for ever into the arms of brotherly forgiveness. 15

What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is that this world would be kind enough to send her a little brandy before it is too late. The simple truth was, and a truth which I have known to take place in more ladies than Kate, — who died or did *not* die, 20 accordingly as they had or had not an adviser like myself, capable of giving an opinion equal to Captain Bunsby's° on this point—viz. whether the jewelly star of life had descended too far down the arch towards setting for any chance of reascending by *spontaneous* effort. The fire was still burning 25 in secret, but needed, perhaps, to be rekindled by potent artificial breath. It lingered, and *might* linger, but apparently would never culminate again without some stimulus from earthly vineyards.° Kate was ever lucky, though ever unfortunate; and the world, being of my opinion that Kate 30 was worth saving, made up its mind about half-past eight o'clock in the morning to save her. Just at that time, when the night was over, and its sufferings were hidden—in one



of those intermitting gleams that for a moment or two lightened the clouds of her slumber—Kate's dull ear caught a sound that for years had spoken a familiar language to her. What was it? It was the sound, though muffled and  
 5 deadened, like the ear that heard it, of horsemen advancing. Interpreted by the tumultuous dreams of Kate, was it the cavalry of Spain, at whose head so often she had charged the bloody Indian scalpers? Was it, according to the legend of ancient days,<sup>o</sup> cavalry that had been sown by her brother's  
 10 blood—cavalry that rose from the ground on an inquest of retribution, and were racing up the Andes to seize her? Her dreams, that had opened sullenly to the sound, waited for no answer, but closed again into pompous darkness. Happily, the horsemen had caught the glimpse of some bright  
 15 ornament, clasp or aiguillette, on Kate's dress. They were hunters and foresters from below—servants in the household of a beneficent lady—and, in pursuit of some flying game, had wandered far beyond their ordinary limits. Struck by the sudden scintillation from Kate's dress played upon by the  
 20 morning sun, they rode up to the thicket. Great was their surprise, great their pity, to see a young officer in uniform stretched within the bushes upon the ground, and apparently dying. Borderers from childhood on this dreadful frontier, sacred to winter and death, they understood the case at once.  
 25 They dismounted, and, with the tenderness of women, raising the poor frozen cornet in their arms, washed her temples with brandy, whilst one, at intervals, suffered a few drops to trickle within her lips. As the restoration of a warm bed was now most likely to be the one thing needed, they lifted  
 30 the helpless stranger upon a horse, walking on each side with supporting arms. Once again our Kate is in the saddle, once again a Spanish caballero.<sup>o</sup> But Kate's bridle-hand is deadly cold. And her spurs, that she had never unfastened since



leaving the monastic asylum, hung as idle as the flapping sail that fills unsteadily with the breeze upon a stranded ship.

This procession had many miles to go, and over difficult ground; but at length it reached the forest-like park and the chateau of the wealthy proprietress. Kate was still half-frozen, and speechless, except at intervals. Heavens! can this corpse-like, languishing young woman be the Kate that once, in her radiant girlhood, rode with a handful of comrades into a column of two thousand enemies, that saw her comrades die, that persisted when all were dead, that tore from the heart of all resistance the banner of her native Spain? Chance and change have "written strange defeatures in her face."° Much is changed; but some things are not changed, either in herself or in those about her: there is still kindness that overflows with pity; there is still helplessness that asks for this pity without a voice: she is now received by a señora not less kind than that maternal aunt who, on the night of her birth, first welcomed her to a loving home; and she, the heroine of Spain, is herself as helpless now as that little lady who, then at ten minutes of age, was kissed and blessed by all the household of St. Sebastian.°

## 20. — A SECOND LULL IN KATE'S STORMY LIFE.

Let us suppose Kate placed in a warm bed. Let us suppose her in a few hours recovering steady consciousness; in a few days recovering some power of self-support; in a fortnight able to seek the gay saloon where the señora was sitting alone, and able to render thanks, with that deep sincerity which ever characterised our wild-hearted Kate, for the critical services received from that lady and her establishment.

This lady, a widow, was what the French call a *métisse*, the



Spaniards a *mestizza* — that is, the daughter of a genuine Spaniard and an Indian mother. I will call her simply a *Creole*,<sup>o</sup> which will indicate her want of pure Spanish blood sufficiently to explain her deference for those who had it.

5 She was a kind, liberal woman; rich rather more than needed where there were no opera-boxes to rent; a widow about fifty years old in the wicked world's account, some forty-two in her own; and happy, above all, in the possession of a most lovely daughter, whom even the wicked world

10 did not accuse of more than sixteen years. This daughter, Juana, was — But stop — let her open the door of the saloon in which the señora and the cornet are conversing, and speak for herself. She did so, after an hour had passed; which length of time, to *her* that never had any business

15 whatever in her innocent life, seemed sufficient to settle the business of the Old World and the New. Had Pietro Diaz (as Catalina now called herself) been really a Peter, and not a sham Peter, what a vision of loveliness would have rushed upon his sensibilities as the door opened. Do not expect me

20 to describe her; for which, however, there are materials extant,<sup>o</sup> sleeping in archives where they have slept for two hundred and twenty-eight years.<sup>o</sup> It is enough that she is reported to have united the stately tread of Andalusian women with the innocent voluptuousness of Peruvian eyes.

25 As to her complexion and figure, be it known that Juana's father was a gentleman from Grenada,<sup>o</sup> having in his veins the grandest blood of all this earth — blood of Goths and Vandals, tainted (for which Heaven be thanked!) twice over with blood of Arabs<sup>o</sup> — once through Moors, once through

30 Jews<sup>o</sup>; whilst from her grandmother Juana drew the deep subtle melancholy, and the beautiful contours of limb, which belonged to the Indian race — a race destined (ah, wherefore?) silently and slowly to fade away from the earth. No



awkwardness was or could be in this antelope, when gliding with forest grace into the room; no town-bred shame; nothing but the unaffected pleasure of one who wishes to speak a fervent welcome, but knows not if she ought; the astonishment of a Miranda, bred in utter solitude, when first beholding a princely Ferdinand<sup>o</sup>; and just so much reserve as to remind you that, if Catalina thought fit to dissemble her sex, she did *not*. And consider, reader, if you look back, and are a great arithmetician, that, whilst the señora had only fifty per cent of Spanish blood, Juana had seventy-five; so that her Indian melancholy, after all, was swallowed up for the present by her Visigothic, by her Vandal, by her Arab, by her Spanish, fire.

Catalina, seared as she was by the world, has left it evident in her memoirs that she was touched more than she wished to be by this innocent child.<sup>o</sup> Juana formed a brief lull for Catalina in her too stormy existence. And, if for *her* in this life the sweet reality of a sister had been possible, here was the sister she would have chosen. On the other hand, what might Juana think of the cornet? To have been thrown upon the kind hospitalities of her native home, to have been rescued by her mother's servants from that fearful death which, lying but a few miles off, had filled her nursery with traditionary tragedies — *that* was sufficient to create an interest in the stranger. Such things it had been that wooed the heavenly Desdemona.<sup>o</sup> But his bold martial demeanour, his yet youthful style of beauty, his frank manners, his animated conversation, that reported a hundred contests with suffering and peril, wakened for the first time her admiration. Men she had never seen before, except menial servants, or a casual priest. But here was a gentleman, young like herself, a splendid cavalier, that rode in the cavalry of Spain; that carried the banner of the only potentate whom Peruvians<sup>o</sup>



knew of — the King of the Spains and the Indies; that had doubled Cape Horn; that had crossed the Andes; that had suffered shipwreck; that had rocked upon fifty storms, and had wrestled for life through fifty battles.

- 5 The reader already guesses all that followed. The sisterly love which Catalina did really feel for this young mountaineer was inevitably misconstrued. Embarrassed, but not able, from sincere affection, or almost in bare propriety, to refuse such expressions of feeling as corresponded to the artless and
- 10 involuntary kindnesses of the ingenuous Juana, one day the cornet was surprised by mamma in the act of encircling her daughter's waist with his martial arm, although waltzing was premature by at least two centuries<sup>o</sup> in Peru. She taxed him instantly with dishonourably abusing her confidence.
- 15 The cornet made but a bad defence. He muttered something about "*fraternal affection*," about "*esteem*," and a great deal of metaphysical words that are destined to remain untranslated in their original Spanish. The good señora, though she could boast only of forty-two years' experience,
- 20 or say forty-four, was not altogether to be "*had*" in that fashion: she was as learned as if she had been fifty, and she brought matters to a speedy crisis. "You are a Spaniard," she said, "a gentleman, therefore; *remember* that you are a gentleman. This very night, if your intentions are not
- 25 serious, quit my house. Go to Tucuman<sup>o</sup>; you shall command my horses and servants; but stay no longer to increase the sorrow that already you will have left behind you. My daughter loves you. That is sorrow enough, if you are trifling with us. But, if not, and you also love *her*, and can
- 30 be happy in our solitary mode of life, stay with us — stay for ever. Marry Juana with my free consent. I ask not for wealth. Mine is sufficient for you both." The cornet protested that the honour was one never contemplated by *him*



— that it was too great — that —. But, of course, reader, you know that “gammon”<sup>o</sup> flourishes in Peru, amongst the silver mines, as well as in some more boreal lands that produce little better than copper and tin. “Tin,”<sup>o</sup> however, has its uses. The delighted señora overruled all objections, great 5 and small; and she confirmed Juana’s notion that the business of two worlds could be transacted in an hour, by settling her daughter’s future happiness in exactly twenty minutes. The poor, weak Catalina, not acting now in any spirit of recklessness, grieving sincerely for the gulf that was opening 10 before her, and yet shrinking effeminately from the momentary shock that would be inflicted by a firm adherence to her duty, clinging to the anodyne of a short delay, allowed herself to be installed as the lover of Juana. Considerations of convenience, however, postponed the marriage. It was 15 requisite to make various purchases; and for this it was requisite to visit Tucuman, where also the marriage ceremony could be performed with more circumstantial splendour. To Tucuman, therefore, after some weeks’ interval, the whole party repaired. And at Tucuman it was that the tragical 20 events arose which, whilst interrupting such a mockery for ever, left the poor Juana still happily deceived, and never believing for a moment that hers was a rejected or a deluded heart.

One reporter of Mr. De Ferrer’s narrative<sup>o</sup> forgets his usual 25 generosity when he says that the señora’s gift of her daughter to the Alférez was not quite so disinterested as it seemed to be.<sup>o</sup> Certainly it was not so disinterested as European ignorance might fancy it; but it was quite as much so as it ought to have been in balancing the interests of a child. Very 30 true it is, that, being a genuine Spaniard, who was still a rare creature in so vast a world as Peru — being a Spartan amongst Helots<sup>o</sup> — a Spanish Alférez would, in those days,



and in that region, have been a natural noble. His alliance created honour for his wife and for his descendants. Something, therefore, the cornet would add to the family consideration. But, instead of selfishness, it argued just regard for  
 5 her daughter's interest to build upon this, as some sort of equipoise to the wealth which her daughter would bring.

Spaniard, however, as she was, our Alférez, on reaching Tucuman, found no Spaniards to mix with, but, instead, twelve Portuguese.°

### 21. — KATE ONCE MORE IN STORMS.

10 Catalina remembered the Spanish proverb, "Pump out of a Spaniard all his good qualities, and the remainder makes a pretty fair Portuguese"°; but, as there was nobody else to gamble with, she entered freely into their society. Soon she suspected that there was foul play; for all modes of doctor-  
 15 ing dice had been made familiar to *her* by the experience of camps. She watched; and, by the time she had lost her final coin, she was satisfied that she had been plundered. In her first anger, she would have been glad to switch the whole dozen across the eyes; but, as twelve to one were too great  
 20 odds, she determined on limiting her vengeance to the immediate culprit. Him she followed into the street; and, coming near enough to distinguish his profile reflected on a wall, she continued to keep him in view from a short distance. The lighthearted young cavalier whistled, as he went, an old  
 25 Portuguese ballad of romance, and in a quarter-of-an-hour came up to a house, the front-door of which he began to open with a pass-key. This operation was the signal for Catalina that the hour of vengeance had struck; and, stepping up hastily, she tapped the Portuguese on the shoulder, saying,  
 30 "Señor, you are a robber!" The Portuguese turned coolly



round, and, seeing his gaming antagonist, replied, "Possibly, sir; but I have no particular fancy for being told so," at the same time drawing his sword. Catalina had not designed to take any advantage; and the touching him on the shoulder, with the interchange of speeches, and the known character of Kate, sufficiently imply it. But it is too probable, in such cases, that the party whose intention had been regularly settled from the first will, and must, have an advantage unconsciously over a man so abruptly thrown on his defence. However this might be, they had not fought a minute before 10 Catalina passed her sword through her opponent's body; and, without a groan or a sigh, the Portuguese cavalier fell dead at his own door. Kate searched the street with her ears, and (as far as the indistinctness of night allowed) with her eyes. All was profoundly silent; and she was satisfied that 15 no human figure was in motion. What should be done with the body? A glance at the door of the house settled that: Fernando had himself opened it at the very moment when he received the summons to turn round. She dragged the corpse in, therefore, to the foot of the staircase, put the key 20 by the dead man's side, and then, issuing softly into the street, drew the door close with as little noise as possible. Catalina again paused to listen and to watch, went home to the hospitable señora's house, retired to bed, fell asleep, and early the next morning was awakened by the *corrégidor* and 25 four *alguazils*.

The lawlessness of all that followed strikingly exposes the frightful state of criminal justice at that time wherever Spanish law prevailed. No evidence appeared to connect Catalina in any way with the death of Fernando Acosta. 30 The Portuguese gamblers, besides that perhaps they thought lightly of such an accident, might have reasons of their own for drawing off public attention from their pursuits in Tuc-



man. Not one of these men came forward openly; else the circumstances at the gaming-table, and the departure of Catalina so closely on the heels of her opponent, would have suggested reasonable grounds for detaining her until some further light should be obtained. As it was, her imprisonment rested upon no colourable ground whatever, unless the magistrate had received some anonymous information, — which, however, he never alleged. One comfort there was, meantime, in Spanish injustice: it did not loiter. Full 10 gallop it went over the ground: one week often sufficed for informations — for trial — for execution; and the only bad consequence was that a second or a third week sometimes exposed the disagreeable fact that everything had been “premature”; a solemn sacrifice had been made to offended justice in which all was right except as to the victim; it was the 15 wrong man; and *that* gave extra trouble; for then all was to do over again — another man to be executed, and, possibly, still to be caught.

Justice moved at her usual Spanish rate in the present 20 case. Kate was obliged to rise instantly; not suffered to speak to anybody in the house, though, in going out, a door opened, and she saw the young Juana looking out with her saddest Indian expression. In one day the trial was finished. Catalina said (which was true) that she hardly knew Acosta, 25 and that people of her rank were used to attack their enemies face to face, not by murderous surprises. The magistrates were impressed by Catalina's answers (yet answers to *what*, or to *whom*, in a case where there was no distinct charge, and no avowed accuser?) Things were beginning to look 30 well when all was suddenly upset by two witnesses, whom the reader (who is a sort of accomplice after the fact,<sup>o</sup> having been privately let into the truths of the case, and having concealed his knowledge) will know at once to be false wit-



nesses, but whom the old Spanish buzwigs<sup>o</sup> doated on as models of all that could be looked for in the best. Both were ill-looking fellows, as it was their duty to be. And the first deposed as follows:—That through *his* quarter of Tucuman the fact was notorious of Acosta's wife being the 5 object of a criminal pursuit on the part of the Alférez (Catalina); that, doubtless, the injured husband had surprised the prisoner, — which, of course, had led to the murder, to the staircase, to the key, to everything, in short, that could be wished. No — stop! what am I saying? — to every- 10 thing that ought to be abominated. Finally — for he had now settled the main question — that he had a friend who would take up the case where he himself, from shortsightedness, was obliged to lay it down. This friend — the Pythias of this shortsighted Damon<sup>o</sup> — started up in a frenzy of virtue 15 at this summons, and, rushing to the front of the alguazils, said, "That, since his friend had proved sufficiently the fact of the Alférez having been lurking in the house, and having murdered a man, all that rested upon *him* to show was how that murderer got out of that house; which he could do sat- 20 isfactorily; for there was a balcony running along the windows on the second floor, one of which windows he himself, lurking in a corner of the street, saw the Alférez throw up, and from the said balcony take a flying leap into the said street." Evidence like this was conclusive; no defence was 25 listened to, nor indeed had the prisoner any to produce. The Alférez could deny neither the staircase nor the balcony; the street is there to this day, like the bricks in Jack Cade's chimney,<sup>o</sup> testifying all that may be required; and, as to our friend who saw the leap, there he was — nobody could deny *him*. 30 The prisoner might indeed have suggested that she never heard of Acosta's wife; nor had the existence of such a wife been proved, or even ripened into a suspicion. But the bench



were satisfied; chopping logic in defence was henceforward impertinence; and sentence was pronounced — that, on the eighth day from the day of arrest, the Alférez should be executed in the public square.

- 5 It was not amongst the weaknesses of Catalina — who had so often inflicted death, and, by her own journal, thought so lightly of inflicting it<sup>o</sup> (unless under cowardly advantages) — to shrink from facing death in her own person. Many incidents in her career show the coolness and even gaiety with  
 10 which, in any case where death was apparently inevitable, she would have gone forward to meet it. But in this case she *had* a temptation for escaping it, which was certainly in her power. She had only to reveal the secret of her sex, and the ridiculous witnesses, beyond whose testimony there was  
 15 nothing at all against her, must at once be covered with derision. Catalina had some liking for fun; and a main inducement to this course was that it would enable her to say to the judges, “Now, you see what old fools you’ve made of yourselves; every woman and child in Peru will soon be laughing  
 20 at you.” I must acknowledge my own weakness; this last temptation I could *not* have withstood; flesh is weak, and fun is strong. But Catalina *did*. On consideration, she fancied that, although the particular motive for murdering Acosta would be dismissed with laughter, still this might not clear  
 25 her of the murder; which, on some *other* motive, she might be supposed to have committed. But, allowing that she were cleared altogether, what most of all she feared was that the publication of her sex would throw a reflex light upon many past transactions in her life; would instantly find its  
 30 way to Spain; and would probably soon bring her within the tender attentions of the Inquisition.<sup>o</sup> She kept firm, therefore, to the resolution of not saving her life by this discovery.  
 and, so far as her fate lay in her own hands, she would to a



certainly have perished — which to me seems a most fantastic caprice; it was to court a certain death and a present death, in order to evade a remote contingency of death. But even at this point how strange a case! A woman *falsely* accused (because accused by lying witnesses) of an act which 5 she really *did* commit! And falsely accused of a true offence upon a motive that was impossible!

As the sun was setting upon the seventh day, when the hours were numbered for the prisoner, there filed into her cell four persons in religious habits. They came on the 10 charitable mission of preparing the poor convict for death. Catalina, however, watching all things narrowly, remarked something earnest and significant in the eye of the leader, as of one who had some secret communication to make. She contrived, therefore, to clasp this man's hands, as if in the 15 energy of internal struggles, and *he* contrived to slip into hers the very smallest of billets from poor Juana. It contained, for indeed it *could* contain, only these three words — "Do not confess. — J." This one caution, so simple and so brief, proved a talisman. It did not refer to any confession of the 20 crime; *that* would have been assuming what Juana was neither entitled nor disposed to assume; but it referred, in the technical sense of the Church, to the act of devotional confession. Catalina found a single moment for a glance at it; understood the whole; resolutely refused to confess, as a 25 person unsettled in her religious opinions that needed spiritual instructions; and the four monks withdrew to make their report. The principal judge, upon hearing of the prisoner's impenitence, granted another day. At the end of *that*, no change having occurred either in the prisoner's mind or in 30 the circumstances, he issued his warrant for the execution. Accordingly, as the sun went down, the sad procession formed within the prison. Into the great square of Tucuman it



moved, where the scaffold had been built, and the whole city  
 had assembled for the spectacle. Catalina steadily ascended  
 the ladder of the scaffold; even then she resolved not to bene-  
 fit by revealing her sex; even then it was that she expressed  
 5 her scorn for the lubberly executioner's mode of tying a knot;  
 did it herself in a "ship-shape,"<sup>o</sup> orthodox manner; received  
 in return the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, and so far  
 ran the risk of precipitating her fate; for the timid magis-  
 trates, fearing a rescue from the fiery clamours of the impetu-  
 10 ous mob, angrily ordered the executioner to finish the scene.<sup>o</sup>  
 The clatter of a galloping horse, however, at this instant  
 forced them to pause. The crowd opened a road for the  
 agitated horseman, who was the bearer of an order from the  
 President<sup>o</sup> of La Plata<sup>o</sup> to suspend the execution until two  
 15 prisoners could be examined. The whole was the work of the  
 señora and her daughter. The elder lady, having gathered  
 informations against the witnesses, had pursued them to La  
 Plata. There, by her influence with the governor, they were  
 arrested, recognised as old malefactors, and in their terror  
 20 had partly confessed their perjury. Catalina was removed  
 to La Plata; solemnly acquitted; and, by the advice of the  
 president, for the present the connexion with the señora's  
 family was indefinitely postponed.

## 22. — KATE'S PENULTIMATE ADVENTURE.

Now was the last-but-one adventure at hand that ever  
 25 Catalina should see in the New World. Some fine sights  
 she may yet see in Europe, but nothing after this (*which she  
 has recorded<sup>o</sup>*) in America. Europe, if it had ever heard of her  
 name (as very shortly it *shall* hear), — Kings, Pope, Cardi-  
 nals, if they were but aware of her existence (which in six  
 30 months they *shall* be), — would thirst for an introduction to



our Catalina. You hardly thought now, reader, that she was such a great person, or anybody's pet but yours and mine. Bless you, sir, she would scorn to look at *us*. I tell you, that Eminences, Excellencies, Highnesses — nay, even Royalties and Holinesses<sup>o</sup> — are languishing to see her, or soon *will* be. But how can this come to pass, if she is to continue in her present obscurity? Certainly it cannot without some great *peripetteia*,<sup>o</sup> or vertiginous whirl of fortune; which, therefore, you shall now behold taking place in one turn of her next adventure. *That* shall let in a light, *that* shall throw <sup>10</sup> back a Claude Lorraine gleam<sup>o</sup> over all the past, able to make kings, that would have cared not for her under Peruvian daylight, come to glorify her setting beams.

The señora — and, observe, whatever kindness she does to Catalina speaks secretly from two hearts, her own and Juana's <sup>15</sup> — had, by the advice of Mr. President Mendonia,<sup>o</sup> given sufficient money for Catalina's travelling expenses. So far well. But Mr. M. chose to add a little codicil to this bequest of the señora's, never suggested by her or by her daughter. "Pray," said this inquisitive president, who surely might <sup>20</sup> have found business enough within his own neighbourhood — "pray, Señor Pietro Diaz, did you ever live at Concepcion? And were you ever acquainted there with Signor Miguel de Erauso? That man, sir, was my friend." What a pity that on this occasion Catalina could not venture to be candid! <sup>25</sup> What a capital speech it would have made to say, "*Friend* were you? I think you could hardly be *that*, with seven hundred miles<sup>o</sup> between you. But that man was *my* friend also; and, secondly, my brother. True it is I killed him. But, if you happen to know that this was by pure mistake in the <sup>30</sup> dark, what an old rogue you must be to throw *that* in my teeth which is the affliction of my life!" Again, however, as so often in the same circumstances, Catalina thought that it



would cause more ruin than it could heal to be candid; and, indeed if she were really *P. Diaz, Esq.*, how came she to be brother to the late Mr. Erauso? On consideration, also, if she could not tell *all*, merely to have professed a fraternal  
 5 connexion which never was avowed by either whilst living together would not have brightened the reputation of Catalina. Still, from a kindness for poor Kate, I feel uncharitably towards the president for advising Señor Pietro "to travel for his health." What had *he* to do with people's health?  
 10 However, Mr. Peter, as he had pocketed the señora's money, thought it right to pocket also the advice that accompanied its payment. That he might be in a condition to do so, he went off to buy a horse. On that errand, in all lands, for some reason only half explained, you must be in luck if you do not  
 15 fall in, and eventually fall out, with a knave. But on this particular day Kate *was* in luck. For, beside money and advice, she obtained at a low rate a horse both beautiful and serviceable for a journey. To Paz° it was, a city of prosperous name, that the cornet first moved. But Paz did not  
 20 fulfil the promise of its name. For it laid the grounds of a feud that drove our Kate out of America.

Her first adventure was a bagatelle, and fitter for a jest-book than for a serious history; yet it proved no jest either, since it led to the tragedy that followed. Riding into Paz,  
 25 our gallant standard-bearer and her bonny black horse drew all eyes, *comme de raison*,° upon their separate charms. This was inevitable amongst the indolent population of a Spanish town; and Kate was used to it. But, having recently had a little too much of the public attention, she felt nervous on  
 30 remarking two soldiers eyeing the handsome horse and the handsome rider with an attention that seemed too earnest for mere *æsthetics*. However, Kate was not the kind of person to let anything dwell on her spirits, especially if it took the



shape of impudence; and, whistling gaily, she was riding forward, when — who should cross her path but the Alcalde<sup>o</sup> of Paz? Ah! alcalde, you see a person now that has a mission against you and all that you inherit; though a mission known to herself as little as to you. Good were it for you 5 had you never crossed the path of this Biscayan Alférez. The alcalde looked so sternly that Kate asked if his worship had any commands. "Yes. These men," said the alcalde, "these two soldiers, say that this horse is stolen." To one who had so narrowly and so lately escaped the balcony wit- 10 ness and his friend, it was really no laughing matter to hear of new affidavits in preparation. Kate was nervous, but never disconcerted. In a moment she had twitched off a saddle-cloth on which she sat; and, throwing it over the horse's head, so as to cover up all between the ears and 15 the mouth, she replied, "That she had bought and paid for the horse at La Plata. But now, your worship, if this horse has really been stolen from these men, they must know well of which eye it is blind; for it *can* be only in the right eye or the left." One of the soldiers cried out instantly that it was 20 the left eye; but the other said, "No, no; you forget, it's the right." Kate maliciously called attention to this little schism. But the men said, "Ah, *that* was nothing — they were hurried; but now, on recollecting themselves, they were agreed that it was the left eye." — "Did they stand to 25 that?" — "Oh, yes, positive they were — left eye — left."

Upon which our Kate, twitching off the horse-cloth, said gaily to the magistrate, "Now, sir, please to observe that this horse has nothing the matter with either eye." And, in fact, it *was* so. Upon *that*, his worship ordered his alguazils to 30 apprehend the two witnesses, who posted off to bread and water, with other reversionary advantages<sup>o</sup>: whilst Kate rode in quest of the best dinner that Paz could furnish.



## 23. — PREPARATION FOR KATE'S FINAL ADVENTURE IN PERU.

This alcalde's acquaintance, however, was not destined to drop here. Something had appeared in the young caballero's bearing which made it painful to have addressed him with harshness, or for a moment to have entertained such a charge  
 5 against such a person. He despatched his cousin, therefore, Don Antonio Calderon, to offer his apologies, and at the same time to request that the stranger, whose rank and quality he regretted not to have known, would do him the honour to come and dine with him. This explanation, and  
 10 the fact that Don Antonio had already proclaimed his own position as cousin to the magistrate, and nephew to the Bishop of Cuzco, obliged Catalina to say, after thanking the gentlemen for their obliging attentions, "I myself hold the rank of Alférez in the service of his Catholic Majesty. I am a  
 15 native of Biscay, and I am now repairing to Cuzco<sup>o</sup> on private business." — "To Cuzco!" exclaimed Antonio; "and you from dear lovely Biscay! How very fortunate! My cousin is a Basque like you; and, like you, he starts for Cuzco to-morrow morning; so that, if it is agreeable to you, Señor  
 20 Alférez, we will travel together." It was settled that they should. To travel — amongst "balcony witnesses," and anglers for "blind horses" — not merely with a just man, but with the very abstract idea and riding allegory of justice, was too delightful to the storm-wearied cornet; and he cheer-  
 25 fully accompanied Don Antonio to the house of the magistrate, called Don Pedro de Chavarria. Distinguished was his reception; the alcalde personally renewed his regrets for the ridiculous scene of the two scampish oculists, and presented Kate to his wife — a most splendid Andalusian  
 30 beauty, to whom he had been married about a year.

This lady there is a reason for describing: and the French



reporter of Catalina's memoirs dwells upon the theme.<sup>o</sup> She united, he says, the sweetness of the German lady with the energy of the Arabian — a combination hard to judge of. "As to her feet," he adds, "I say nothing, for she had scarcely any at all. *Je ne parle point de ses pieds; elle n'en avait 5 presque pas.*" "Poor lady!" says a compassionate rustic: "no feet! What a shocking thing that so fine a woman should have been so sadly mutilated!" Oh, my dear rustic, you're quite in the wrong box. The Frenchman means this as the very highest compliment. Beautiful, however, she 10 must have been, and a Cinderella, I hope; but still not a Cinderellula,<sup>o</sup> considering that she had the inimitable walk and step of Andalusian women, which cannot be accomplished without something of a proportionate basis to stand upon.

15

The reason which there is (as I have said) for describing this lady arises out of her relation to the tragic events which followed. She, by her criminal levity, was the cause of all. And I must here warn the moralising blunderer of two errors that he is likely to make: 1st, that he is invited to read 20 some extract from a licentious amour, as if for its own interest; 2dly, or on account of Donna Catalina's memoirs, with a view to relieve their too martial character. I have the pleasure to assure him of his being so utterly in the darkness of error that any possible change he can make in his 25 opinions, right or left, must be for the better: he cannot stir but he will mend, — which is a delightful thought for the moral and blundering mind. As to the first point, what little glimpse he obtains of a licentious amour is, as a court of justice will sometimes show him such a glimpse, simply to 30 make intelligible the subsequent facts which depend upon it. Secondly, as to the conceit that Catalina wished to embellish her memoirs, understand that no such practice then existed



— certainly not in Spanish literature.° Her memoirs are electrifying by their facts; else, in the manner of telling these facts, they are systematically dry.°

But let us resume. Don Antonio Calderon was a handsome, accomplished cavalier. And in the course of dinner Catalina was led to judge, from the behaviour to each other of this gentleman and the lady, the alcalde's beautiful wife, that they had an improper understanding. This also she inferred from the furtive language of their eyes. Her wonder was that the alcalde should be so blind; though upon that point she saw reason in a day or two to change her opinion. Some people see everything by affecting to see nothing. The whole affair, however, was nothing at all to *her*; and she would have dismissed it altogether from her thoughts, but for the dreadful events on the journey.

This went on but slowly, however steadily. Owing to the miserable roads, eight hours a-day of travelling was found quite enough for man and beast; the product of which eight hours was from ten to twelve leagues, taking the league at 2¼ miles.° On the last day but one of the journey, the travelling party, which was precisely the original dinner party, reached a little town ten leagues short of Cuzco. The *corrégidor* of this place was a friend of the alcalde; and through *his* influence the party obtained better accommodations than those which they had usually commanded in a hovel calling itself a *venta*,° or in a sheltered corner of a barn. The alcalde was to sleep at the *corrégidor*'s house; the two young cavaliers, Calderon and our Kate, had sleeping-rooms at the public *locanda*°; but for the lady was reserved a little pleasure-house in an enclosed garden. This was a mere toy of a house; but, the season being summer, and the house surrounded with tropical flowers, the lady preferred it (in spite of its loneliness) to the damp mansion of the official grandee, who,



in her humble opinion, was quite as fusty as his mansion, and his mansion not much less so than himself.

After dining gaily together at the *locanda*, and possibly taking a "rise" out of his worship the *corrégidor*, as a repeating echo of Don Quixote (then growing popular in Spanish America), the young man Don Antonio, who was no young officer, and the young officer Catalina, who was no young man, lounged down together to the little pavilion in the flower-garden, with the purpose of paying their respects to the presiding belle. They were graciously received, and had the honour of meeting there his mustiness the *alcalde*, and his fustiness the *corrégidor*; whose conversation ought surely to have been edifying, since it was anything but brilliant. How they got on under the weight of two such muffs has been a mystery for two centuries. But they *did* to a certainty, for the party did not break up till eleven. *Tea and turn out* you could not call it; for there was the *turn-out* in rigour, but not the *tea*. One thing, however, Catalina by mere accident had an opportunity of observing, and observed with pain. The two official gentlemen, on taking leave, had gone down the steps into the garden. Catalina, having forgot her hat, went back into the little vestibule to look for it. There stood the lady and Don Antonio, exchanging a few final words (they *were* final) and a few final signs. Amongst the last Kate observed distinctly this, and distinctly she understood it. First of all, by raising her forefinger, the lady drew Calderon's attention to the act which followed as one of significant pantomime; which done, she snuffed out one of the candles. The young man answered it by a look of intelligence; and then all three passed down the steps together. The lady was disposed to take the cool air, and accompanied them to the garden-gate; but, in passing down the walk, Catalina noticed a second ill-omened sign that a!



was not right. Two glaring eyes she distinguished amongst the shrubs for a moment, and a rustling immediately after. "What's that?" said the lady; and Don Antonio answered, carelessly, "A bird flying out of the bushes." But birds do  
5 not amuse themselves by staying up to midnight; and birds do not wear rapiers.

Catalina, as usual, had read everything. Not a wrinkle or a rustle was lost upon *her*. And therefore, when she reached the *locanda*, knowing to an iota all that was coming,  
10 she did not retire to bed, but paced before the house. She had not long to wait: in fifteen minutes the door opened softly, and out stepped Calderon. Kate walked forward, and faced him immediately; telling him laughingly that it was not good for his health to go abroad on this night. The  
15 young man showed some impatience; upon which, very seriously, Kate acquainted him with her suspicions, and with the certainty that the *alcalde* was not so blind as he had seemed. Calderon thanked her for the information; would be upon his guard; but, to prevent further expostulation, he  
20 wheeled round instantly into the darkness. Catalina was too well convinced, however, of the mischief on foot to leave him thus. She followed rapidly, and passed silently into the garden, almost at the same time with Calderon. Both took their stations behind trees, — Calderon watching nothing but  
25 the burning candles, Catalina watching circumstances to direct her movements. The candles burned brightly in the little pavilion. Presently one was extinguished. Upon this, Calderon pressed forward to the steps, hastily ascended them, and passed into the vestibule. Catalina followed on his  
30 traces. What succeeded was all one scene of continued, dreadful dumb show; different passions of panic, or deadly struggle, or hellish malice, absolutely suffocated all articulate utterances.



In the first moments a gurgling sound was heard, as of a wild beast attempting vainly to yell over some creature that it was strangling. Next came a tumbling out at the door of one black mass, which heaved and parted at intervals into two figures, which closed, which parted again, which at last 5 fell down the steps together. Then appeared a figure in white. It was the unhappy Andalusian; and she, seeing the outline of Catalina's person, ran up to her, unable to utter one syllable. Pitying the agony of her horror, Catalina took her within her own cloak, and carried her out at the 10 garden gate. Calderon had by this time died; and the maniacal alcalde had risen up to pursue his wife. But Kate, foreseeing what he would do, had stepped silently within the shadow of the garden wall. Looking down the road to the town, and seeing nobody moving, the maniac, for some 15 purpose, went back to the house. This moment Kate used to recover the *locanda*, with the lady still panting in horror. What was to be done? To think of concealment in this little place was out of the question. The alcalde was a man of local power, and it was certain that he would kill his wife on 20 the spot. Kate's generosity would not allow her to have any collusion with this murderous purpose. At Cuzco, the principal convent was ruled by a near relative of the Andalusian; and there she would find shelter. Kate therefore saddled her horse rapidly, placed the lady behind, and rode off in the 25 darkness.

#### 24. — A STEEPLECHASE.

About five miles out of the town their road was crossed by a torrent, over which they could not hit the bridge. "Forward!" cried the lady, "Oh, heavens! forward!"; and, Kate repeating the word to the horse, the docile creature 30



leaped down into the water. They were all sinking at first; but, having its head free, the horse swam clear of all obstacles through midnight darkness, and scrambled out on the opposite bank. The two riders were dripping from the shoulders  
 5 downward. But, seeing a light twinkling from a cottage window, Kate rode up, obtaining a little refreshment, and the benefit of a fire, from a poor labouring man. From this man she also bought a warm mantle for the lady; who besides her torrent bath, was dressed in a light evening robe, so that but  
 10 for the horseman's cloak of Kate she would have perished. But there was no time to lose. They had already lost two hours from the consequences of their cold bath. Cuzco was still eighteen miles distant<sup>o</sup>; and the alcalde's shrewdness would at once divine this to be his wife's mark. They re-  
 15 mounted: very soon the silent night echoed the hoofs of a pursuing rider; and now commenced the most frantic race, in which each party rode as if the whole game of life were staked upon the issue. The pace was killing; and Kate has delivered it as her opinion, in the memoirs which she wrote,  
 20 that the alcalde was the better mounted.<sup>o</sup> This may be doubted. And certainly Kate had ridden too many years in the Spanish cavalry to have any fear of his worship's horsemanship; but it was a prodigious disadvantage that *her* horse had to carry double, while the horse ridden by her opponent  
 25 was one of those belonging to the murdered Don Antonio, and known to Kate as a powerful animal. At length they had come within three miles of Cuzco. The road after this descended the whole way to the city, and in some places rapidly, so as to require a cool rider. Suddenly a deep trench  
 30 appeared, traversing the whole extent of a broad heath. It was useless to evade it. To have hesitated was to be lost. Kate saw the necessity of clearing it; but she doubted much whether her poor exhausted horse, after twenty-one miles of



work so severe, had strength for the effort. However, the race was nearly finished; a score of dreadful miles had been accomplished; and Kate's maxim, which never yet had failed, both figuratively for life, and literally for the saddle, was — to ride at everything that showed a front of resistance. 5 She did so now. Having come upon the trench rather too suddenly, she wheeled round for the advantage of coming down upon it with more impetus, rode resolutely at it, cleared it, and gained the opposite bank. The hind feet of her horse were sinking back from the rottenness of the ground; but 10 the strong supporting bridle-hand of Kate carried him forward; and in ten minutes more they would be in Cuzco. This being seen by the vengeful alcalde, who had built great hopes on the trench, he unslung his carbine, pulled up, and fired after the bonny black horse and its two bonny riders. But 15 this vicious manœuvre would have lost his worship any bet that he might have had depending on this admirable steeple-chase. For the bullets, says Kate in her memoirs,° whistled round the poor clinging lady *en croupe*° — luckily none struck her; but one wounded the horse. And that settled the odds. 20 Kate now planted herself well in her stirrups to enter Cuzco, almost dangerously a winner; for the horse was so maddened by the wound, and the road so steep, that he went like blazes; and it really became difficult for Kate to guide him with any precision through narrow episcopal° paths. Henceforwards 25 the wounded horse required unintermitting attention; and yet, in the mere luxury of strife, it was impossible for Kate to avoid turning a little in her saddle to see the alcalde's performance on this tight-rope of the trench. His worship's horsemanship being, perhaps, rather rusty, and he not per- 30 fectly acquainted with his horse, it would have been agreeable for *him* to compromise the case by riding round, or dismounting. But all *that* was impossible. The job must be



done. And I am happy to report, for the reader's satisfaction, the sequel — so far as Kate could attend the performance. Gathering himself up for mischief, the alcalde took a mighty sweep, as if ploughing out the line of some vast  
 5 encampment, or tracing the *pomærium*<sup>o</sup> for some future Rome; then, like thunder and lightning, with arms flying aloft in the air, down he came upon the trembling trench. But the horse refused the leap; to take the leap was impossible; absolutely to refuse it, the horse felt, was immoral;  
 10 and therefore, as the only compromise that *his* unlearned brain could suggest, he threw his worship right over his ears, lodging him safely in a sand-heap, that rose with clouds of dust and screams of birds into the morning air. Kate had now no time to send back her compliments in a musical  
 15 halloo. The alcalde missed breaking his neck on this occasion very narrowly; but his neck was of no use to him in twenty minutes more, as the reader will find. Kate rode right onwards; and, coming in with a lady behind her, horse bloody, and pace such as no hounds could have lived with,  
 20 she ought to have made a great sensation in Cuzco. But, unhappily, the people of Cuzco, the spectators that *should* have been, were fast asleep in bed.

The steeplechase into Cuzco had been a fine headlong thing, considering the torrent, the trench, the wounded  
 25 horse, the lovely Andalusian lady, with her agonising fears, mounted behind Kate, together with the meek dove-like dawn; but the finale crowded together the quickest succession of changes that out of a melodrama ever *can* have been witnessed.<sup>o</sup> Kate reached the convent in safety; carried into the cloisters, and delivered like a parcel, the fair  
 30 Andalusian. But to rouse the servants and obtain admission to the convent caused a long delay; and, on returning to the street through the broad gateway of the convent, whom



should she face but the alcalde! How he had escaped the trench who can tell? He had no time to write memoirs; his horse was too illiterate. But he *had* escaped; temper not at all improved by that adventure, and now raised to a hell of malignity by seeing that he had lost his prey. The 5 morning light showed him how to use his sword, and whom he had before him; and he attacked Kate with fury. Both were exhausted; and Kate, besides that she had no personal quarrel with the alcalde, having now accomplished her sole object in saving the lady, would have been glad of a truce. 10 She could with difficulty wield her sword; and the alcalde had so far the advantage that he wounded Kate severely. That roused her ancient Biscayan blood; and she turned on him now with deadly determination. At that moment in rode two servants of the alcalde, who took part with their 15 master. These odds strengthened Kate's resolution, but weakened her chances. Just then, however, rode in, and ranged himself on Kate's side, the servant of the murdered Don Calderon. In an instant Kate had pushed her sword through the alcalde; who died upon the spot. In an instant 20 the servant of Calderon had fled. In an instant the alguazils had come up. They and the servants of the alcalde pressed furiously on Kate, who was again fighting for her life with persons not even known to her by sight. Against such odds, she was rapidly losing ground; when, in an instant, on the 25 opposite side of the street, the great gates of the Episcopal Palace rolled open. Thither it was that Calderon's servant had fled. The bishop and his attendants hurried across. "Señor Caballero," said the bishop, "in the name of the Virgin, I enjoin you to surrender your sword." — "My lord," 30 said Kate, "I dare not do it with so many enemies about me." — "But I," replied the bishop, "become answerable to the law for your safe keeping." Upon which, with filial



reverence, all parties dropped their swords. Kate being severely wounded, the bishop led her into his palace. In another instant came the catastrophe: Kate's discovery could no longer be delayed; the blood flowed too rapidly; and the wound was in her bosom. She requested a private interview with the bishop: all was known in a moment; surgeons and attendants were summoned hastily; and Kate had fainted. The good bishop pitied her, and had her attended in his palace; then removed to a convent; then to a second convent at Lima<sup>o</sup>; and, after many months had passed, his report of the whole extraordinary case in all its details to the supreme government at Madrid drew from the king, Philip IV,<sup>o</sup> and from the papal legate,<sup>o</sup> an order that the nun should be transferred to Spain.

#### 25. — ST. SEBASTIAN IS FINALLY CHECKMATED.

Yes, at length the warrior lady, the blooming cornet — this nun that is so martial, this dragoon that is so lovely — must visit again the home of her childhood, which now for seventeen years she has not seen.<sup>o</sup> All Spain, Portugal, Italy, rang with her adventures. Spain, from north to south, was frantic with desire to behold her fiery child, whose girlish romance, whose patriotic heroism, electrified the national imagination. The King of Spain must kiss his *faithful* daughter, that would not suffer his banner to see dishonour. The Pope<sup>o</sup> must kiss his *wandering* daughter, that henceforwards will be a lamb travelling back into the Christian fold. Potentates so great as these, when *they* speak words of love, do not speak in vain. All was forgiven, — the sacrilege, the bloodshed, the flight, and the scorn of St. Sebastian's (consequently of St. Peter's) keys<sup>o</sup>; the par-



dons were made out, were signed, were sealed; and the chanceries of earth were satisfied.

Ah! what a day of sorrow and of joy was *that* one day, in the first week of November, 1624,<sup>o</sup> when the returning Kate drew near to the shore of Andalusia; when, descending 5 into the ship's barge, she was rowed to the piers of Cadiz<sup>o</sup> by bargemen in the royal liveries; when she saw every ship, street, house, convent, church, crowded, as if on some mighty day of judgment, with human faces, with men, with women, with children, all bending the lights of their flashing eyes 10 upon herself! Forty myriads<sup>o</sup> of people had gathered in Cadiz alone. All Andalusia had turned out to receive her. Ah! what joy for *her*, if she had not looked back to the Andes, to their dreadful summits, and their more dreadful feet. Ah! what sorrow, if she had not been forced by music, and endless 15 banners, and the triumphant jubilations of her countrymen, to turn away from the Andes, and to fix her thoughts for the moment upon that glad tumultuous shore which she approached.

Upon this shore stood, ready to receive her, in front of 20 all this mighty crowd, the Prime Minister of Spain, that same Condé Olivarez<sup>o</sup> who but one year before had been so haughty and so defying to our haughty and defying Duke of Buckingham. But a year ago the Prince of Wales had been in Spain, seeking a Spanish bride, and he also was welcomed 25 with triumph and great joy<sup>o</sup>; but not with the hundredth part of that enthusiasm which now met the returning nun. And Olivarez, that had spoken so roughly to the English duke, to *her* "was sweet as summer."<sup>o</sup> Through endless crowds of welcoming compatriots he conducted her to the 30 king. The king folded her in his arms, and could never be satisfied with listening to her. He sent for her continually to his presence; he delighted in her conversation, so new, so



natural, so spirited; he settled a pension upon her (at the  
 time of unprecedented amount°); and by *his* desire, because  
 the year 1625 was a year of jubilee,° she departed in a few  
 months from Madrid° to Rome. She went through Barce-  
 5 lona,° — there and everywhere welcomed as the lady whom  
 the king delighted to honour.° She travelled to Rome, and  
 all doors flew open to receive her. She was presented to his  
 Holiness, with letters from his Most Catholic Majesty. But  
 letters there needed none. The Pope admired her as much  
 10 as all before had done. He caused her to recite all her  
 adventures; and what he loved most in her account was the  
 sincere and sorrowing spirit in which she described herself as  
 neither better nor worse than she had been. Neither proud  
 was Kate, nor sycophantishly and falsely humble. Urban  
 15 VIII it was then that filled the chair of St. Peter. He did  
 not neglect to raise his daughter's thoughts from earthly  
 things: he pointed her eyes to the clouds that were floating  
 in mighty volumes above the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral;  
 he told her what the cathedral had told her amongst the  
 20 gorgeous clouds of the Andes and the solemn vesper lights —  
 how sweet a thing, how divine a thing, it was for Christ's  
 sake to forgive all injuries, and how he trusted that no  
 more she would think of bloodshed, but that, if again she  
 should suffer wrongs, she would resign all vindictive retalia-  
 25 tion for them into the hands of God, the final Avenger. I  
 must also find time to mention, although the press and the  
 compositors are in a fury at my delays,° that the Pope, in his  
 farewell audience to his dear daughter, whom he was to see  
 no more, gave her a general licence to wear henceforth in all  
 30 countries — even *in partibus Infidelium*° — a cavalry officer's  
 dress, boots, spurs, sabre; in fact, anything that she and  
 the Horse Guards° might agree upon. Consequently, reader,  
 say not one word, nor suffer any tailor to say one word, or



the ninth part of a word, against those Wellington trousers made in the chestnut forest; for, understanding that the papal indulgence as to this point runs backwards as well as forwards, it sanctions equally those trousers in the forgotten rear and all possible trousers yet to come.

5

From Rome, Kate returned to Spain. She even went to St. Sebastian's — to the city; but — whether it was that her heart failed her or not — never to the convent. She roamed up and down; everywhere she was welcome — everywhere an honoured guest; but everywhere restless.<sup>o</sup> The poor and 10 humble never ceased from their admiration of her; and amongst the rich and aristocratic of Spain, with the king at their head, Kate found especial love from two classes of men. The cardinals and bishops all doated upon her, as their daughter that was returning. The military men all doated 15 upon her, as their sister that was retiring.

## 26. — FAREWELL TO THE DAUGHTER OF ST. SEBASTIAN!

Now, at this moment, it has become necessary for me to close; but I allow to the reader one question before laying down my pen. Come now, reader, be quick; "look sharp," and ask what you *have* to ask; for in one minute and a-half 20 I am going to write in capitals the word FINIS; after which, you know, I am not at liberty to add a syllable. It would be shameful to do so; since that word *Finis* enters into a secret covenant with the reader that he shall be molested no more with words, small or great. Twenty to one, I guess 25 what your question will be. You desire to ask me, What became of Kate? What was her end?

Ah, reader! but, if I answer that question, you will say I have *not* answered it. If I tell you that secret, you will say that the secret is still hidden. Yet, because I have 30



promised, and because you will be angry if I do not, let me do my best.

After ten years° of restlessness in Spain, with thoughts always turning back to the dreadful Andes, Kate heard of an  
 5 expedition on the point of sailing to Spanish America. All soldiers knew *her*, so that she had information of everything which stirred in camps. Men of the highest military rank were going out with the expedition; but Kate was a sister everywhere privileged; she was as much cherished and as  
 10 sacred, in the eyes of every brigade or *tertia*,° as their own regimental colours; and every member of the staff, from the highest to the lowest, rejoiced to hear that she would join their mess on board ship. This ship, with others, sailed; whither finally bound, I really forget.° But, on reaching  
 15 America, all the expedition touched at *Vera Cruz*.° Thither a great crowd of the military went on shore. The leading officers made a separate party for the same purpose. Their intention was to have a gay, happy dinner, after their long confinement to a ship, at the chief hotel; and happy in  
 20 perfection the dinner could not be unless Kate would consent to join it. She, that was ever kind to brother soldiers, agreed to do so. She descended into the boat along with them, and in twenty minutes the boat touched the shore. All the bevy of gay laughing officers, junior and senior, like  
 25 so many schoolboys let loose from school, jumped on shore, and walked hastily, as their time was limited, up to the hotel. Arriving there, all turned round in eagerness, saying, "Where is our dear Kate?" Ah, yes, my dear Kate, at that solemn moment, where, indeed, were *you*? She had,  
 30 beyond all doubt, taken her seat in the boat: that was certain, though nobody, in the general confusion, was certain of having seen her actually step ashore. The sea was searched for her — the forests were ransacked. But the sea did not



give up its dead,<sup>o</sup> if *there* indeed she lay; and the forests made no answer to the sorrowing hearts which sought her amongst *them*. Have I never formed a conjecture of my own upon the mysterious fate which thus suddenly enveloped her, and hid her in darkness for ever? Yes, I have. But it is a conjecture too dim and unsteady to be worth repeating. Her brother soldiers, that should naturally have had more materials for guessing than myself, were all lost in sorrowing perplexity, and could never arrive even at a plausible conjecture.<sup>o</sup>

That happened two hundred and twenty-one years ago<sup>o</sup>! And here is the brief upshot of all:— This nun sailed from Spain to Peru, and she found no rest for the sole of her foot. This nun sailed back from Peru to Spain, and she found no rest for the agitations of her heart. This nun sailed again<sup>15</sup> from Spain to America, and she found — the rest which all of us find. But where it was could never be made known to the father of Spanish camps, that sat in Madrid, nor to Kate's spiritual father, that sat in Rome. Known it is to the great Father of All, that once whispered to Kate on the<sup>20</sup> Andes; but else it has been a secret for more than two centuries; and to man it remains a secret for ever and ever!



## AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT IN 1854°

THERE are some narratives which, though pure fictions from first to last, counterfeit so vividly the air of grave realities that, if deliberately offered for such, they would for a time impose upon everybody. In the opposite scale there are  
5 other narratives, which, whilst rigorously true, move amongst characters and scenes so remote from our ordinary experience, and through a state of society so favourable to an adventurous cast of incidents, that they would everywhere pass for romances, if severed from the documents which attest  
10 their fidelity to facts. In the former class stand the admirable novels of Defoe,° and, on a lower range within the same category, the inimitable *Vicar of Wakefield*°; upon which last novel, without at all designing it, I once became the author of the following instructive experiment:— I had  
15 given a copy of this little novel to a beautiful girl of seventeen, the daughter of a 'statesman'° in Westmorland, not designing any deception (nor so much as any concealment) with respect to the fictitious character of the incidents and of the actors in that famous tale. Mere accident it was that  
20 had intercepted those explanations as to the extent of fiction in these points which in this case it would have been so natural to make. Indeed, considering the exquisite verisimilitude of the work, meeting with such absolute inexperience in the reader, it was almost a duty to have made them.  
25 This duty, however, something had caused me to forget; and, when next I saw the young mountaineer, I forgot that I *had* forgotten it. Consequently, at first I was perplexed by the unfaltering gravity with which my fair young friend



spoke of Dr. Primrose, of Sophia and her sister, of Squire Thornhill, etc., as real and probably living personages, who could sue and be sued. It appeared that this artless young rustic, who had never heard of novels and romances as a bare possibility amongst all the shameless devices of London swindlers, had read with religious fidelity every word of this tale, so thoroughly life-like, surrendering her perfect faith and loving sympathy to the different persons in the tale and the natural distresses in which they are involved, without suspecting for a moment that, by so much as a breathing of 10 exaggeration or of embellishment, the pure gospel truth of the narrative could have been sullied. She listened in a kind of breathless stupor to my frank explanation that not part only, but the whole, of this natural tale was a pure invention. Scorn and indignation flashed from her eyes. 15 She regarded herself as one who had been hoaxed and swindled; begged me to take back the book; and never again, to the end of her life, could endure to look into the book, or to be reminded of that criminal imposture which Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had practised upon her youthful credulity. 20

In that case, a book altogether fabulous, and not meaning to offer itself for anything else, had been read as genuine history. Here, on the other hand, the adventures of the Spanish Nun, which, in every detail of time and place have since been sifted and authenticated,<sup>o</sup> stood a good chance at 25 one period of being classed as the most lawless of romances. It is, indeed, undeniable—and this arises as a natural result from the bold adventurous character of the heroine, and from the unsettled state of society at that period in Spanish America—that a reader the most credulous would at times 30 be startled with doubts upon what seems so unvarying a tenor of danger and lawless violence. But, on the other hand, it is also undeniable that a reader the most obstinately



sceptical would be equally startled in the very opposite direction, on remarking that the incidents are far from being such as a romance-writer would have been likely to invent; since, if striking, tragic, and even appalling, they are at 5 times repulsive.<sup>o</sup> And it seems evident that, once putting himself to the cost of a wholesale fiction, the writer would have used his privilege more freely for his own advantage, whereas the author of these memoirs clearly writes under the coercion and restraint of a notorious reality, that would 10 not suffer him to ignore or to modify the leading facts. Then, as to the objection that few people or none have an experience presenting such uniformity of perilous adventure, a little closer attention shows that the experience in this case is *not* uniform; and so far otherwise that a period of several 15 years in Kate's South American life is confessedly suppressed, and on no other ground whatever than that this long parenthesis is *not* adventurous, not essentially differing from the monotonous character of ordinary Spanish life.<sup>o</sup>

Suppose the case, therefore, that Kate's Memoirs had been 20 thrown upon the world with no vouchers for their authenticity beyond such internal presumptions as would have occurred to thoughtful readers when reviewing the entire succession of incidents, I am of opinion that the person best qualified by legal experience to judge of evidence would finally 25 have pronounced a favourable award; since it is easy to understand that in a world so vast as the Peru, the Mexico, the Chili, of Spaniards during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and under the slender modification of Indian manners as yet effected by the Papal Christianisation of 30 these countries, and in the neighbourhood of a river-system so awful,<sup>o</sup> of a mountain-system so unheard-of in Europe, there would probably, by blind, unconscious sympathy, grow up a tendency to lawless and gigantesque ideals of adventur-



ous life, under which, united with the duelling code of Europe, many things would become trivial and commonplace experiences that to us home-bred English ("*qui musas colimus severiores*"<sup>o</sup>) seem monstrous and revolting.

Left, therefore, to itself, *my* belief is that the story of the 5 Military Nun would have prevailed finally against the demurs of the sceptics. However, in the meantime, all such demurs were suddenly and *officially* silenced for ever. Soon after the publication of Kate's Memoirs,<sup>o</sup> in what you may call an early stage of her *literary* career, though two centuries 10 after her *personal* career had closed, a regular controversy arose<sup>o</sup> upon the degree of credit due to these extraordinary confessions (such they may be called) of the poor conscience-haunted nun. Whether these in Kate's original MS. were entitled "Autobiographic Sketches," or "Selections Grave 15 and Gay, from the Military Experiences of a Nun," or possibly "The Confessions of a Biscayan Fire-Eater,"<sup>o</sup> is more than I know. No matter: confessions they were; and confessions that, when at length published, were absolutely mobbed and hustled by a gang of misbelieving (*i.e. miscreant*)<sup>o</sup> 20 critics. And this fact is most remarkable, that the person who originally headed the incredulous party—viz. Señor De Ferrer,<sup>o</sup> a learned Castilian—was the very same who finally authenticated, by *documentary* evidence, the extraordinary narrative in those parts which had most of all invited 25 scepticism. The progress of the dispute threw the decision at length upon the archives of the Spanish Marine. Those for the southern ports of Spain had been transferred, I believe, from Cadiz and St. Lucar to Seville: chiefly, perhaps, through the confusions incident to the two French 30 invasions of Spain in our own day (1st, that under Napoleon, 2dly, that under the Duc d'Angoulême<sup>o</sup>). Amongst these archives,—subsequently amongst those of Cuzco in



South America, — 3dly amongst the records of some royal courts in Madrid, — 4thly by collateral proof from the Papal Chancery,° — 5thly from Barcelona — have been drawn together ample attestations of all the incidents recorded by  
5 Kate. The elopement from St. Sebastian's, the doubling of Cape Horn, the shipwreck on the coast of Peru, the rescue of the royal banner from the Indians of Chili, the fatal duel in the dark, the astonishing passage of the Andes, the tragical scenes at Tucuman and Cuzco, the return to Spain in obe-  
10 dience to a royal and a papal summons, the visit to Rome and the interview with the Pope; finally, the return to South America, and the mysterious disappearance at Vera Cruz, upon which no light was ever thrown, — all these capital heads of the narrative have been established beyond the  
15 reach of scepticism°; and, in consequence, the story was soon after adopted as historically established, and was reported at length by journals of the highest credit in Spain and Germany,° and by a Parisian journal so cautious and so distinguished for its ability as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.°  
20 I must not leave the impression upon my readers that this complex body of documentary evidences has been searched and appraised by myself. Frankly, I acknowledge that, on the sole occasion when any opportunity offered itself for such a labour, I shrank from it as too fatiguing, and also as  
25 superfluous°; since, if the proofs had satisfied the compatriots of Catalina, who came to the investigation with hostile feelings of partisanship, and not dissembling their incredulity, — armed also (and in Mr. De Ferrer's case conspicuously armed) with the appropriate learning for giving effect to this in-  
30 credulity, — it could not become a stranger to suppose himself qualified for disturbing a judgment that had been so deliberately delivered. Such a tribunal of native Spaniards being satisfied, there was no further opening for demur. The



ratification of poor Kate's Memoirs is now therefore to be understood as absolute and without reserve.<sup>2</sup>

This being stated — viz. such an attestation from competent authorities to the truth of Kate's narrative, as may save all readers from my fair Westmorland friend's disaster — it 5 remains to give such an answer as without further research *can* be given to a question pretty sure of arising in all reflective readers' thoughts — viz. Does there anywhere survive a portrait of Kate<sup>o</sup>? I answer — and it would be both mortifying and perplexing if I could *not* — *Yes*. One such portrait 10 there is confessedly; and seven years ago this was to be found at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the collection of Herr Sempeller.<sup>o</sup> The name of the artist I am not able to report; neither can I say whether Herr Sempeller's collection still remains intact, and remains at Aix-la-Chapelle.<sup>o</sup> 15

But, inevitably, to most readers who review the circumstances of a case so extraordinary it will occur that beyond a doubt *many* portraits of the adventurous nun must have been executed. To have affronted the wrath of the Inquisition, and to have survived such an audacity, would of itself 20 be enough to found a title for the martial nun to a national interest. It is true that Kate had not taken the veil; she had stopped short of the deadliest crime known to the Inquisition; but still her transgressions were such as to require a special indulgence; and this indulgence was granted by a 25 Pope to the intercession of a King — the greatest then reigning.<sup>o</sup> It was a favour that could not have been asked by any greater man in this world, nor granted by any less. Had no other distinction settled upon Kate, this would have been enough to fix the gaze of her own nation. But her whole 30 life constituted Kate's supreme distinction. There can be no doubt, therefore, that from the year 1624 (*i.e.* the last year of our James I<sup>o</sup>) she became the object of an admiration in



her own country that was almost idolatrous. And this admiration was not of a kind that rested upon any partisan-schism amongst her countrymen. So long as it was kept alive by her bodily presence amongst them, it was an  
5 admiration equally aristocratic and popular, shared alike by the rich and the poor, by the lofty and the humble. Great, therefore, would be the demand for her portrait. There is a tradition that Velasquez,<sup>o</sup> who had in 1623 executed a portrait of Charles I<sup>o</sup> (then Prince of Wales), was amongst  
10 those who in the three or four following years ministered to this demand. It is believed also that, in travelling from Genoa and Florence<sup>o</sup> to Rome, she sat to various artists, in order to meet the interest about herself already rising amongst the cardinals and other dignitaries of the Romish  
15 Church. It is probable, therefore, that numerous pictures of Kate are yet lurking both in Spain and Italy, but not known as such. For, as the public consideration granted to her had grown out of merits and qualities purely personal, and were kept alive by no local or family memorials rooted in the land,  
20 or surviving herself, it was inevitable that, as soon as she herself died, all identification of her portraits would perish; and the portraits would thenceforwards be confounded with the similar memorials, past all numbering, which every year accumulates as the wrecks from household remembrances  
25 of generations that are passing or passed, that are fading or faded, that are dying or buried. It is well, therefore, amongst so many irrecoverable ruins, that in the portrait at Aix-la-Chapelle we still possess one undoubted representation (and therefore in some degree a means for identifying *other* repre-  
30 sentations) of a female so memorably adorned by nature; gifted with capacities so unparalleled both of doing and suffering; who lived a life so stormy, and perished by a fate so unsearchably mysterious.



## NOTES

### JOAN OF ARC

1. Title, Arc. "Modern France, that should know a great deal better than myself, insists that the name is not D'Arc — *i.e.* of Arc — but *Darc*. Now it happens sometimes that, if a person whose position guarantees his access to the best information will content himself with gloomy dogmatism, striking the table with his fist, and saying in a terrific voice 'It is so, and there's an end of it,' one bows deferentially, and submits. But, if, unhappily for himself, won by this docility, he relents too amiably into reasons and arguments, probably one raises an insurrection against him that may never be crushed; for in the fields of logic one can skirmish, perhaps, as well as he. Had he confined himself to dogmatism, he would have intrenched his position in darkness, and have hidden his own vulnerable points. But, coming down to base reasons, he lets in light, and one sees where to plant the blows. Now, the worshipful reason of modern France for disturbing the old received spelling is that Jean Hordal, a descendant of *La Pucelle's* brother, spelled the name *Darc* in 1612. But what of that? It is notorious that what small matter of spelling Providence had thought fit to disburse amongst man in the seventeenth century was all monopolised by printers: now, M. Hordal was *not* a printer." — DE QUINCEY.

1:3. Lorraine. At the time of Joan's birth, Upper Lorraine was an independent duchy lying between France and Germany. In 1766 it was united with France, but now, as a result of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871), it belongs in part to the German Empire.



1:3. the Hebrew shepherd boy. David, whose inaugural ad (line 9) was his victory over Goliath. See 1 *Samuel* xvii.

1:20. the sceptre . . . Judah. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." — *Genesis* xlix. 10.

2:1. Domrémy. This small village is situated in northeastern France, in the present Department of the Vosges, about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Paris. It is known as *Domrémy la Pucelle*, in honor of the maid. Here may be seen the house in which Joan was born, and in the neighborhood is the monument erected to her memory by the prefect of the department.

2:2. Vaucouleurs. A town ten miles north of Domrémy.

2:11. those that share thy blood. "A collateral relative of Joanna's was subsequently ennobled by the title *Du Lys*." — DE QUINCEY. See, however, Historical Note on *Joan of Arc*, page 1.

2:16. en contumace. This legal phrase, literally meaning "in contumacy," is applied to an accused person that fails to appear in court when summoned.

2:17. as even yet may happen. De Quincey's prophecy has been largely fulfilled within recent years. In 1904 a Paris professor who, in his lecture room, attacked Joan's character, was removed by the government under pressure of popular indignation. About the same time the Vatican authorities at Rome announced, to the delight of the French, that Joan had passed the second stage of her canonization; it now remains only that her power to perform miracles be proved before she is declared a saint. In a very true sense Joan has become the French national heroine.

2:27. pure in senses more obvious. An interesting comparison may be made between Joan's life and that of the Military Nun.

2:32. Rouen. This important French city is situated on the Seine, some ninety miles northwest of Paris. The city square in which Joan was burned is now called *La Place de la Pucelle*, and contains her statue.



3:8. **until nature and imperishable truth**, etc. See pages 31-32.  
3:11. **the lilies of France**. The *fleur-de-lys* (lily flower) was the royal emblem of France from the time of King Clovis (465-511) till the Revolution of 1789.

3:13. **in another century**, etc. Reference is here made to the great French Revolution of 1789-1793.

3:19. **in the spring of 1847**. This essay first appeared in *Tait's Magazine* for March and August, 1847. In 1854 it was reprinted by De Quincey in the third volume of the Collective Edition.

3:21. **left till called for**. In England this expression is in constant use as applied to baggage stored for an indefinite period, letters sent to the general delivery, and the like.

3:24. **M. Michelet**. Jules Michelet (1798-1874), a brilliant but biassed French historian. He was professor at the Collège Rollin, assistant to Guizot at the Sorbonne, tutor to the Princess Clémentine, and finally professor in the Collège de France. Having been suspended from lecturing by the Orleanist government in 1847, he turned his attention thenceforth entirely to literature. His masterpiece is the *History of France* here under review.

3:26. **mad . . . hares**. This old saying probably springs from the fact that hares are wildest in March.

3:27. **recovered liberty**. As a result of the Revolution of 1830 Charles X, the last of the old Bourbon family, was forced to abdicate, and Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was chosen king by the will of the people.

3:28. **their mighty Revolution**. See note on line 13.

4:1. **may introduce you**, etc. This literary plan of De Quincey's, like many others, was never carried out.

4:6. **his worst book**, etc. *Du Prêtre, de la Femme et de la Famille* (1844), a translation of which was published at London in 1846.

4:8. **"History of France."** Michelet's *Histoire de France* was published at Paris (1835-1844) in six volumes. The English trans-



lation by Walter K. Kelley (2 vols.), with which De Quincey was familiar, appeared in 1844-1846. The account of Joan is to be found in Volume V of the original French, in Volume II of the translation. It should be noted that Michelet continued to add to his *History* until, in 1867, the number of volumes reached sixteen.

4:13. *the falconer's lure.* A device resembling a bird, sometimes bated with food, which is used by a falconer to recall his hawk.

4:26. *on the model of Lord Percy, etc.* The stanza here parodied, which may be found in "The Modern Ballad of Chevy Chace," Percy's *Reliques*, Book III, reads as follows in the original: —

"The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers days to take."

4:31. *delirium tremens.* As here used, this expression is intended to furnish an antithesis to "simple delirium," line 30.

5:6. *as of old the draperies of asbestos were cleansed.* When the fibres of asbestos, a variety of the hornblende family of minerals, are woven into cloth, they form a fireproof texture which, to be purified, needs only to be thrown into the fire. Gloves, napery, towels, handkerchiefs, and even dresses have been made of this cloth. Legend tells us that Charlemagne possessed an asbestos tablecloth, which he would throw into the fire after dinner, to the great astonishment of his guests.

5:14. *Pucelle d'Orleans.* Maid of Orleans. Joan was so called because of her relief of Orleans, the first important act in her career. See page 21, lines 3-8.

5:20. *only now forthcoming in Paris.* "In 1847 *began* the publication (from official records) of Joanna's trial. It was interrupted, I fear, by the convulsions of 1848; and whether even yet finished I do not know." — DE QUINCEY.



The collection to which De Quincey refers is the *Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc, dite La Pucelle*, compiled and edited by Jules Quicherat (5 vols., Paris, 1841-1849).

5 : 33. **Hannibal.** This famous Carthaginian commander (247-183 B.C.), when nine years old, swore an oath of eternal enmity to Rome, which he kept by ravaging Italy for fifteen years. The typical Roman estimate of Hannibal may be found in the account of the Second Punic War by Livy, who recognizes Hannibal's greatness, though he fails to do him full justice.

6 : 3. **Mithridates, etc.** Mithridates, King of Pontus (cir. 120-63 B.C.), was the most formidable enemy of Rome in Asia Minor ; for eighteen years he resisted her power with boundless energy and hatred, until finally defeated by Pompey. The latter buried his body in the royal sepulchre at Sinope, the capital of Pontus, thus showing him the honor referred to in the text.

6 : 6. **Delenda est Anglia Victrix !** "Victorious England must be destroyed." De Quincey here imitates the words of the elder Cato, who concluded each of his speeches before the Roman Senate with the declaration, *Delenda est Carthago*, "Carthage must be destroyed."

6 : 11. **Hyder Ali.** An Indian prince (cir. 1702-1782) who waged two wars against the English. In the first of these he was completely successful, but he died suddenly, before the termination of the second.

6 : 12. **Tippoo.** Having succeeded his father as Sultan of Mysore, Tippoo Sahib (1749-1799) continued the war against the English, and did not desist from hostilities even after peace had been declared. He was finally slain in his own capital, Seringapatam, after a gallant resistance.

6 : 12. **Napoleon.** De Quincey's hatred of Napoleon, however, is very thoroughgoing, and is constantly coming to the surface in his writings.

6 : 14. **this disposition amongst ourselves, etc.** For the Eng-



lish opinions of these men with which De Quincey was probably familiar, see Burke's *The Nabob of Arcot's Debts* (1785) ; Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1828) ; and Scott's *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* (1827).

6:19. **Suffren.** Pierre André de Suffren Saint-Tropez (1726-1788) was a distinguished French naval officer. In 1780 he captured twelve English merchant vessels, and in 1781 defeated Commodore Johnstone near the Cape Verde Islands. He was concerting with Hyder Ali for the destruction of British rule in the East when the conclusion of peace put an end to their scheming.

6:20. **other French nautical heroes.** Count d'Estaing, Count d'Orvilliers, Count de Guichen, Count de Grasse, the Marquis de Bouillé, and the Duke de Crillon were among the contemporaries of Suffren who fought against and won naval victories from the English.

6:25. **the magnanimous justice of Englishmen.** De Quincey doubtless has in mind Southey's *Joan of Arc*, to which he later makes reference, rather than Shakespeare's *Henry VI*.

6:28. **Jean.** "M. Michelet asserts that there was a mystical meaning at that era in calling a child *Jean* ; it implied a secret commendation of a child, if not a dedication, to St. John the evangelist, the beloved disciple, the apostle of love and mysterious visions. But, really, as the name was so exceedingly common, few people will detect a mystery in calling a *boy* by the name of Jack, though it *does* seem mysterious to call a girl Jack. It may be less so in France, where a beautiful practice has always prevailed of giving a boy his mother's name—preceded and strengthened by a male name, as *Charles Anne*, *Victor Victoire*. In cases where a mother's memory has been unusually dear to a son, this vocal memento of her, locked into the circle of his own name, gives to it the tenderness of a testamentary relique, or a funeral ring. I presume, therefore, that *La Pucelle* must have borne the baptismal name of *Jeanne Jean* ; the latter with no reference,



perhaps, to so sublime a person as St. John, but simply to some relative." — DE QUINCEY. See Michelet's *History of France*, Vol. V, page 51.

6: 29. **Champagne.** This province, lying to the west of Lorraine, became one of the French royal possessions in 1314, and was incorporated with the kingdom of France by John the Good in 1350. Recent investigations seem to prove, however, that Domrémy, in Joan's day, was a part neither of Champagne nor of Lorraine, but belonged to the duchy of Bar. See Lowell, *Joan of Arc*, pages 15-16 and notes.

7: 5. **Champenoise.** A native of Champagne. The masculine form of this word is *Champenois*, as in line 7.

7: 10. **the cis and the trans.** The territories on this side (*cis*) and on the other side (*trans*) of the boundary line.

7: 18. **Germany.** The German frontier was then some fifty miles distant from Domrémy.

7: 20. **St. Andrew's Cross.** So called because of the legend that St. Andrew suffered martyrdom on a cross of this type.

7: 22. **locus.** Point.

7: 26. **two mighty realms.** "And reminding one of that inscription, so justly admired by Paul Richter, which a Russian czarina placed on a guide-post near Moscow: *This is the road that leads to Constantinople.*" — DE QUINCEY. The realms referred to are, of course, France and Germany.

7: 27. **wars or rumours of wars.** "And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars." — *Matthew* xxiv. 6.

7: 31. **that odious man's.** See pages 15-16 for De Quincey's feeling toward Joan's father, and the reasons thereof.

8: 3. **Bar.** The district surrounding the town of Bar-le-Duc, thirty-five miles northwest of Domrémy. This territory was governed by counts until 1354, when it was made a duchy; thenceforth it usually followed the fortunes of Lorraine. See also the note on line 29, page 6.



8 : 14. **Crécy . . . Agincourt . . . Nicopolis.** The battle of Crécy was fought in 1346 between the English forces under Edward III and the Black Prince and the French troops commanded by the Count of Alençon. It resulted in a great English victory, the French loss being thirty thousand. Among those killed were Rudolf of Lorraine and the Count of Bar. The victory of Agincourt was won in 1415 by Henry V of England, over a French force outnumbering him five to one, which was commanded by D'Albret. Among the ten thousand Frenchmen who lay dead on the field after the battle were Frederick of Lorraine, the Duke of Bar, and the latter's two brothers. At Nicopolis (1396) the allied armies of France, Poland, and Hungary, commanded by the Hungarian King Sigismund, were defeated by the Turkish Sultan Bajazet I. Among the two thousand French nobles who took part in this combat was a third Duke of Lorraine, whose fate is noted by De Quincey.

8 : 19. **the children of her own house.** See note on line 29, page 6.

8 : 21. **the Fleurs de Lys.** See note on line 11, page 3.

8 : 27. **an old hereditary enemy of France.** De Quincey refers here to the German Empire.

9 : 11. **chambers.** De Quincey's fondness for this word will readily be noted by the reader.

9 : 13. **a hundred and thirty years.** Most of the historical events mentioned by De Quincey in this paragraph occurred later than the year 1282, one hundred and thirty years before Joan's birth.

9 : 14. **in Joanna's childhood.** At the time of this combat she was three years old.

9 : 15. **Poitiers.** Here, in 1356, Edward the Black Prince, with some fourteen thousand English and Gascons, defeated sixty thousand French under King John, and took the king and his son prisoners.

9 : 25. **Charles VI.** This unfortunate man was born in 1368 and died in 1422. He assumed control of France in 1388, but after



four years of wild debauchery became insane. During the rest of his reign, party strife raged with violence ; see Historical Note on *Joan of Arc*, page xliv.

9 : 28. **the wild story.** This story is told by Michelet in Book VII, Chapter III, of his *History*.

10 : 5. **The famines . . . diseases . . . insurrections, etc.** De Quincey probably has in mind such famines as those of 1315 and 1353 in France and England ; such pestilences as those that swept over Europe in 1347-1348 and 1361-1363 ; and such insurrections as the rise of the Jacquerie in France (1358) and Wat Tyler's rebellion in England (1381).

10 : 9. **The termination of the Crusades.** The crusades, which had as their professed object the rescue of the Holy Land from the infidels, came to an end about the year 1271. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the ulterior results of the crusades were the breaking up of the feudal system, the abolition of serfdom, the supremacy of a common law over the independent jurisdiction of chiefs who claimed the right of private wars."

10 : 9. **the destruction of the Templars.** Of the military orders founded in the twelfth century for the defence of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, that of the Knights Templars was the most celebrated. The wealth, political power, and unscrupulousness of the order led to its suppression by the pope early in the fourteenth century.

10 : 10. **the Papal interdicts.** Because of some grave crime, a whole nation might be put under interdict by the pope. At such times, Hallam tells us (*Middle Ages*, Chapter VII, Part 1), "the churches were closed, the bells silent, the dead unburied, no rites but those of baptism and extreme unction performed." England was put under interdict by Alexander III in 1170 and by Innocent III in 1209 ; France, by Innocent III in 1200.

10 : 11. **the tragedies . . . Emperor.** "The emperor is Konradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, beheaded by Charles of Anjou



at Naples, 1268. The subsequent cruelties of Charles in Sicily caused the popular uprising known as the Sicilian Vespers, 1282, in which many thousands of Frenchmen were assassinated."—HART.

10 : 14. **the colossal figure of feudalism**, etc. The feudal system depended for its existence upon the superiority of the mounted knight to the unmounted yeoman ; at Crécy, however, the English archers were victorious over the French knights. Thus Green is justified in saying (*History of the English People*, Book IV, Chapter II) that this battle caused "the ruin, at a single blow, of a system of warfare, and with it of the political and social fabric which had risen out of that system."

10 : 18. **a double pope**. From 1378 to 1418 two rival popes, Urban VI and Clement VII held their courts, the one at Rome, the other at Avignon in France.

10 : 23. **the Church was rehearsing**, etc. "De Quincey means that all the disturbances in the mediæval church were only a preparation for the final disruption effected by Luther."—HART.

11 : 12. **dauphin's**. "Dauphin" is the title of the eldest son of the French king, the heir to the throne ; Joan chose to consider Charles VII as being merely the dauphin until she had seen him crowned and consecrated at Rheims.

11 : 18. **the Roman martyrology**. A history or catalogue of the martyrs of the Roman Catholic church. Many different collections of this sort were current during the Middle Ages.

11 : 19. **Misereres**. In Roman Catholic usage, *Miserere* is the name given to Psalm L of the Vulgate (LI of the Authorized Version), which in Latin begins with the word *miserere*, have mercy. It is a penitential psalm, and, as set to music, forms one of the most impressive chants in the Romish service.

11 : 20. **Te Deums**. *Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God," are the first words of an ancient Latin hymn frequently sung on occasions of triumph and thanksgiving, and used in the ordinary Catholic service as an anthem of high praise.



11 : 32. the licensed victualler. The tavern keeper.

12 : 10. "Abbeys . . . Hindoos." De Quincey seems here to be quoting, very inexactly, the lines from Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, Part II, that run : —

"Temples like those among the Hindoos,  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,  
And castles all with ivy green."

12 : 11. the German Diets. The Diet of the German States was a deliberative body of great antiquity. In character, it was feudal rather than representative, and consequently declined in importance after the downfall of feudalism. Spiritual as well as temporal princes had seats in the Diet ; hence the influence of abbeys. See Michelet, *History of France*, Book X, Chapter III, pages 47-48.

12 : 22. The mountains of the Vosges, etc. The Vosges separate Lorraine from Alsace, which is now a part of the German Empire, as it was in Joan's day.

12 : 25. have never attracted much notice, etc. It was in the campaign of 1813-1814 that Napoleon, fighting against great odds, strove to protect France from invasion by the Allies ; his failure resulted in the fall of Paris and his own abdication.

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, these mountains were again the scene of fierce fighting.

12 : 28. Live and let live, etc. This phrase, or its equivalent, forms a popular motto among the Germans, Dutch, and Italians, as well as the English.

12 : 30. the Carolingian princes. Members of the Frankish royal dynasty or family, which was supreme in France from 751 to 987. It takes its name from Charles (*Karl*) Martel, Duke of the Franks and Mayor of the Palace, whose son, Pepin, deposed the last of the Merovingian rulers and made himself king.

12 : 32. Charlemagne was known to have hunted there. Charlemagne's love of the chase is commented upon by all his biog-



raphers; Michelet (Book X, Chapter III) is probably De Quincey's authority for this statement as to the place of his hunting.

13 : 3. **those mysterious fawns, etc.** In the romances of the Middle Ages, fawns and white hinds frequently play the part referred to by De Quincey. A typical story of the solitary hunter thus led astray is Marie de France's *Lai de Graelent*.

13 : 4. **that ancient stag.** De Quincey's source for this story of Charlemagne and the stag is unknown; not even in the very exhaustive *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, by M. Gaston Paris, is such a legend to be found.

13 : 10. **a marquis.** The title "marquis" was originally applied, as its derivation from the Old High German *marcha*, border, would suggest, to the governor of the marches, or frontiers, of a kingdom.

13 : 20. **agreed with Sir Roger de Coverley that a good deal might be said on both sides.** This has been charged against De Quincey as a misquotation, inasmuch as at the end of *Spectator* No. 122, the Spectator, on being asked by Sir Roger whether a tavern sign is not more like himself than a Saracen, replies "that much might be said on both sides." This remark, to be sure, was made to Sir Roger, but it had already been made earlier in the day by Sir Roger, who settled a dispute between Will Wimble and Tom Touchy by using the words that his friend afterward retorts upon him.

14 : 2. **the political condition of her country.** See Historical Note on *Joan of Arc*, pages xlv-xlv.

14 : 3. **a woman called Haumette.** This is evidently Hauviette, the wife of Gérard de Sionne. Her testimony at the rehabilitation of Joan is given by Quicherat in Volume II of the *Procès*, pages 417-419. Concerning Joan's daily occupation, she said that, 'Joan used to be occupied just as other girls are; she would spin and attend to the household duties, and sometimes she had seen her keeping her father's flocks.'

14 : 13. **calls herself in the Latin report Bergereta.** The



“Latin report” is the testimony of M. de Gaucourt at Joan’s rehabilitation ; he says that she presented herself before the king, *una paupercula bergereta*. *Bergereta* is a late Latin form of the French word *bergerette*, a shepherd-girl.

14 : 22. **M. Simond**, in his “Travels.” Louis Simond (1767–1831) was a French traveller who lived for some time in England, where he married an English wife and acquired a good English style in writing. He was the author of several volumes of travels in both French and English ; the work here referred to is his *Journal of a Tour and Residence, in Great Britain during the Years 1810–1811, by a French Traveller, 2d ed., with Appendix, 1815–1816, on France* (2 vols., Edinburgh, 1818).

14 : 23. **hideous scene**. This story, which De Quincey frequently quotes with horror, will hardly surprise those who, in Germany, have seen a woman and a dog harnessed to the same plough.

15 : 4. **prædial**. This adjective, now usually spelled *predial*, means “performing duties connected with a farm ; attached to farms or land.”

15 : 8. **horny-hoofed**. This compound is analogous to the more familiar *horny-handed*.

15 : 15. **as many a better man than D’Arc does**. A very ambiguous clause.

15 : 18. **with Friday in Juan Fernandez**. Robinson Crusoe’s “man Friday” is here referred to. It will be remembered that De Foe’s novel is supposedly based on the experiences of Alexander Selkirk, who for four years lived in solitude on the island of Juan Fernandez.

15 : 23. **the junior lords of the admiralty**. The English Board of Admiralty is a body of commissioners appointed to administer all the affairs of the British Navy. As now constituted, it consists of five members : two civil or political lords, and three naval or sea lords. Under the lords are three naval secretaries. The first



civil lord and the first naval lord are the senior members of this body.

15 : 27. **the Revolution.** See note on line 13, page 3.

15 : 30. **a Chevalier of St. Louis.** The order of St. Louis was founded in 1693 by Louis XIV, for military service, and confirmed by Louis XV in 1719. Discontinued at the time of the Revolution, it was reorganized in 1814 after the restoration of the Bourbons.

15 : 31. "**Chevalier, as-tu donné,**" etc. "Chevalier, have you fed the hog?"

16 : 1. "**Ma file,**" etc. "My daughter, have you fed the hog?"

16 : 2. "**Pucelle d'Orléans,**" etc. "Maid of Orleans, have you saved the fleurs-de-lys?"

16 : 3. **an old English copy of verses.** De Quincey probably came across this stanza in Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, in which the Doctor, to lend point to his criticism of some verses by Lope de Vega, is made to remark (pages 51-52): ". . . 'Tis a mere play upon words, and you might as well say that

If the man who turnips cries,  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father."

16 : 14. **the Oriflamme of France.** The ancient royal standard, which was borne on a gilded lance. It was a red flag, deeply split at one end into flame-shaped streamers.

16 : 15. **as M. Michelet suggests.** See Book X, Chapter I, pages 71-72, of his *History of France*.

16 : 21. **a representative manifestation of the Virgin Mary, etc.** So strong was the feeling of devotion to Mary at this period that Michelet, in the passage just referred to, feels himself justified in



saying, "The God of that age was the Virgin much rather than Christ." The worship of the Virgin is technically known as "Mariolatry."

16:31. Southey's "Joan of Arc." This was the first noteworthy poem from the pen of Robert Southey (1774-1843), who, in 1813, became Poet Laureate of England. It is a blank-verse epic in ten books, and was written during six weeks of the author's nineteenth year. De Quincey criticises the poem more fully in his essay on *Charles Lamb*.

16:32. Twenty years after, talking with Southey. In 1816 both De Quincey and Southey were living in the English Lake Country. They were not, however, very congenial friends.

17:5. at Chinon. This town is beautifully situated on the Vienne, nearly three hundred miles southwest of Domrémy. Here are still to be seen the ruins of the old castle in which Charles VII resided after Paris had been occupied by the English, and in which he first received Joan.

17:8. coup d'essai. First attempt.

17:13. Sovereign Lady Victoria. Victoria was Queen of England from 1837 to 1901.

17:15. She "pricks" for sheriffs. According to the *Century Dictionary*, the ceremony of pricking for sheriffs is substantially as follows: The Lord Lieutenant prepares a list of three persons, each qualified to serve as sheriff of the county. This list is then sent to the sovereign, who, without looking at it, strikes a bodkin amongst the names; the person whose name is pricked is declared elected. It will be noted that *one*, not *two*, out of three is thus chosen.

17:18. Lady of the Islands and the Orient. After 1876 Victoria's official title was "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India." De Quincey anticipates.

18:3. "On the throne," etc. In later editions of the poem these lines read:—



“Upon the throne  
Let some one take his seat and personate  
My presence, while I mingle in the train.”

—Book III, lines 208-210.

18 : 5. “the jewelled crown shines on a menial’s head.” *Courtier’s* is substituted for *menial’s* in the later editions. See Book III, lines 225-226.

18 : 5. “un peu fort.” A little too much ; coming it rather strong.

18 : 10. had no crown for himself. Like Joan, the French masses believed that Charles must be consecrated at Rheims before he could really become king. See note on line 12, page 11.

18 : 12. Rheims. This very ancient city is situated in the present Department of Marne, about one hundred miles northeast of Paris. In its celebrated cathedral all the French kings, from Philip II (1179) to Charles X (1824), with three exceptions, were crowned.

18 : 17. beyond Orleans. That is, beyond relieving Orleans. See note on line 14, page 5.

18 : 20. the sacred ampulla. The Ampulla Remensis, the famous vessel containing the sacred oil with which Clovis, King of the Franks, was anointed in 496, and which was used at the coronation of every succeeding monarch of France down to Louis XVI.

18 : 21. the English boy. Henry VI was only nine months old when, on the death of his father, Henry V (1422), he was proclaimed King of England and France. At the time of Joan’s appearance at Chinon (1429) he was eight years old. See Historical Note on *Joan of Arc*, page xliv.

18 : 24. the ovens of Rheims. Rheims was famous for its biscuits and gingerbread.

18 : 30. “appalled the doctors.” In later editions we read (Book III, line 447), “The doctors stood astonish’d.”

19 : 2. the speech. This now occupies lines 410-446 of Book III



Although revised, it is still open, at least in part, to De Quincey's objections.

19 : 4. Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation." Matthew Tindal, an English jurist and deistical writer (1657-1733), published his *Christianity as old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature* in 1730. Here, as in Joan's speech, Nature is set above the Church as a religious teacher.

19 : 5. a piracy a parte ante. A premature piracy ; the Latin phrase means literally "from a part gone before."

19 : 7. Cottle, Bristol. Joseph Cottle (1774-1853) was a publisher and bookseller at Bristol. He brought out the first poems of Southey and of Coleridge in 1796.

19 : 12. both trials. That of condemnation, in 1431, and that of rehabilitation in 1455-1456.

19 : 12. The very best witness. Hauviette, or Haumette; is here meant. She testified that Joanna "often blushed (*habebat verecundiam*) because people told her that she was too devoted in her attendance at church." See note on line 8, page 14.

19 : 21. that divine passage in "Paradise Regained." Book I, lines 196-205.

20 : 5. France Delivered. Reminiscent of *Jerusalem Delivered*, the title of a great epic by the Italian poet Tasso (1493-1569).

20 : 10. passion. Here, as elsewhere, De Quincey uses the word *passion* in its primitive sense to denote the passive state of suffering or endurance that is the antithesis of *action*.

20 : 16. the law of epic unity. "It [the epic poem] should have for its subject a single action, whole and complete, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. . . . The beginning and the end must be capable of being brought within a single view." — ARISTOTLE, *Poetics*, Books XXIII-XXIV, Butcher's translation.

20 : 20. a narrative episode. "The epic . . . can admit many episodes, which serve to fill in the pauses of the action, or diversify



the interest." - BUTCHER, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, page 268.

21 : 10. **Patay.** A small village about fifteen miles northwest of Orleans.

21 : 10. **Troyes.** A walled city something more than one hundred miles northeast of Patay.

21 : 11. **a coup-de-main.** A sudden attack.

21 : 13. **Rheims.** Sixty-five miles north of Troyes.

21 : 17. **excepting one man.** The one man who supported Joan in her forward movement was Maçon, the president of the council. See Michelet, Book X, Chapter III, page 87.

22 : 4. **discord amongst the uncles of Henry VI.** One uncle, the Duke of Bedford, was Regent of France, while another uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and a great-uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, were engaged in a bitter struggle for supremacy in England. Each was jealous of the others and there was constant friction between them.

22 : 13. **as M. Michelet is so happy to believe.** While Michelet takes care to emphasize the English animosity towards the Maid (Book X, Chapter 4, *passim*), he really agrees with De Quincey as to the "moving principle" of the persecution. See Book X, Chapter IV, pages 111-112.

22 : 22. **Let her enemies declare.** The rest of this paragraph is based on facts stated by Michelet.

23 : 1. **"Nolebat,"** etc. "She was unwilling to use her sword or to kill any one."

23 : 27. **More than one military plan,** etc. For instance, the attack upon Paris, which she did not wish to begin on a holyday. See Historical Note on *Joan of Arc*, page xlix.

23 : 30. **Compiègne.** A town some fifty-five miles northwest of Rheims and eighty east of Rouen.

23 : 31. **whether through treacherous collusion,** etc. Hume (*History of England*, Chapter XX) says the common opinion was that the French officers, jealous of her renown, willingly



exposed her to this fatal accident. Michelet thinks that she was bargained for and sold.

**24 : 3. the Bishop of Beauvais.** Pierre Cauchon. He was educated at the University of Paris and early made its rector (1403). After having filled many other important positions, he was banished in 1413 because of his adherence to the Burgundian party, but returned to Paris when his friends were once more in power, and was then made Conservator of the University and Bishop of Beauvais. After the treaty of Troyes he devoted himself to the English and did all in his power to further the interests of Henry VI. He presided at Joan's trial as bishop of the diocese on the confines of which she had been made prisoner.

**24 : 5. hoping, by favour of the English leaders, etc.** Cardinal Beaufort had already recommended him to the pope for the archbishopric of Rouen. Though the pope seemed unfavorably disposed, Cauchon still hoped to receive the appointment.

**24 : 6. Bishop that art, etc.** Suggested by Lady Macbeth's commentary on the witches' prediction concerning her husband : —

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be  
What thou art promised.”

— *Macbeth*, Act I, scene v, lines 16-17.

**24 : 8. a triple crown.** The pope's tiara, considered symbolical of his temporal authority. It is a high cap of gold cloth, encircled by three coronets and surmounted by a mound and cross of gold.

**24 : 15. a cat's-paw.** This expression, applied to a person who is employed to perform disgraceful offices for another, had its origin in the fable of the monkey that used the paw of a cat to draw roasted chestnuts from the hot ashes.

**24 : 24. even at this day.** In the main, De Quincey's description of the French method of conducting a trial still holds true.

**25 : 10. two-edged questions.** A typical question of this charac-



ter was, "Joan, do you believe that you are in a state of grace?" See Michelet, Book X, Chapter IV.

**25 : 14. Dominican.** A member of the order of mendicant friars established by Domingo de Guzman at Toulouse in 1215.

**25 : 14. an objection.** De Quincey's memory is here at fault. No doubt he has in mind the following passage from Michelet relative, not to her trial, but to her examination before the doctors at Poitiers : "A Dominican met her with a single objection, but it was one of weight : 'Jehanne, thou sayest it is God's will to deliver the people of France ; if such is His will He has no need of men-at-arms.' The observation did not confound her. 'Ah ! *mon Dieu,*' said she, 'the men-at-arms will do battle, and God will give the victory'" (Book X, Chapter III, page 66).

**25 : 20. rude Mahometan metaphysics.** Mohammedanism is characterized by its extreme fatalism, its belief that God accomplishes his purposes without availing himself of human means.

**25 : 22. Another.** This question was asked both at Poitiers and at the trial ; the questioner at Poitiers was Friar Séguin, professor of theology in the University of Poitiers ; at Rouen was Jean Beaupère, a learned doctor of theology from the University of Paris.

**25 : 27. a worse devil.** Jean Beaupère, the official examiner, put this question to Joan on her trial.

**25 : 32. God, who clothed the flowers of the valleys.** "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." — *Matthew* vii. 28-29.

**26 : 3. Others succeeded by troops.** Jean de La Fontaine, vice-president of the tribunal, who succeeded Beaupère as examiner, asked Joan the question about leaving her parents. In Michelet's account of the trial, however, there is no attempt made to show by whom the different questions are put.

**26 : 7. for a less cause than martyrdom, etc.** "Therefore shall a



man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife.”  
— *Genesis* ii. 24.

26 : 27. **She knew she was to die.** Michelet, however, believes that she expected to be saved in some way until the very last moment.

27 : 15. **they are rising even now in Paris.** See note on line 20, page 5.

27 : 20. **a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo.** Mozart (1756–1791) was one of the world’s greatest musical composers ; Phidias (*cir.* 490–432 B.C.) was the most noted sculptor of ancient Greece ; and Michael Angelo (1475–1564) was almost unrivalled as painter, sculptor, and architect in a period when Christian art had reached its highest excellence.

27 : 24. **from the four winds, etc.** “Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.”  
— *Ezekiel* xxvii. 9.

27 : 32. **a greater thing than even Milton.** John Milton’s (1608–1674) greatest work, the epic poem *Paradise Lost*, was published in 1667.

28 : 2. **Tellurians.** Inhabitants of the earth (Latin, *tellus*)  
De Quincey seems to have coined this word.

28 : 5. **St. Peter’s.** This is the largest cathedral in Christendom.

28 : 6. **Luxor.** Luxor was one of the four quarters of the ancient Egyptian city of Thebes, the ruins of which are among the most magnificent in the world.

28 : 6. **Himalayas.** This mountain chain is the loftiest and most stupendous on the globe.

28 : 21. **Marie Antoinette.** This ill-starred queen (1755–1793), the youngest daughter of the Emperor of Germany, was the wife of Louis XVI of France. During the French Revolution she was imprisoned, given a mock trial, and guillotined, — nine months after her husband had suffered a like fate.

28 : 24. **daughter of Cæsars.** The Emperor of Germany (see



28: 21), who ruled over the "Holy Roman Empire," was supposed to be the lineal successor of the ancient emperors of Rome.

28: 26. **Charlotte Corday** (1768-1793). Horrified at the monstrous cruelty of the Jacobin party during the French Revolution, she resolved to rid her country of one of the leaders of this faction. Her choice fell upon Jean Paul Marat, whom she assassinated, July 13, while he was in his bath. Four days later she was guillotined.

29: 8. the **Wednesday after Trinity Sunday**. May 30.

29: 17. the **English purpose**, etc. Michelet thinks that the English not only wished to make the execution more solemn and to render it certain that she could be seen by all, but were anxious also to give the executioner no chance to abridge Joan's suffering by killing her before the flames should reach her body (Book X, Chapter IV, pages 169-170).

29: 24. he **draws into light**. In reality, Michelet quotes from Grafton as part of a foot-note on Joan's appearance when received at Chinon (Book X, Chapter III, page 64, note 2).

29: 26. **Grafton**. Richard Grafton, who flourished during the sixteenth century, was printer to Edward VI. His *Chronicle at large, and meere History of the Affayres of Englande*, in two volumes, appeared in 1569.

29: 27. a **stiffnecked John Bull**. "John Bull" is the name of a character representing the English nation in Arbuthnot's satire, *Lau is a Bottomless Pit. Exemplified in the case of the Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon* (1712) "A John Bull" now means "a typical Englishman."

29: 30. **Holinshead**. Raphael Holinshed (d. cir. 1580) is best known by his *Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Irelande*, which furnished Shakespeare with material for his English historical plays. Concerning Joan he says, "Of favour was she counted likesome: of person, stronglie made, and manlie: of courage, great, hardie, and stout withall."



30:6. **M. Michelet's candour.** "Amongst the many ebullitions of M. Michelet's fury against us poor English are four which will be likely to amuse the reader; and they are the more conspicuous in collision with the justice which he sometimes does us, and the very indignant admiration which, under some aspects, he grants to us.

"1. Our English Literature he admires with some gnashing of teeth. He pronounces it 'fine and sombre,' but, I lament to add, 'sceptical, Judaic, Satanic — in a word, antichristian.' That Lord Byron should figure as a member of this diabolical corporation will not surprise men. It *will* surprise them to hear that Milton is one of its Satanic leaders. Many are the generous and eloquent Frenchmen, besides Chateaubriand, who have, in the course of the last thirty years, nobly suspended their own burning nationality, in order to render a more rapturous homage at the feet of Milton; and some of them have raised Milton almost to a level with angelic natures. Not one of them has thought of looking for him *below* the earth. As to Shakspeare, M. Michelet detects in him a most extraordinary mare's nest. It is this: he does 'not recollect to have seen the name of God' in any part of his works. On reading such words, it is natural to rub one's eyes, and suspect that all one has ever seen in this world may have been a pure ocular delusion. In particular, I begin myself to suspect that the word '*la gloire*' never occurs in any Parisian journal. 'The great English nation,' says M. Michelet, 'has one immense profound vice' — to wit, 'pride.' Why, really, that may be true; but we have a neighbour not absolutely clear of an 'immense profound vice,' as like ours in colour and shape as cherry to cherry. In short, M. Michelet thinks us, by fits and starts, admirable, — only that we are detestable; and he would adore some of our authors, were it not that so intensely he could have wished to kick them.

"2. M. Michelet thinks to lodge an arrow in our sides by a very odd remark upon Thomas à Kempis: which is, that a man of any



conceivable European blood — a Finlander, suppose, or a Zantiote — might have written Tom ; only not an Englishman. Whether an Englishman could have forged Tom must remain a matter of doubt, unless the thing had been tried long ago. That problem was intercepted forever by Tom's perverseness in choosing to manufacture himself. Yet, since nobody is better aware than M. Michelet that this very point of Kempis *having* manufactured Kempis is furiously and hopelessly litigated, three or four nations claiming to have forged his work for him, the shocking old doubt will raise its snaky head once more — whether this forger, who rests in so much darkness, might not, after all, be of English blood. Tom, it may be feared, is known to modern English literature chiefly by an irreverent mention of his name in a line of Peter Pindar's (Dr. Wolcot) fifty years back, where he is described as

‘ Kempis Tom,  
Who clearly shows the way to Kingdom Come.’

Few in these days can have read him, unless in the Methodist version of John Wesley. Amongst those few, however, happens to be myself ; which arose from the accident of having, when a boy of eleven, received a copy of the *De Imitatione Christi* as a bequest from a relation who died very young ; from which cause, and from the external prettiness of the book, — being a Glasgow reprint by the celebrated Foulis, and gaily bound, — I was induced to look into it, and finally read it many times over, partly out of some sympathy which, even in those days, I had with its simplicity and devotional fervour, but much more from the savage delight I found in laughing at Tom's Latinity. *That*, I freely grant to M. Michelet, is inimitable. Yet, after all, it is not certain whether the original *was* Latin. But, however *that* may have been, if it is possible that M. Michelet<sup>1</sup> can be accurate in saying that there are no less than

<sup>1</sup> “ *If M. Michelet can be accurate :* ” — However, on consideration, this statement does not depend on Michelet. The bibliographer Barbier



sixty French versions (not editions, observe, but separate versions) existing of the *De Imitatione*, how prodigious must have been the adaptation of the book to the religious heart of the fifteenth century! Excepting the Bible, but excepting *that* only in Protestant lands, no book known to man has had the same distinction. It is the most marvelous bibliographical fact on record.

"3. Our English girls, it seems, are as faulty in one way as we English males in another. None of us men could have written the *Opera Omnia* of Mr. à Kempis; neither could any of our girls have assumed male attire like *La Pucelle*. But why? Because, says Michelet, English girls and German think so much of an indecorum. Well, that is a good fault, generally speaking. But M. Michelet ought to have remembered a fact in the martyrologies which justifies both parties—the French heroine for doing, and the general choir of English girls for *not* doing. A female saint, specially renowned in France, had, for a reason as weighty as Joanna's—viz., expressly to shield her modesty amongst men—worn a male military harness. That reason and that example authorised *La Pucelle*; but our English girls, as a body, have seldom any such reason, and certainly no such saintly example, to plead. This excuses *them*. Yet, still, if it is indispensable to the national character that our young women should now and then

has absolutely *specified* sixty in a separate dissertation, *soixante traductions*, amongst those even that have not escaped the search. The Italian translations are said to be thirty. As to mere *editions*, not counting the early MSS. for half-a-century before printing was introduced, those in Latin amount to two thousand, and those in French to one thousand. Meantime, it is very clear to me that this astonishing popularity, so entirely unparalleled in literature, could not have existed except in Roman Catholic times, nor subsequently have lingered in any Protestant land. It was the denial of Scripture fountains to thirsty lands which made this slender rill of Scripture truth so passionately welcome.



trespass over the frontier of decorum, it then becomes a patriotic duty in me to assure M. Michelet that we *have* such ardent females amongst us, and in a long series: some detected in naval hospitals when too sick to remember their disguise; some on fields of battle; multitudes never detected at all; some only suspected; and others discharged without noise by war offices and other absurd people. In our navy, both royal and commercial, and generally from deep remembrances of slighted love, women have sometimes served in disguise for many years, taking contentedly their daily allowance of burgoo, biscuit, or cannon-balls — anything, in short, digestible or indigestible, that it might please Providence to send. One thing, at least, is to their credit: never any of these poor masks, with their deep silent remembrances, have been detected through murmuring, or what is nautically understood by ‘skulking.’ So, for once, M. Michelet has an *erratum* to enter upon the fly-leaf of his book in presentation copies.

“4. But the last of these ebullitions is the most lively. We English, at Orleans, and after Orleans (which is not quite so extraordinary, if all were told), fled before the Maid of Arc. Yes, says M. Michelet, you *did*: deny it, if you can. Deny it, *mon cher*? I don’t mean to deny it. Running away, in many cases, is a thing so excellent that no philosopher would, at times, condescend to adopt any other step. All of us nations in Europe, without one exception, have shown our philosophy in that way at times. Even people ‘*qui ne se rendent pas*’ have deigned both to run and to shout ‘*Sauve qui peut!*’ at odd times of sunset; though, for my part, I have no pleasure in recalling unpleasant remembrances to brave men; and yet, really, being so philosophic, they ought *not* to be unpleasant. But the amusing feature in M. Michelet’s reproach is the way in which he *improves* and varies against us the charge of running, as if he were singing a catch. Listen to him. They ‘*showed their backs*,’ did these English. (Hip, hip, hurrah! three times three!) ‘*Behind good walls they let themselves be taken.*’



(Hip, hip ! nine times nine !) They '*ran as fast as their legs could carry them.*' (Hurrah ! twenty-seven times twenty-seven !) They '*ran before a girl*' ; they did. (Hurrah ! eighty-one times eighty-one !) This reminds one of criminal indictments on the old model in English courts, where (for fear the prisoner should escape) the crown lawyer varied the charge perhaps through forty counts. The law laid its guns so as to rake the accused at every possible angle. Whilst the indictment was reading, he seemed a monster of crime in his own eyes ; and yet, after all, the poor fellow had but committed one offence, and not always *that*. N.B. — Not having the French original at hand, I make my quotations from a friend's copy of Mr. Walter Kelly's translation ; which seems to me faithful, spirited, and idiomatically English — liable, in fact, only to the single reproach of occasional provincialisms." — DE QUINCEY.

30 : 17. an opinion of his. See page 31, lines 12–14 ; also Michelet, Book X, Chapter IV, pages 171–172.

31 : 10. seems to admire, etc. Indeed, the general tone of Michelet's account of Joan is one of extreme admiration.

31 : 14. "Whether she said," etc. The words are those of Kelly's translation of Michelet, Volume II, page 581 ; the italics are De Quincey's.

31 : 18. a priori principles. Those involved in the process of reasoning from general statements to particular facts.

31 : 20. ergo. Therefore.

31 : 24. onus. Burden.

31 : 27. weight of metal. Compare the use of the word *metal* to denote the weight of solid shot a vessel's guns can throw at once.

31 : 32. "ten thousand men wept." For this and the following facts connected with the execution, Michelet, Book X, Chapter IV, pages 173–176, is De Quincey's authority.

32 : 24. though one should rise from the dead. "And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." — *Luke* xvi. 31.



32 : 26. **thou upon a down bed.** History tells us, however, that he died suddenly (1443), while being shaved. Some years later his remains were dug up by the people and thrown into a sewer.

33 : 15. **the minutes of dreams, etc.** De Quincey says of his own opium dreams : " I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night ; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium, passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience." — *Confessions, Works* (Popular Edition), Volume I, page 111.

33 : 16. **the bliss of childhood.** The fact that De Quincey's dreams often revived " the minutest incidents of childhood " may have suggested this feature of Joan's vision.

33 : 27. **victoriously she had tasted the stings of death.** " Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? " — *1 Corinthians* xv. 54-55.

33 : 30. **amidst the drums and trumpets of armies.** De Quincey must be taken as meaning armies of martyrs, since, though many English soldiers were present in the market-place, there was no regular military formation at Joan's execution.

34 : 25. **Regent of France.** John, Duke of Bedford. See note on line 4, page 22.

34 : 26. **my Lord of Winchester, etc.** Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the great-uncle of Henry VI. He was one of the most powerful and unscrupulous of the English leaders, and in England was practically king. Before Joan's trial he took up his residence at Rouen, in order to oversee and direct the proceedings. In *2 Henry VI*, Act III, Scene iii, lines 27-29, Shakespeare makes the king say to the dying cardinal : —

" Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
He dies and makes no sign. O God, forgive him."



35 : 6. in heaven above. or on earth beneath. Cf. *Exodus* xx. 4.

35 : 7. take a brief from me. To take a brief is to accept the conduct of a case.

35 : 12. Who is this, etc. An imitation of *Isaiah* lxiii. 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? "

35 : 13. bloody coronation robes from Rheims. The exact meaning of this expression is unclear. Joan is supposed to have worn at the coronation her armor, which may well have been bloody. But perhaps De Quincey merely wishes to emphasize the fact that Joan shed her blood to bring about the coronation of Charles.

### THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH

36. Title, *The English Mail-Coach*. *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1849, contained an article by De Quincey entitled "The English Mail-Coach, or the Glory of Motion." This was followed in December by another article in two sections, the one called "The Vision of Sudden Death," and the other, "Dream-Fugue, founded on the preceding theme of Sudden Death," the two prefaced by a paragraph explaining their connection with the preceding article. For the Collective Edition (1854) of his writings, De Quincey very carefully revised these articles and unified them under their present title and sub-titles.

36 : 2. Some twenty or more years before I matriculated at Oxford. In 1803 De Quincey entered Worcester College, and his name remained on the college books until 1810. The chapter of his *Autobiographic Sketches* entitled "Oxford," which the student should certainly read, contains an interesting account of his matriculation and residence at the great English university.

36 : 2. Mr. Palmer. "Mr. John Palmer, a native of Bath, and from about 1768 the energetic proprietor of the Theatre Royal in that city, had been led, by the wretched state in those days of the



means of intercommunication between Bath and London, and his own consequent difficulties in arranging for a punctual succession of good actors at his theatre, to turn his attention to the improvement of the whole system of Post-Office conveyance, and of locomotive machinery generally, in the British Islands. The result was a scheme for superseding, on the great roads at least, the then existing system of sluggish and irregular stage-coaches, the property of private persons and companies, by a new system of government coaches, in connexion with the Post-Office, carrying the mails, and also a regulated number of passengers, with clock-work precision, at a rate of comparative speed, which he hoped should ultimately be not less than ten miles an hour. The opposition to the scheme was, of course, enormous; coach-proprietors, inn-keepers, the Post-Office officials themselves, were all against Mr. Palmer; he was voted a crazy enthusiast and a public bore. Pitt, however, when the scheme was submitted to him, recognised its feasibility; on the 8th of August 1784 the first mail-coach on Mr. Palmer's plan started from London at 8 o'clock in the morning and reached Bristol at 11 o'clock at night; and from that day the success of the new system was assured. — Mr. Palmer himself, having been appointed Surveyor and Comptroller-General of the Post-Office, took rank as an eminent and wealthy public man, M.P. for Bath and what not, and lived till 1818. De Quincey makes it one of his distinctions that he 'had married the daughter of a duke'; and in a footnote to that paragraph he gives the lady's name as 'Lady Madeline Gordon.' From an old Debrett, however, I learn that Lady Madelina Gordon, second daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, was first married, on the 3d of April 1789, to Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart., and next, on the 25th of November 1805, to *Charles Palmer, of Lockley Park, Berks, Esq.* If Debrett is right, her second husband was not the John Palmer of Mail-Coach celebrity, and De Quincey is wrong." — MASSON.

36 : 4. *eccentric.* The pun will at once be evident.



36 : 6. the daughter of a duke. "Lady Madeline Gordon." — DE QUINCEY. But see note on line 2.

36 : 7. Galileo. The great Florentine astronomer (1564–1642), whose discoveries brought about a new era in experimental science. Because he believed in the astronomical system of Copernicus, he was imprisoned at the age of seventy and hailed before the Inquisition to answer for his heresies. The sentence of indefinite imprisonment passed upon him was commuted by Pope Urban into permission to reside at Sienna and Florence, where his last years were passed in retirement. The discovery of the satellites of Jupiter took place on the night of January 7, 1610.

36 : 8. the same thing. "Thus, in the calendar of the Church Festivals, the discovery of the true cross (by Helen, the mother of Constantine) is recorded (and, one might think, with the express consciousness of sarcasm) as the *Invention* of the Cross." — DE QUINCEY.

36 : 11. who did not marry, etc. Galileo was never legally married.

36 : 22. vast distances. "One case was familiar to mail-coach travellers where two mails in opposite directions, north and south, starting at the same minute from points six hundred miles apart, met almost constantly at a particular bridge which bisected the total distance." — DE QUINCEY.

37 : 5. as by some mighty orchestra, etc. For De Quincey's views on music in general and orchestral music in particular, see the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, Works* (Popular Edition), Volume I, pages 75–77.

37 : 11. like the opening of apocalyptic vials. In the Book of Revelation, sometimes called the Apocalypse, Chapter xvi, we read of the pouring out of the "seven golden vials full of the wrath of God."

37 : 11. heart-shaking. De Quincey is very fond of the compounds *heart-shaking* and *heart-shattering*.



37 : 12. **Trafalgar.** Off Cape Trafalgar, on the coast of Spain, Admiral Nelson won his last and most celebrated victory (October 21, 1805) against the combined French and Spanish fleets.

37 : 12. **Salamanca.** In the vicinity of this Spanish town, Wellington defeated the French under Marmont, July 22, 1812.

37 : 12. **Vittoria.** The battle of Vittoria, fought between Wellington and the French under Joseph Bonaparte and Jourdan on June 21, 1813, resulted in a decisive English victory, in consequence of which the French withdrew from Spain.

37 : 12. **Waterloo.** "That world-earthquake, Waterloo," by which the power of the great Napoleon was forever annihilated, was fought on June 18, 1815, between the Allies under Wellington and the French under the Emperor himself.

37 : 21. **Te Deums.** See note on line 20, page 11.

37 : 23. **at such a crisis of general prostration.** From 1804 to 1812, roughly speaking, France under Napoleon was supreme in Europe.

37 : 26. **not more beneficial to ourselves, etc.** Even in recent years a history of the wars of 1793-1815 has appeared under the title, *How England saved Europe*.

37 : 32. **In most universities there is one single college.** "Elsewhere," as De Quincey says in his *Autobiographic Sketches* (*Works*, Vol. II, page 516), "the university is a single college and this college is the university. But in Oxford the university expresses, as it were, the army, and the colleges express the several brigades or regiments." In other words, at the American, Scotch, and German universities the instruction is given almost entirely by the university professors, and there are no separate colleges, each with its own private teachers and practically complete in itself.

Though changes have been made, the Oxford of the present day is substantially as it was in De Quincey's time. At one of the twenty-one colleges or four halls the student must matriculate, having first passed the college entrance examination. On being



received, the undergraduate is usually assigned to one of the tutors of his college, but he may also attend the classes of other college tutors and lecturers, as well as of the university professors. Besides this, he may, if he wishes, read with a private tutor. After keeping the necessary number of terms, he comes up for the various university examinations for which his college has prepared him. Until 1852 the professorate of the university was almost purely ornamental; at present, however, the lectures by the university professors are much more generally attended.

37:33. in Oxford there were five-and-twenty. De Quincey (*Autobiographic Sketches*, pages 516-517) gives a list of the various colleges at Oxford in 1832; these number, however, only twenty-four.

38:5. the four terms of Michaelmas, Lent, Easter, and Act. Michaelmas Term, which takes its name from the feast of the Archangel Michael, observed on September 29, extends from October 10 to December 17; Lent Term, now called Hilary Term, from January 14, St. Hilary's Day, to the Saturday before Palm Sunday; Easter Term, from Wednesday in Easter week to Friday before Whitsunday; Act, now known as Trinity Term, from Saturday before Whitsunday to Saturday after the first Tuesday in July. The following passage from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (3d ed., 1797) will explain the name formerly given to the last of these terms: "Act, in the universities, signifies a thesis maintained in public by a candidate for a degree, or to show the capacity and proficiency of a student. . . . At Oxford, the time when masters or doctors complete their degrees is also called the *act*; which is held with great solemnity. At Cambridge they call it the *commencement*."

At present, in many colleges at Oxford, undergraduates keep Michaelmas and Hilary terms by six weeks' residence each, and Easter and Trinity by three weeks' each; but other colleges require a longer period of residence, twenty-four weeks being the average length of the academic year.



38 : 16. **Worcester . . . Gloucester . . . Holyhead mail.** At these places are situated to the northwest of London; coaches bound for them naturally passed through Oxford.

38 : 18. **revolved.** "Revolve was a favourite word with De Quincey, in the sense of 'return,' 'come back.'" — MASSON.

38 : 21. **posting-houses.** Houses or hotels at which relays of horses could be obtained.

38 : 29. **an old tradition . . . from the reign of Charles II (1660–1684).** "Then no one sat outside; later, outside places were taken by servants, and were quite cheap." — TURK.

38 : 32. **delf-ware.** Earthenware made at Delft, in Holland. It is much coarser than porcelain.

38 : 33. **attaint.** To *attaint* is to stain, disgrace. By old English law any one found guilty of treason or felony was declared to be attainted, which judgment implied that his blood was corrupted. This corruption of blood could not be effectually removed except by authority of Parliament.

39 : 5. **Pariahs.** Professor Masson points out that this word, in the sense of "social outcast," was a great favorite with De Quincey.

39 : 19. **salle-à-manger.** Dining room.

39 : 32. **the maxim that, etc.** "*De non apparentibus, etc.*" — DE QUINCEY. This legal axiom reads in full, *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est lex* : "The same law obtains for things not appearing as for things not existing."

40 : 6. **"raff."** Worthless persons; the sweepings of society; the rabble. The *Century Dictionary* says that this word is "now applied to students of Oxford by the townspeople." Seemingly the reverse was true in De Quincey's day.

40 : 7. **"snobs."** "*Snobs*, and its antithesis, *nobs*, arose among the internal factions of shoemakers perhaps ten years later. Possibly enough, the terms may have existed much earlier; but they were then first made known, picturesquely and effectively, by a



trial at some assizes which happened to fix the public attention."

— DE QUINCEY.

As an economic term, *snob* is the name of a shoemaker in particular, and, in general, of any one who works for lower wages than his fellows or refuses to strike with them. As a piece of university slang, it means a townsman as opposed to a gownsmen. As generally used in literature, it denotes one who vulgarly apes gentility by being servile to superiors and insolent to inferiors. *Nob* (a member of the aristocracy, a swell) is the "antithesis" of *snob* in the second and third of these senses, but, so far as present usage is concerned, not in the first, whatever may have been the case in De Quincey's day. See *Century Dictionary* under *snob*, *nob*, and *knob*.

40 : 12. **annoyances incident to the pit or gallery.** De Quincey himself always sat in the gallery. See *Confessions, Works* (Popular Edition), Volume I, page 75.

41 : 1. **attics . . . garrets.** The use of these words in the plural form with singular meaning is rare in English literature, though other examples might easily be quoted. See Arbuthnot's *John Bull*, Tennyson's *The Goose*, etc.

41 : 6. **jump.** Agree, coincide ; a Shakespearian use of the word.

41 : 7. **the celestial intellect of China.** China is commonly known as the Celestial Empire, a name probably due to the fact that the reigning dynasty is always spoken of as *Tien-chao*, or Heavenly Dynasty.

41 : 10. **George III.** King of England from 1760 to 1820.

41 : 11. **Pekin.** This, one of the largest cities in the world, has been the capital of the Chinese Empire since 1421.

41 : 12. **Lord Macartney.** George Macartney, Earl of Macartney (1737-1806), was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Peking in 1792. He remained in China until 1794. As De Quincey notes, this was England's first diplomatic communication with the Chinese court.



41 : 17. the Emperor. Keen Lung was Emperor of China from 1735 to 1795. He was noted both as a warrior and as a man of letters.

41 : 17. The hammer-cloth. The cloth that covers the driver's seat.

41 : 20. was nearest to the moon. The moon is one of the objects to which the Chinese Emperor and his court offer sacrifices in their ceremonial state worship.

41 : 26. the first lord of the treasury. This, as well as other official English titles, is used in the present description to produce a humorous effect.

41 : 28. the whole flowery people. Since one of the Chinese names for the country is *Chung Hwa Kwoh*, "Middle Flowery Kingdom," China is often called "The Flowery Kingdom."

42 : 8. jury-reins. Temporary reins. The word was formed by De Quincey after the analogy of *jury-mast*, a nautical term meaning "a temporary mast." In the same way sailors call a wooden leg a *jury-leg*.

42 : 17. Fi Fi. "This paragraph is a caricature of a story told in Staunton's *Account of the Earl of Macartney's Embassy to China in 1792*." — MASSON.

42 : 20. French Revolution. See note on line 13, page 3.

42 : 21. ça ira. "It will succeed." These words are said to have been used by Benjamin Franklin in speaking of the American Revolution; later they suggested the refrain ("Ah ça ira, ça ira, ça ira") of the "Ça ira," one of the famous songs sung by the populace during the French Revolution.

42 : 24. the chief seats in synagogues. We are told of the scribes (*Mark* xii. 39) that they loved "the chief seats in the synagogues."

43 : 2. all morality, — Aristotle's. Zeno's. Cicero's, etc. Aristotle (384–322 B.C.) was the author of the *Nicomachean Ethics*, and founded the Peripatetic school of philosophy. Zeno (4th and 3d



centuries B.C.), the founder of the Stoic school so popular among the Romans, taught a moral system of extreme austerity. Cicero (106-43 B.C.) was the author of several ethical treatises, of which the most noted is the *De Officiis*; in philosophy he was an Eclectic.

43 : 8. **sur-rebribed.** This word, coined by De Quincey after the analogy of the legal terms *sur-rebut*, *sur-rejoin*, means "bribed for the third time and by the party first bribing."

43 : 10. **a contested election.** In England this phrase is applied to an election involving a contest at the polls, and not to one the result of which is disputed, as the words might suggest to an American.

43 : 22. **the British Museum.** This celebrated national institution was first opened in 1759; its present buildings, however, have been erected since 1823.

43 : 26. **noters and protesters.** A *protester* appears before a *notary* to fix the liability of the drawer or endorser of a note. Now, the Scotch word for *notary* is *notar*; De Quincey, having this in mind, evidently uses the word *noters* to mean not those who make notes, but notaries.

43 : 28. **the house of life.** One of the twelve parts into which astrologers divided the visible and invisible heavens when attempting to forecast the course of one's life by the position of the stars at one's birth.

43 : 30. **posse.** The *posse comitatus* (literally, "accompanying power") is the body of men that a sheriff may call to his assistance.

44 : 9. **Von Troil's Iceland.** "The allusion is to a well-known chapter in Von Troil's work, entitled, 'Concerning the Snakes of Iceland.' The entire chapter consists of these six words — '*There are no snakes in Iceland.*'" — DE QUINCEY.

De Quincey's reference, however, is incorrect; it should be to Neil Horrebow's *Natural History of Iceland*, of which an English translation appeared in 1758. Chapter LXXII runs: "Concerning



snakes. No snakes of any kind are to be met with throughout the whole island." Von Troil's *Letters on Iceland* (1780) contains no such passage. See *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, Volume I, page 183.

44 : 10. a parliamentary rat. A member of Parliament who goes over from his own party to the opposition, in order to gain some personal advantage.

44 : 16. a forbidden seat. "The very sternest code of rules was enforced upon the mails by the Post-office. Throughout England, only three outsides were allowed, of whom one was to sit on the box, and the other two immediately behind the box ; none, under any pretext, to come near the guard ; an indispensable caution ; since else, under the guise of a passenger, a robber might by any one of a thousand advantages — which sometimes are created, but always are favoured, by the animation of frank social intercourse — have disarmed the guard. Beyond the Scottish border, the regulation was so far relaxed as to allow of *four* outsides, but not relaxed at all as to the mode of placing them. One, as before, was seated on the box, and the other three on the front of the roof, with a determinate and ample separation from the little insulated chair of the guard. This relaxation was conceded by way of compensating to Scotland her disadvantages in point of population. England, by the superior density of her population, might always count upon a large fund of profits in the fractional trips of chance passengers riding for short distances of two or three stages. In Scotland this chance counted for much less. And therefore, to make good the deficiency, Scotland was allowed a compensatory profit upon one *extra* passenger." — DE QUINCEY.

44 : 19. læsa majestas. Lese-majesty, a crime committed against the sovereign power in a state.

44 : 31. "Jam proximus," etc. "Now next (the house of) Ucalegon blazes." — *Aeneid*, Book II, lines 311-312.

45 : 7. in the way-bill . . . booked. The way-bill was a list of



passengers ; the passenger was booked, or entered, on this list, in virtue of having purchased a ticket.

45 : 24. **quarterings.** See note on line 14, page 78.

45 : 29. **within benefit of clergy.** Formerly under the English law, all persons in holy orders, and ultimately all persons who could read, might, by pleading "benefit of clergy," be exempted from criminal punishment at the hands of a secular judge. This privilege was wholly abolished in 1827.

46 : 6. **Quarter Sessions.** A general court held quarterly by the justices of the peace of each county, and having jurisdiction over all but the highest crimes.

46 : 14. **as one having authority.** "For he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." — *Matthew* vii. 29.

46 : 15. **his majesty's.** See note on line 10, page 41.

46 : 22. **poached.** One meaning of the verb *poach* (<F. *pocher*, to hit, poke) is "to tread upon" ; another is "to cook eggs, after first breaking the shells, by dropping them into boiling water." De Quincey here plays upon these two meanings.

46 : 24. **false echoes.** "Yes, false ! for the words ascribed to Napoleon, as breathed to the memory of Desaix, never were uttered at all. They stand in the same category of theatrical fictions as the cry of the foundering line-of-battle ship *Vengeur*, as the vaunt of General Cambronne at Waterloo, '*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas*,' or as the repartees of Talleyrand." — DE QUINCEY.

"Why is it not permitted me to weep?" is said to have been Napoleon's remark on hearing of the death of General Desaix at the battle of Marengo, fought between the French and the Austrians on June 14, 1800. The French ship *Vengeur*, sunk by Lord Howe, June 1, 1794, was reported to have gone down with her streamers flying and her crew all shouting "*Vive la Republique*" ; in reality, those who were still on board as the vessel sank were vehemently imploring the aid of the English. "The Guard dies, but does not surrender" are the words supposedly uttered by Cambronne when



called upon to surrender the division of the Old Guard commanded by him at Waterloo ; his true reply may be found in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Talleyrand (1754-1838) was a celebrated French wit and diplomatist.

47:1. a *fortiori*. A term in logic, meaning "by a stronger reason," "all the more."

47:7. *between Shrewsbury and Oswestry*. Both these towns lie to the northwest of Birmingham, the former about forty miles distant, the latter about fifty-five.

47:8. a *tawdry thing from Birmingham*. The great English manufacturing city of Birmingham is noted, among many other things, for its large output of cheap jewellery, imitation gems, and the like articles.

47:8. some "*Tallyho*" or "*Highflyer*." A *tally-ho* was and is a four-in-hand pleasure coach ; *highflyer*, according to the *Oxford Dictionary*, is the name formerly given to a fast stage-coach.

47:18. *false, fleeting, perjured Brummagem*. An imitation of Shakespeare's : —

"False, fleeting, perjured Clarence."

— *Richard III*, Act I, Scene iv, line 55.

*Brummagem* is the colloquial name of Birmingham, and is also a slang term denoting a sham or worthless article.

47:20. *Luxor*. See note on line 6, page 28.

47:22. *jacobinical*. Revolutionary. The Jacobin Club was an influential political organization that existed during the French Revolution.

48:5. a *tower of moral strength*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Act V, Scene iii, lines 12-13 : —

"Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they upon the adverse party want."

48:18. a *cat might look at a king*. This familiar saw first



appears in the *Proverbs* of John Heywood (d. 1565) published in 1546.

48: 25. a very fine story, etc. This story is to be found in the fifth act of John Heywood's *The Royall King and the Loyall Subject*, where it occupies lines 378-398. It is probable, however, that De Quincey knew the story from its inclusion by Lamb in his *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*. As told by Lord Audley to the King of England, it runs as follows:—

“ A Persian History

I read of late, how the great Sophy once  
 Flying a noble Falcon at the Herne,  
 In comes by chance an Eagle sousing by,  
 Which when the Hawke espyes, leaves her first game,  
 And boldly ventures on the King of Birds;  
 Long tug'd they in the Ayre, till at the length  
 The Falcon better breath'd, seiz'd on the Eagle,  
 And struck it dead: The Barons prais'd the Bird,  
 And for her courage she was peerelesse held.  
 The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,  
 Made him no lesse: he caus'd a Crowne of gold  
 To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head  
 In honour of her courage: Then the Bird  
 With great applause was to the market-place  
 In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth  
 Had beene proclaim'd, the common Executioner  
 First by the King's command tooke off her Crowne,  
 And after with a sword strooke off her head,  
 As one no better than a noble Traytor  
 Unto the King of Birds.”

48: 27. omrahs. *Omrah* (<*umarā*, originally Arabic plural of *amīr*, lord) is defined by the *Oxford Dictionary* as meaning “a lord or grandee of a Mohammedan court, especially that of the great Mogul.”



48: 31. from Agra and Lahore. This description is reminiscent of Wordsworth's lines: —

“The Great Mogul, when he  
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,  
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train.”

— *Prelude*, Book X, lines 18-20.

49: 14. Roman pearls. Imitation pearls.

49: 16. the 6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18. “De Quincey is making fun of the Welsh obtuseness to a joke. Coaches in Plantagenet England were as unknown as snakes in Iceland. Also making fun of the reader, who is not supposed to know that the Statute 6 Edward I has only fifteen chapters!” — HART.

49: 30. in York, etc. York is one hundred and eighty-eight miles distant from London.

50: 1. *magna loquimur*. “We talk great things.”

50: 2. “*magna vivimus*.” “We do (lit. *live*) great things.”

50: 7. a *thrilling*. This use of *thrilling* as a noun is very unusual.

50: 21. Nile. At the battle of the Nile, fought in Aboukir Bay on August 1, 1798, Nelson destroyed the French fleet, winning one of his most glorious victories.

51: 2. *pot-walloping*. The sounds made by a pot in boiling.

51: 3. *scenical*. This is another favorite word in De Quincey's vocabulary, doubtless because scenical effects appealed to him so strongly.

51: 15. Marlborough forest. This forest is situated some thirty miles east of Bath, on the road between Bath and London.

51: 24. Yet Fanny, etc. The original form of this rather long sentence will show how carefully De Quincey revised the *Blackwood* text of this article: “Yet Fanny, as the loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld, merited the station which even *her* I could not willingly



have spared ; yet (thirty-five years later) she holds in my dreams ; and though, by an accident of fanciful caprice, she brought along with her into those dreams a troop of dreadful creatures, fabulous and not fabulous, that were more abominable to a human heart than Fanny and the dawn were delightful."

52 : 1. **the royal livery.** "The general impression was that the royal livery belonged of right to the mail-coachmen as their professional dress. But that was an error. To the guard it *did* belong, I believe, and was obviously essential as an official warrant, and as a means of instant identification for his person, in the discharge of his important public duties. But the coachman, and especially if his place in the series did not connect him immediately with London and the General Post-Office, obtained the scarlet coat only as an honorary distinction after long (or, if not long, trying and special) service." — DE QUINCEY.

52 : 8. **Certainly not, as regarded any physical pretensions.** For De Quincey's description of his physical personality, see his *Confessions, Works* (Popular Edition), Volume I, page 132.

52 : 15. **Ulysses . . . suitors.** On his return from the siege of Troy, Ulysses found his wife, Penelope, surrounded by suitors. These, with the aid of his son Telemachus and the swineherd Eumæus, he slew, using his magic bow to make himself known and to open the battle. See *Odyssey*, Books XXI and XXII.

52 : 23. **about Waterloo.** That is, about 1815.

53 : 3. **"Say, all our praises,"** etc. De Quincey is quoting from Pope, in whose *Moral Essays, Epistle III*, occur the lines : —

"But all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross."

53 : 10. **resembled a crocodile.** De Quincey is fond of comparing people to crocodiles ; as a case in point, see page 100, line 11. The crocodile was a very familiar animal to him through his dreams, for he says in the *Confessions* : "The cursed crocodile



became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him ; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life : the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions ; and I stood loathing and fascinated." See *Works* (Popular Edition), Volume I, pages 119-120.

53 : 21. *turrets*. "As one who loves and venerates Chaucer for his unrivalled merits of tenderness, of picturesque characterisation, and of narrative skill, I noticed with great pleasure that the word *torrettes* is used by him to designate the little devices through which the reins are made to pass. This same word, in the same exact sense, I heard uniformly used by many scores of illustrious mail-coachmen to whose confidential friendship I had the honour of being admitted in my younger days." — DE QUINCEY.

The expression "torets fyled rounde" occurs in *The Knight's Tale*, line 1294. Here the "turret" is a small ring or swivel on a dog's collar, through which passes the leash, a sense not altogether different from that in which De Quincey uses the word.

53 : 27. *the top of the tree*. A pun seems intended here.

53 : 30. *plant me in the very rearward of her favour*. This expression has a decidedly Shakespearian sound about it ; perhaps it is a very distant echo of the words,

"Ever in the rearward of the fashion."

— 2 *Henry IV*, Act III, Scene ii, line 339.

54 : 10. "Perish the roses and the palms of kings." The present editor has been unable to find the source of this quotation.

54 : 16. *Mr. Waterton*. Charles Waterton, an English naturalist and traveller (1782-1865). He was the author of *Wanderings in South America* and *Essays on Natural History*.



54 : 19. the Pharaohs. "Pharaoh" was the official title of the ancient Egyptian kings.

54 : 24. domineered over Egyptian society. The ancient Egyptians considered the crocodile a sacred animal, and made it the object of idolatrous worship. Having thus no danger to fear from man, it became very bold and troublesome.

54 : 32. till Mr. Waterton changed the relations between the animals. "Had the reader lived through the last generation, he would not need to be told that, some thirty or thirty-five years back, Mr. Waterton, a distinguished country gentleman of ancient family in Northumberland, publicly mounted and rode in top-boots a savage old crocodile, that was restive and very impertinent, but all to no purpose. The crocodile jibbed and tried to kick, but vainly. He was no more able to throw the squire than Sinbad was to throw the old scoundrel who used his back without paying for it, until he discovered a mode (slightly immoral, perhaps, though some think not) of murdering the old fraudulent jockey, and so circuitously of unhorsing him." — DE QUINCEY.

55 : 4. the final cause of man. Aristotle divides causes into four kinds, — material, formal, efficient, and final ; a final cause is the end or purpose for which anything is made.

55 : 15. from a gulf of forty years. "From thirty-five years back" is the reading of the original *Blackwood* article.

55 : 15. a rose in June. June, of course, is the month of roses.

55 : 28. households. "Roe-deer do not congregate in herds like the fallow or the red deer, but by separate families, parents and children ; which feature of approximation to the sanctity of human hearths, added to their comparatively miniature and graceful proportions, conciliates to them an interest of peculiar tenderness, supposing even that this beautiful creature is less characteristically impressed with the grandeurs of savage and forest life." — DE QUINCEY.



55 : 33. **semi-legendary animals, etc.** A griffin was a fabulous monster, half lion and half eagle ; a dragon was a winged serpent, a basilisk was another serpent, whose breath and looks were fatal the sphinx, a monster having a winged lion's body and a woman's face and breast, used to propound riddles and kill those unable to guess them.

56 : 4. **quartered heraldically.** To "quarter arms" in heraldry means to combine on one shield the arms of several families, the shield then being divided into four quarters.

56 : 8. **her children.** This paragraph is only about one-fifth as long as the corresponding paragraph in *Blackwood*. The condensation, however, was a wise one.

56 : Title. **Going down with victory.** Carrying the news of victory from London. Leaving London is always going *down* into the country.

56 : 16. **Titans.** According to Greek mythology, the Titans were a gigantic race that inhabited the earth before men were created.

56 : 26. **audacity.** "Such the French accounted it ; and it has struck me that Soult would not have been so popular in London, at the period of her present Majesty's coronation [28th June 1838], or in Manchester, on occasion of his visit to that town [July 1838], if they had been aware of the insolence with which he spoke of us in notes written at intervals from the field of Waterloo. As though it had been mere felony in our army to look a French one in the face, he said in more notes than one, dated from two to four P.M. on the field of Waterloo, 'Here are the English — we have them ; they are caught *en flagrant delit*.' Yet no man should have known us better ; no man had drunk deeper from the cup of humiliation than Soult had in 1809, when ejected by us with headlong violence from Oporto, and pursued through a long line of wrecks to the frontier of Spain ; and subsequently at Albuera, in the bloodiest of recorded battles [16th May 1811], to say nothing of Toulouse



[10th April 1814], he should have learned our pretensions." — DE QUINCEY The bracketed dates are Masson's

57 : 4. prelibation. Foretaste.

57 : 8. Lombard Street. This street, the centre of the great financial transactions of London, owes its name to the fact that in it settled the first bankers and money lenders of the city, who came from Lombardy.

57 : 9. at that time. "I speak of the era previous to Waterloo." — DE QUINCEY

57 : 9. St. Martin's-le-Grand. A street within the old "city" of London, which takes its name from the church of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The latter is so called to distinguish it from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, another church standing outside the "city" proper, just opposite Trafalgar Square.

57 : 10. the General Post-office. The present office was built between 1825 and 1829, and opened September 23, 1829

57 : 12. attelage. Team.

58 : 33. Badajoz. After being twice besieged in vain by the English under Wellington, the Spanish city of Badajoz was finally taken by storm on the night of April 6, 1812.

59 : 9. three hundred. "Of necessity, this scale of measurement, to an American, if he happens to be a thoughtless man, must sound ludicrous. Accordingly, I remember a case in which an American writer indulges himself in the luxury of a little fibbing, by ascribing to an Englishman a pompous account of the Thames, constructed entirely upon American ideas of grandeur, and concluding in something like these terms: — 'And, sir, arriving at London, this mighty father of rivers attains a breadth of at least two furlongs, having, in its winding course, traversed the astonishing distance of one hundred and seventy miles.' And this the candid American thinks it fair to contrast with the scale of the Mississippi. Now, it is hardly worth while to answer a pure fiction gravely; else one might say that no Englishman out of Bedlam



ever thought of looking in an island for the rivers of a continent, nor, consequently, could have thought of looking for the peculiar grandeur of the Thames in the length of its course, or in the extent of soil which it drains. Yet, if he *had* been so absurd, the American might have recollected that a river, not to be compared with the Thames even as to volume of water — viz. the Tiber — has contrived to make itself heard of in this world for twenty-five centuries to an extent not reached as yet by any river, however corpulent, of his own land. The glory of the Thames is measured by the destiny of the population to which it ministers, by the commerce which it supports, by the grandeur of the empire in which, though far from the largest, it is the most influential stream. Upon some such scale, and not by a transfer of Columbian standards, is the course of our English mails to be valued. The American may fancy the effect of his own valuations to our English ears by supposing the case of a Siberian glorifying his country in these terms: — ‘These wretches, sir, in France and England, cannot march half a mile in any direction without finding a house where food can be had and lodging; whereas such is the noble desolation of our magnificent country that in many a direction for a thousand miles I will engage that a dog shall not find shelter from a snow-storm, nor a wren find an apology for breakfast.’ — DE QUINCEY.

59 : 26. Be thou whole ! Cf. *Mark* v. 34.

59 : 33. Barnet. A village in Hertfordshire, eleven miles north-west of London, formerly a place of importance on the northern coach road.

60 : 32. charwomen. Women that perform chores.

61 : 22. a Courier evening paper. This, the first London evening paper of importance, was established by John Parry in 1792. During the war with Napoleon it was the chief ministerial organ in the London press and the most popular paper of the day.

61 : 22. gazette. A report or announcement as authoritative as



if published in one of the three English official newspapers or "Gazettes."

62 : 6. *fey*. "Fated, doomed to die: not a Celtic word, but an Anglo-Saxon word preserved in Lowland Scotch. 'You are surely *fey*' would be said in Scotland to a person observed to be in extravagantly high spirits, or in any mood surprisingly beyond the bounds of his ordinary temperament, — the notion being that the excitement is supernatural, and a presage of his approaching death or of some other calamity about to befall him." — MASSON.

62 : 15. *Bengal lights*. A sort of fireworks producing a blue-colored light of great steadiness and intensity, largely used for signals.

62 : 17. *glittering laurels*. "I must observe that the colour of *green* suffers almost a spiritual change and exaltation under the effect of Bengal lights." — DE QUINCEY.

62 : 29. *Talavera*. At Talavera, a Spanish town near the Portuguese frontier, Wellington defeated the French, July 27–28, 1809.

62 : 30. *the virtual treachery of . . . Cuesta*. Gregorio Garcia de la Cuesta (1740–1812) was made Captain-General of Old Castile in 1809, and his forces united with those of Wellington. He took part in the battle of Talavera, but "the results of this great victory were almost entirely nullified by Cuesta's wrong-headedness." Wellington set out on August 1 to beat Soult, leaving Cuesta at Talavera to hold Victor in check; but the Spanish general, either from treachery or cowardice, abandoned the place and ran after the English. In consequence, Wellington was forced to fall back on the Portuguese frontier. See Napier, *History of the War in the Peninsula*, Book VIII, Chapter II.

63 : 2. *the Peninsular army*. Since Spain and Portugal are known as "the Peninsula," the English army which operated there under Wellington from 1808 to 1814 was called by this name.

63 : 4. *the 23d Dragoons*. Napier's description of their famous charge is, in part, as follows: "They went off at a canter, increas-



ing their speed as they advanced and riding headlong against the enemy ; but in a few moments, a hollow cleft which was not perceptible at a distance intervened, and at the same moment the French, throwing themselves into squares, opened their fire. Colonel Arentschild . . . promptly reined up at the brink. . . . The twenty-third found the chasin more practicable ; the English blood is hot, and the regiment plunged down without a check, men and horses rolling over each other in dreadful confusion ; yet the survivors, untamed, mounted the opposite bank by twos and threes ; Colonel Seymour was severely wounded, but General Anson and Major Frederick Ponsonby, a hardy soldier, passing through the midst of Villatte's columns which were pouring in a fire from both sides, fell with inexpressible violence upon a brigade of French chasseurs in the rear." The speedy arrival of French reënforcements obliged the 23d to retire. "Those who were not killed or taken, made for Bassecour's Spanish division and so escaped ; yet with a loss of two hundred and seven men and officers, about half the number that went into action." — NAPIER, *History of the War in the Peninsula*, Book VIII, Chapter II.

63 : 8. the most memorable and effective charge, etc. A very similar and equally memorable charge was made by the French cuirassiers at Waterloo ; see Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. In the very year of De Quincey's revision, a still more celebrated charge was made by the English Light Brigade at Balaclava (October 25, 1854).

63 : 13. the inspiration of God. Sir Leslie Stephen (*Hours in a Library*, original edition, pages 288-289) thinks that De Quincey here falls into bombast. "One is a little shocked at finding 'the inspiration of God' attributed to the gallant dragoons. . . . The phrase is overcharged, and inevitably suggests a cynical reaction of mind."

63 : 25. aceldama. With the money received for betraying Jesus, Judas purchased a field, "and it was known unto all the dwellers



at Jerusalem ; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue Aceldama, that is to say, The field of blood." — *Acts* i. 19.

64 : Title, Section II — The Vision of Sudden Death. In *Blackwood* for December, 1849, this section was prefaced by a bracketed paragraph, explaining its connection with Section I, which had been published in the October number, and also its connection with the subsequent Section III. The substance of this explanation may now be found in the "Author's Postscript," pages 95–97.

65 : 1. the consummation . . . most fervently to be desired. It was Hamlet who said of death : —

" 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished."

— *Hamlet*, Act III, Scene i, lines 63–64.

65 : 7. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner-party, etc. Plutarch tells the story thus : "The day before this assassination, he supped with Marcus Lepidus ; and, as he was signing some letters, according to his custom, as he reclined at table, there arose a question what sort of death was the best. At which he immediately, before any one could speak, said, 'A sudden one.'" — *Lives*, Vol. II, page 819. Clough's Dryden's translation.

66 : 33. Βιᾱθανᾱτος. A compound of the Greek βίαιος, violent, and θᾱνατος, death.

67 : 5. by the word "sudden" means unlingering. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to Cæsar's exact words on this occasion. Appian (*Roman History*, White's translation, Book II, Chapter XVI, section 115) tells us that "Cæsar alone expressed the preference for a sudden death." In Clough's translation of Plutarch (*Lives*, Vol. II, page 819), "sudden" is again the word used. Suetonius (*Divus Julius Cæsar*, LXXXVII) says, "repentinum inopinatumque prætulera," — "he expressed his preference for a sudden and unexpected one." "That which is least expected" is the remark attributed to him by Merivale (*His-*



*tory of the Romans under the Empire*, Chapter XXI, page 453) and by Flower (*Julius Cæsar*, Chapter XIX, page 376). If Suetonius, Merivale, and Flower are right in using the word *unexpected*, De Quincey's interpretation of Cæsar's meaning is necessarily wrong.

67 : 33. *affronts*. Here used with its primitive meaning of meeting or encountering face to face. Cf. the use of *exasperation*, line 4, page 68.

69 : 3. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream. Surely it is not so universal as De Quincey imagines.

69 : 13. "Nature from her seat," etc.

"Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost."

— MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book IX, lines 782-784.

69 : 27. the Manchester and Glasgow mail. The mail-coach running from London northwest through Manchester to Glasgow, a distance of some four hundred miles.

69 : 28. in the second or third summer after Waterloo. That is, in 1817 or 1818 ; but see note on line 17, page 95.

70 : 3. the down mail. The mail from London ; see note on title, page 56.

70 : 15. in Westmorland. In Westmoreland, which county lies almost directly north of Manchester, De Quincey lived from 1809 to 1821. During this time he made frequent visits to and beyond London.

70 : 21. the Bridgewater Arms. The hotel just mentioned.

70 : 27. *jus dominii*. The law of ownership.

70 : 33. kicked. The reader will notice that kicking is a favorite form of punishment with De Quincey.

71 : 4. *jus gentium*. The law of nations.

71 : 6. in the dark, etc. Cf. *John* iii. 19-21.

71 : 12. from a point, etc. It is impossible to say just where De Quincey had been.



71 : 13. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. De Quincey's use of opium was greatest between 1817 and 1819.

71 : 15. assessor. The primitive meaning of this word is "one who sits by another."

71 : 20. "Monstrum horrendum," etc. Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, is here described. The line is 658 in Book III of the *Aeneid*.

71 : 26. one of the Calendars, etc. A Calender is a member of the order of mendicant preaching dervishes, founded in the fourteenth century by an Andalusian Arab named Yusuf. The three Calenders of the *Arabian Nights* were princes in disguise, each blind in one eye; only the third, however, had paid his eye as the price of criminal curiosity. See any edition of the *Arabian Nights*.

72 : 2. Al Sirat. The bridge over which it is necessary to pass in order to reach the Mohammedan paradise. It is narrower than the edge of a razor in width, that those burdened with sins may be certain to fall off into Hades, which it crosses.

72 : 5. Cyclops. In Greek mythology, the Cyclops were huge, misshapen giants, each having but one eye and that in the middle of the forehead.

72 : 7. diphrelatic. The *Century Dictionary* recognizes this word, but gives no examples of its use. In justification of his coinage, De Quincey remarks in the original *Blackwood* article, "No word ever was or *can* be pedantic which, by supporting a distinction, supports the accuracy of logic, or which fills up a chasm for the understanding."

72 : 20. at Lancaster. The capital of Lancashire, two hundred and thirty miles northwest of London.

72 : 28. Some people have called me procrastinating. See Chapter XIX of Page's (A. H. Japp) *Thomas De Quincey : His Life and Writings*; also Masson's *De Quincey*, pages 119-121.

73 : 10. is an advantage. A double advantage, indeed, since



it also prevented him from missing his coach (page 70, lines 18-19).

73 : 16. **Kendal.** The largest and most important town in Westmoreland, though Appleby is the capital of the county.

73 : 25. **confluent.** "Suppose a capital Y (the Pythagorean letter) : Lancaster is at the foot of this letter ; Liverpool at the top of the *right* branch ; Manchester at the top of the *left* ; Proud Preston at the centre, where the two branches unite. It is thirty-three miles along either of the two branches ; it is twenty-two miles along the stem — viz. from Preston in the middle to Lancaster at the root. There's a lesson in geography for the reader !"

— DE QUINCEY.

It should be noted, however, that on the map De Quincey's Y will be upside down.

73 : 32. **aurigation** of Apollo himself, with the horses of **Aurora** to execute his notions. According to the Greeks, Apollo, as god of the sun, drove his flaming chariot daily through the heavens. Eos, or Aurora, the goddess of the morning, also drove her chariot, at the close of each night, from the river Oceanus up to Heaven, to announce the coming of the sun ; her horses, noted for their swiftness, were named Lampus and Phaëthon. The rare word *aurigation* (< Latin *auriga*, a charioteer) means the art of driving.

74 : 2. **this infirmity.** Is sleeping, mortality, or snoring here referred to ? Probably the first.

74 : 3. **the whole Pagan Pantheon.** All the pagan gods put together. The Greek *ἱερόν*, originally meaning a temple dedicated to all the gods, finally came to denote all the divinities worshipped by a nation.

74 : 6. **assizes.** An English court of justice held two or three times a year in a county or circuit.

74 : 14. **the middle watch.** From midnight until four o'clock in the morning.



74 : 22. **Seven atmospheres of sleep.** Perhaps, as has been suggested by Professor Hart, De Quincey is making jocular reference to the fact that the coachman has had no sleep for three days and three nights, and is now entering on his fourth night, or seventh period of sleeplessness.

74 : 24. **"Love amongst the Roses."** A popular song of the day.

75 : 4. **Lilliputian Lancaster.** In antithesis with "populous Liverpool" and "populous Manchester," both of which large cities are situated in Lancashire.

75 : 8. **this change was merely in contemplation.** At present the assizes for North Lancashire are held at Lancaster, and for South Lancashire at Liverpool and Manchester.

75 : 9. **twice in the year.** "There were at that time only two assizes even in the most populous counties — viz. the Lent Assizes and the Summer Assizes." — DE QUINCEY.

75 : 29. **my own birthday.** August 15.

75 : 30. **sigh-born.** "I owe the suggestion of this word to an obscure remembrance of a beautiful phrase in 'Giraldus Cambrensis' — viz. '*suspīrosæ cogitationes.*'" — DE QUINCEY.

The *Standard Dictionary* recognizes this word, but calls it "rare."

76 : 4. **upon which . . . the original curse of labour, etc.** De Quincey comments more fully upon this subject in the *Autobiographic Sketches, Works* (Popular Edition), Vol. II, pages 122-123.

76 : 16. **nearing the sea.** The Irish Sea, upon an arm of which Preston is situated.

76 : 31. **a limited atmosphere.** Though not yet definitely determined, the height of the atmosphere is supposed to be from one hundred to two hundred miles.

77 : 3. **Sabbatic.** Of or pertaining to the Sabbath ; hence, quiet, peaceful, restful.

78 : 2. **the wrong side of the road.** In America, and generally on the Continent, teams or riders when meeting are expected to



keep to the right. In England, however, the law of the road is just the opposite.

78 : 11. from us. "It is true that, according to the law of the case as established by legal precedents, all carriages were required to give way before royal equipages, and therefore before the mail as one of them. But this only increased the danger, as being a regulation very imperfectly made known, very unequally enforced, and, therefore, often embarrassing the movements on both sides."

— DE QUINCEY.

78 : 14. *quartering*. "This is the technical word, and, I presume, derived from the French *cartayer*, to evade a rut or any obstacle." — DE QUINCEY.

De Quincey's derivation seems to be correct. We should note, however, that the verb *quarter*, used of driving, has three distinct meanings: (1) to drive so that the right and left wheels are on two of the "quarters" of a road, with a rut between; (2) to drive from side to side of the road (see *Autobiographic Sketches, Works*, Volume II, page 317); (3) to drive to the side in order to allow another vehicle to pass.

78 : 32. *this was impossible*. Not all De Quincey's assurances, perhaps, succeed in convincing the average reader that one trained in the "diphrelatic art" could do nothing on this occasion.

79 : 7. *a taxed cart*. A light two-wheeled vehicle on springs, valued at not more than £21. Such vehicles, since their exemption from tax, have come to be known as *tax-carts*.

79 : 18. *which I have mentioned*. De Quincey's memory is at fault.

80 : 1. *Gothic aisle*. It has been claimed that the pointed arches and groins of Gothic vaults were imitated from the over-arching branches of trees, and that the stems of an avenue are the originals of the pillars of Gothic aisles.

80 : 14. *a suggestion from the Iliad*. When Patroclus has been slain by the Trojans and the Greeks are being driven to their



ships, Achilles is ordered by Juno to show himself at the head of the intrenchments, where his presence changes the fortunes of the day. The passage (*Iliad*, Book XVIII, lines 217 ff.) describing his shout and its effects is thus translated by Myers, "There stood he and shouted aloud, and afar off Pallas Athene uttered her voice, and spread terror unspeakable among the men of Troy."

81 : 19. **a shilling a-day.** The pay of the English private soldier. Cf. Kipling's *Shillin' a Day*.

83 : 12. **Faster than ever mill-race,** etc. In the original article this sentence read, "We ran past them faster than ever mill-race in our inexorable flight." Says Professor Masson, "His sensitiveness to fit sound at such a moment of wild rapidity, suggested the inversion."

83 : 24. **Here was the map,** etc. "This sentence, 'Here was the map,' etc., is an insertion in the reprint; and one observes how artistically it causes the due pause between the horror as still in rush of transaction and the backward look at the wreck when the crash was passed."—MASSON.

The closing words of the sentence are an echo of Christ's words concerning his own passion, or suffering, before and during the crucifixion. See *John* xix. 30.

84 : 13. **dawnlight, dreamlight.** Though these words are rare, De Quincey is not alone in their use, the *Oxford Dictionary* quoting examples of both from Mrs. Browning.

85 : Title, **Dream-Fugue.** This compound is of De Quincey's own invention. A *fugue* is a musical composition in which a theme introduced by one part is repeated and imitated by the others in succession. The name is thus explained by Kastner (*Parémiologie Musicale*) sub "Fugue": "The bit of music so-called—from the Latin *fuga* and the Greek *φευγή*—flight—is in fact composed of vocal or instrumental parts that seem to flee from and pursue one another."

85 : 7. **Par. Lost, Bk. XI.** Lines 558–563.



85 : 8. **Tumultuosissimamente.** An Italian word meaning "(to be played) in a most tumultuous manner."

85 : 10. **averted signs.** "I read the course and changes of the lady's agony in the succession of her involuntary gestures ; but it must be remembered that I read all this from the rear, never once catching the lady's full face, and even her profile imperfectly." — DE QUINCEY.

85 : 13. **woman's Ionic form.** Vitruvius, the Latin architect and engineer, in writing of the origin of the different orders of architecture, says, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the Greeks shaped the Ionic column in imitation of "the delicacy and ornaments of a woman."

85 : 16. **praying for the trumpet's call, etc.** The rhythm of this and other passages in the "Dream-Fugue" should be noted.

85 : 27. **after forty years.** The original article reads "thirty-five."

86 : 3. **three-decker.** "A vessel of war carrying guns on three decks ; formerly a line-of-battle ship." — *Century Dictionary*.

86 : 14. **corymbi.** The plural of *corymbus*, a cluster of fruit or flowers. Bunches of grapes seem here to be meant.

86 : 33. **on the weather beam.** On the side of the ship toward the wind.

87 : 5. **quarrel.** A square-headed arrow for a cross-bow ; Skeat traces the word back to the Latin *quadrus*, square.

87 : 9. **a heady current.** This expression, in which the word *heady* means "violent," "impetuous," probably echoes Shakespeare, *Henry V*, Act I, Scene i, lines 33-34 : —

" Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currence, scouring faults."

87 : 21. **rising, sinking, etc.** See page 84, lines 5-9. The reader should observe carefully all points of connection between the vision



and the accident or other experiences connected with the mail-coach.

89 : 8. victory that swallows up all strife. Cf. *Isaiah* xxv. 3 : "He will swallow up death in victory."

89 : 18. *Te Deums*. See note on line 20, page 11.

89 : 28. *Waterloo and Recovered Christendom*. See page 56, lines 20-25.

90 : 3. The rivers were conscious, etc. Cf. Crashaw's much-quoted line : —

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

90 : 5. And the darkness comprehended it. "And the light shineth in darkness ; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." — *John* i. 5.

90 : 18. station of advantage. Cf. Shakespeare's "coign of vantage," *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene vi, line 7.

90 : 23. "Chant the deliverer's praise," etc. Possibly this and the following line were composed by De Quincey ; if he quoted them, it is impossible to say from what source they come.

90 : 29. *Campo Santo*. "It is probable that most of my readers will be acquainted with the history of the *Campo Santo* (or cemetery) at Pisa, composed of earth brought from Jerusalem from a bed of sanctity, as the highest prize which the noble piety of crusaders could ask or imagine. To readers who are unacquainted with England, or who (being English) are yet unacquainted with the cathedral cities of England, it may be right to mention that the graves within-side the cathedrals often form a flat pavement over which carriages and horses *might* run ; and perhaps a boyish remembrance of one particular cathedral, across which I had seen passengers walk and burdens carried, as about two centuries back they were through the middle of St. Paul's in London, may have assisted my dream." — DE QUINCEY.

91 : 26. *Créci*. See note on line 14, page 8.



92 : 7. tidings of great joy. Cf. *Luke* ii. 10, "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

93 : 8. the horns of the altar. The corners or angles made by the front and ends of an altar.

93 : 28. *sanctus*. An anthem in the eucharistic service of the Church of England. It originally began with the Latin word *sanctus*, holy.

94 : 5. the quick and the dead. A familiar Biblical expression. See *Acts* x. 42, *2 Tim.* iv. 1, *1 Pet.* iv. 5.

94 : 12. thanks to God in the highest. An echo of "Glory to God in the highest."—*Luke* ii. 14.

95 : Title, Author's Postscript. The passage thus headed in Masson's text originally appeared as part of the Preface written by De Quincey in 1854 for the volume of his Collected Writings containing *The English Mail-Coach*. In other texts, this "postscript" is given as a note by De Quincey.

95 : 3. "*Suspiria de Profundis*." "Sighs from the Depths," a series of prose fantasies published by De Quincey in *Blackwood* for March, April, June, and July, 1845. This series, purporting to be a sequel to his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, was never completed.

95 : 17. Thirty-seven years ago. This should make 1817 the year of De Quincey's adventure. See note on line 28, page 69.

98 : Title, *The Spanish Military Nun*. "The story now entitled *The Spanish Military Nun* appeared first in three instalments, each headed with the words 'By Thomas De Quincey,' in the numbers of Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* for May, June, and July, 1847. It appeared then, however, under the clumsier title of *The Nautico-Military Nun of Spain*. The change of title was made in 1854, when De Quincey reprinted the paper in Vol. III. of the Collective Edition of his works. There were alterations at the same time in the text of the story, and in some particulars of its form and arrangement. The most important of these latter was the division of the



text, which had previously been printed in block, into a succession of short chapters, each topped with a smart descriptive summary of its purport, after the fashion of the Spanish novels of roguish adventure, and of some later English novels." — MASSON.

98 : 1. the year 1592. See Historical Note on *Catalina de Erauso*, page lix.

98 : 3. *hidalgo*. This is the title given in Spain to noblemen of the lower order. De Quincey accepts the popular etymology in supposing that the word stands for *hijo de algo*, son of something. It is really derived, however, from the Old Spanish *fidalgo*, which, in turn, came from the Latin *filius Italicus* (a Latin son), the name given to a foreigner upon whom the right of Roman citizenship had been conferred.

98 : 3. St. Sebastian. A sea-coast town of northern Spain, situated on the Bay of Biscay, three hundred and eighty miles north of Madrid. It is the capital of the Basque province of Guipuzcoa. So strong were once its fortifications that Wellington, in 1813, lost five thousand of his soldiers before he could compel the French garrison of three thousand to surrender.

98 : 21. *terræ filius*. A son of the earth ; a person of low birth or obscure origin.

98 : 22. the Flood. See *Genesis* vii–viii.

99 : 2. *noblesse*. Nobility.

99 : 6. the enterprises of Cortez and Pizarro. Cortez (1485–1547) was the conqueror of Mexico, Pizarro (1476–1541) of Peru.

99 : 6. *Dons*. Don (from the Latin *dominus*, master) is a Spanish title formerly confined to men of high rank, but now applied as an appellation of courtesy to all persons of the better class.

99 : 12. Castilian. The inhabitants of Castile, the central district of Spain, have always been the most haughty and aristocratic of Spanish peoples.

99 : 29 that saint. Sebastian was one of the most celebrated



martyrs of the early Christian church. For many years he was the Roman emperor Diocletian's favorite captain, but when the emperor learned that Sebastian was an active supporter of the Christian faith he ordered him to be executed by the royal archers. Though left for dead, Sebastian finally recovered from his wounds and dared to reproach the emperor with his impiety, whereupon Diocletian had him beaten to death with rods and his body buried in the cloaca. Sebastian is the patron saint against plague and pestilence, and is highly revered in Italy and other districts where contagious diseases are prevalent.

99 : 30. we quarrel furiously about tastes. Cf. the Latin proverb, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, "There's no disputing about tastes," the real meaning of which is identical with that of the statement here made.

100 : 11. the old crocodile. De Quincey is fond of calling people crocodiles ; see note on line 10, page 53. In the present case the metaphor seems to have been suggested by the hidalgo's tears, which naturally remind one of the tears shed, according to the story, by crocodiles over their prey.

100 : 16. there go two words to a bargain. The familiar expression, "There's two words to that bargain," first occurs in the *Polite Conversations* of Swift, Dialogue iii.

102 : 3. to this day. M. de Valon, writing in 1847, says that the name Erauso even then belonged to one of the most distinguished families of Urnieta (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Vol. XVII, page 634).

102 : 3. Biscay. Here and elsewhere De Quincey designates by this term a district in the north of Spain comprising the three Basque provinces, Biscay Proper, Guipuzcoa, and Alava. Commonly, however, the name "Biscay" is given only to Biscay Proper, of which province Kate was not a native.

102 : 6. the fee-simple. In law, a fee-simple is an estate belonging to the owner and his heirs and assigns forever ; as here used, however, "fee-simple" is equivalent to "absolute ownership."



102 : 7. "to have and to hold." The Marriage Ceremony of the Church of England contains the passage : " I, M. take thee N. to my wedded Wife, to have and to hold from this day forward." Hence the title of Miss Johnston's novel, *To Have and to Hold*, which is concerned in part with the cargo of wives brought over from England to the early Virginia colonists.

102 : 10. as a rose-bush in June. See note on line 15, page 55.

102 : 16. "determine." Come to an end.

102 : 16. chateaux en Espagne. Castles in Spain ; air-castles.

102 : 22. many other vanities, etc. In 1812, 1834, 1837, 1854, and subsequent years, political constitutions tending to increase the rights of the people were adopted by the Spanish Cortes. The chief Spanish financial reforms during De Quincey's lifetime were those of 1822-1823, 1836, 1846, and 1851. The bonds referred to in the text were issued in connection with these reforms.

103 : 12. "blue rejoicing sky." This echoes a line in Addison's celebrated *Ode*, which begins : —

"The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue etherial sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim."

103 : 13. Biscayan mountains. The Pyrenees, which form the boundary line between Spain and France.

103 : 14. that glad tumultuous ocean. See note on line 3, page 98.

103 : 16. those golden tales. Stories of the wealth of Mexico and Peru, and of the powerful Spanish kingdoms founded there.

103 : 21. no romance, or at least no fiction. See Historical Note on *Catalina de Erauso*, pages lvii-lviii.

103 : 25. romances in Ariosto or our own Spenser, etc. Ariosto (1474-1533) was one of the greatest Italian poets. In his masterpiece, *Orlando Furioso*, are to be found Bradamant, a wonderful



Christian amazon, whose enchanted spear unhorses all opposing knights, and Marfisa, a warlike Indian queen. One of the most interesting figures in the *Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser (1552-1599) is Britomart, the daughter of the King of Wales, who masquerades as a knight and overcomes all resistance, natural or supernatural. In the allegory of the poem she represents virgin purity and chastity.

103 : 29. *The day is come*, etc. In her memoirs, Catalina says she escaped from the convent on the morning of March 18, 1600 ; Valon, following the convent registers, makes the year 1607.

104 : 4. *at vespers*. The vesper service of the Catholic church occupies the sixth, or next to the last, of the canonical hours.

104 : 8. *scrutoire*. "An obsolete, erroneous form of *scritoire* for *escritoire*." — *Century Dictionary*.

104 : 14. *total*. Comprising the whole, lacking no member or part. Cf. "The total chronicles of man" (Tennyson, *Princess*, ii).

104 : 15. *trousseau*. This word (O. F. *trousseau*, a little truss) De Quincey takes bodily from Valon's narrative, where it is employed in its primitive sense of "bunch."

104 : 20. *that awful door*. The door of the *escritoire*.

104 : 31. *the class of persons in whom pre-eminently I profess an interest*. In the original version of this essay (see note on title, p. 98) De Quincey adds : "I, for my part, admire not, by preference, any thing that points to this world. It is the child of revery and profounder sensibility, who turns *away* from the world as hateful and insufficient, that engages *my* interest ; whereas Catalina was the very model of the class fitted for facing this world, and who express their love to it by fighting with it and kicking it from year to year."

105 : 4. *hoc age*. The literal meaning of this Latin phrase is "do this" ; its meaning as here used is explained by De Quincey.

105 : 14. *the Pope himself*. See note on line 24, page 178.



105 : 30. **that awful Inquisition**, etc. The Spanish Inquisition, as a state tribunal for the punishment of heresy toward the Roman Catholic church, began its terrible career in 1483, under Thomas de Torquemada. Its cruelties were proverbial and the number of its victims almost beyond estimate. Though its rigors were abated toward the latter part of the seventeenth century, it was not until 1834-1835 that it was finally abolished. Primarily concerned, as it was, with the trial of heretics, the Inquisition also claimed jurisdiction over such grave ecclesiastical offences as this of Kate's.

106 : 1. **an a priori argument**. An argument leading from a general principle to a particular case.

106 : 2. **all scissors were bad in the year 1607**. Yet, even early in the sixteenth century, England had acquired a reputation throughout Europe for the excellence of her cutlery, and Spanish steel was famed the world over.

106 : 3. **valet consequentia**. A term of logic, which De Quincey himself translates.

106 : 4. **ergo**. Therefore.

106 : 8. **Jack Ketch**. This name, which is now bestowed upon any executioner, seems once to have been the property of an actual hangman, who executed Lord Russell and the Duke of Monmouth.

106 : 9. **"Mr. Calcraft"**. After the year 1847 there was no regular hangman at Edinburgh, where De Quincey then lived ; but when necessary, Edinburgh would hire the London executioner. This functionary in De Quincey's day was William Calcraft.

106 : 13. **another sort of "Jack"**. Jack Tar, who gets his name from the tar on his hands and clothes.

106 : 18. **this word viva**, etc. *Viva* (lit. "long live") is an exclamatory word used to express joy, triumph, applause, or encouragement.

106 : 24. **rushlight**. A rushlight is a candle having a wick of rush pith.



106 : 26. **shilly-shally.** This phrase, denoting hesitation, is a corruption of "Shall I? Shall I?"

106 : 29. **to pay the first toll-bar.** Paying the toll-bar is paying to pass the gate or bar across a toll road.

107 : 6. **as one that had suffered from years of ague.** From his second to his fifth year, De Quincey was an almost constant sufferer from ague; see Page's *Thomas De Quincey*, Vol. I, page 19.

107 : 13. **for I detest, etc.** "Characteristic of De Quincey, and worth remembering." — Masson.

107 : 19. **to cut and run.** A nautical expression, meaning "to cut the cable and set sail immediately"; hence, "to make off suddenly," "to hurry away."

107 : 20. **"the back of beyond."** The *Century Dictionary* gives this as a colloquial phrase meaning "a very distant or out-of-the-way place."

108 : 4. **an inalienable privilege, etc.** It is worth remembering just here that such liberty as Kate was seeking is among the inalienable rights mentioned in the American Declaration of Independence.

108 : 19. **I forgot the thimble, etc.** The inclusion of a thimble, however, among the things taken by Kate is a piece of pure invention on De Quincey's part.

108 : 22. **sketched.** An unusual use of the word; the sense seems to be "rapidly outlined and cut out."

108 : 23. **Wellington trousers.** Knee trousers, such as would be worn with Wellington boots.

108 : 23. **All other changes.** Valon, whose account De Quincey has in mind, tells us (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 591) that Catalina also made herself a doublet and gaiters, besides cutting off her long hair.

108 : 28. **Vittoria.** Vittoria, the capital of the Basque province of Alava, is situated some fifty miles southwest of St. Sebastian. See also note on line 12, page 37.



109 : 8. **This amiable relative.** Don Francisco de Cerralta, a distant cousin of Catalina's mother (*Memoirs*, Heredia's translation, pages 4-5).

109 : 15. **owned the soft impeachment.** "I own the soft impeachment" is a speech of Mrs. Malaprop's in Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*, Act V, Scene iii.

109 : 16. **uncular.** An adjective humorously formed from the noun *uncle* after the model of *avuncular*. The *Century Dictionary* quotes its only example from the present text.

109 : 18. **the yarn of life was of a mingled quality.** Cf. Shakespeare, *All's Well*, Act IV, Scene iii, lines 83-84: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

110 : 1. **Thiebault.** Presumably this is Dieudonné Thiebault (1733-1807), the most celebrated French writer of the name. His best-known work is entitled *My Recollections of Twenty Years' Residence in Berlin* (5 vols., Paris, 1804).

110 : 3. **s'ennuyer.** A French reflexive verb, meaning "to be weary."

110 : 8. **nous nous ennuyons.** We are weary.

110 : 20. **Valladolid** is the capital of the province of Valladolid in Old Castile. It is situated about one hundred and forty miles southwest of Vittoria.

110 : 22. **the King.** Philip III (1578-1621) ascended the Spanish throne on September 13, 1598, and died on March 31, 1621.

110 : 26. **the gay colours, etc.** According to Valon (see note on line 23, page 108) Catalina's small-clothes were blue, her doublet and gaiters green.

111 : 8. **Alguazils.** Alguazil, from the Arabic *al* (the) + *wazir* (vizier), is the Spanish title of an inferior officer of justice, a constable or policeman.

111 : 13. **such a thing as a treadmill.** The treadmill, as once much used in English prisons, was invented early in the nineteenth century by Sir William Cubitt.



111 : 23. a "daughter of somebody." Cf. line 3, page 98, and note.

111 : 28. Don Francisco de Cardenas. Perhaps De Quincey thought this name more euphonious than the "Don Carlos de Arrellano" of Valon (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 592).

112 : 3. that sublime of crocodiles. *Sublime* is here used to denote "that which has been elevated and sublimated to its extreme limit."

113 : 33. mandatory. The more usual spelling of this noun is *manditatory*.

114 : 10. it was odds but she had, etc. That is, it would have been the most natural thing for her to do so.

114 : 11. a Frenchman. Charles-Marie-Ferdinand-Alexis, Viscount de Valon (1818-1851), author of an article entitled *Catalina de Erauso*, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 15, 1847. For some account of this article, see the Historical Note on *Catalina de Erauso*, pages lxiv-lxv. Valon was just coming into prominence as a magazine contributor when he suddenly met his death from drowning. Among his best-known articles are *Prisons de France*, *Aline du Bois*, *François de Cerville*, and a series on Spain.

114 : 14. says . . . in connexion with this very story, etc. The remark referred to, which reads literally : "Chance, someone has said, is perhaps God's pseudonym when he does not wish to sign his own name" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 602), is indeed made in connection with this story, but not with this particular incident.

114 : 16. imperials. The word *imperial* from first being applied to the top of a diligence soon came to mean a case for luggage that might be carried on top of such a vehicle.

114 : 18. Juvenal's qualification, etc. In Juvenal's *Tenth Satire*, line 22, occurs the line to which De Quincey makes reference : —

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."



"The traveller whose pockets are empty will sing in the face of a robber."

115 : 2. apodeictically. Indisputably.

115 : 3. in Spain there were no potatoes at all, etc. Potatoes were first brought to Spain from Peru about the middle of the sixteenth century, and were first imported into England from Italy in 1587. Both in England and on the Continent for at least a century they were cultivated merely as curiosities and not as articles of food, though in Gerard's *Herbal* (1597) potatoes are mentioned as being good to eat when roasted. It would seem probable, therefore, that while there were very few potatoes, roasted or unroasted, to be found in England in 1608, there were certainly quite as many to be found in Spain.

116 : 14. lords of the bedchamber. Officers of the royal household, whose duty it is to wait in the king's bedchamber and to sleep near him at night.

116 : 21. Don Ferdinand de Cordova. Don Luis Fernandez de Cordova, Catalina says (*Memoirs*, pages 12-13).

116 : 22. Andalusian. Andalusia is a large and fertile province in the south of Spain.

116 : 29. philo-garlic. The *Century Dictionary* says of this word (<Greek *φιλεῖν*, love, + English *garlic*) that it is rare, and refers to the present passage for an example of its use. Its meaning is "fond of garlic."

117 : 5. Andalusia she reached rather slowly, etc. In this connection, and elsewhere, the reader should compare De Quincey's account of Catalina's adventures with her own story as outlined in the Historical Note, pages lix-lxiv.

117 : 6. Seville. As St. Sebastian is in the extreme north of Spain, so Seville is in the extreme south. The distance between the two places is about four hundred and fifty miles.

117 : 6. before she was sixteen. That is, early in the year 1608.



Catalina herself, however, claims to have sailed from St. Lucar on Holy Monday, 1603 (*Memoirs*, page 13).

117 : 12. **St. Lucar.** San Lucar de Barrameda, a seaport of southwestern Spain, is situated at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, eighteen miles north of Cadiz and some sixty down the river from Seville. Here Columbus embarked on his third voyage (1498), and from this port Magellan sailed forth (1519) to circumnavigate the globe.

117 : 15. **She was at once engaged as a mate.** As an illustration of De Quincey's habit of improving upon his original — to Catalina's advantage, always — it may here be noted that Valon, following the *Memoirs*, says (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 393) that Catalina took service as a cabin-boy (*mousse*).

117 : 17. **and her ship . . . destination.** "The reader who would follow Kate's adventures geographically must not neglect these two short and hasty sentences. They carry her away from Spain and Europe altogether, across the Atlantic to South America, — nay, not only across the Atlantic to South America, but round Cape Horn, to the *west* or *Pacific* coast of South America, and to a point far north on that coast. Paita or Payta is a seaport of the Pacific in the extreme north of Peru, about five degrees below the Equator. All the long voyage of thousands of miles is suppressed."

— MASSON.

118 : 10. **his Catholic Majesty.** The first Catholic king of Spain was Recaredo, the Visigoth, who died in 601. When he announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, and later proclaimed that the Roman Catholic religion was thenceforth to be the religion of his kingdom, Pope Gregory the Great was so delighted that he wished to show Recaredo some mark of special favor. He therefore sent him numerous sacred relics, addressing him as "His Majesty, the First Catholic King of Spain." Thus originated the title "Catholic Majesty" as applied to Recaredo's successors.

118 : 11. **the underwriters at Lloyd's.** Lloyd's Coffee House



was the original headquarters of all the London underwriters; hence the name "Lloyd's" is now given to a London association for the transaction of marine insurance and the promotion of shipping interests in general. The present meeting-place of this association is a set of rooms on the ground floor of the Royal Exchange.

119 : 2. ducats and pistoles. Gold coins issued by several different European countries and varying considerably in value from time to time.

119 : 6. Now, this, you know, though not "flotsam," etc. According to Blackstone, *jetsam* is the name given to goods which, when thrown into the sea, there sink and remain under water; while *flotsam* denotes such goods as continue swimming. Flotsam and jetsam, however, are not the lawful spoils of the finders, but must be given up to those who can prove their right to them; if unclaimed, they must be turned over to the Board of Admiralty and the proceeds of their sale applied to public purposes. Hence the interest taken in such matters by the First Lord and the Secretary, mentioned below (lines 14-16).

119 : 9. a very fair 8vo. In Ferrer's edition Catalina's memoirs occupy an octavo volume.

119 : 16. the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary, etc. See note on line 23, page 15.

120 : 19. She might have tossed up . . . heads or tails! etc. The practice of tossing up a coin in order to decide some difficult point, a common one all over the world at the present day, seems to have been familiar to the ancient Romans, for Macrobius tells us (*Saturnalia*, Book I, Chapter VII) that the Roman boys used to throw coins into the air, calling out "*capita aut navia*," "heads or ships." Similar in principle, and perhaps also in the actual method of operation, was the Jewish custom of casting lots, so frequently referred to in the Bible.

120 : 25. Mrs. Bobo. "Who is Mrs. Bobo? The reader will say, 'I know not Bobo.' Possibly; but, for all *that*, Bobo is known



to senates. From the American Senate (Friday, March 10, 1854) Bobo received the amplest testimonials of merits that have not yet been matched. In the debate on William Nevins' claim for the extension of his patent for a machine that rolls and cuts crackers and biscuits, thus spoke Mr. Adams, a most distinguished senator, against Mr. Badger — 'It is said this is a discovery of the patentee for making the best biscuits. Now, if it be so, he must have got his invention from Mrs. Bobo of Alabama; for she certainly makes better biscuit than anybody in the world. I can prove by my friend from Alabama (Mr. Clay), who sits beside me, and by any man who ever staid at Mrs. Bobo's house, that she makes better biscuit than anybody else in the world; and if this man has the best plan for making biscuit, he must have got it from *her*.' Henceforward I hope we know where to apply for biscuit." — DE QUINCEY.

120: 28. a caput mortuum (lit. a dead head) is anything from which all that rendered it valuable has been removed.

121: 8. the juste milieu. The happy medium.

121: 17. 1854. This date was substituted in the Collective Edition for the "1847" of *Tait's Magazine*.

121: 27. she looked. "If ever the reader should visit Aix-la-Chapelle, he will probably feel interest enough in the poor, wild, impassioned girl to look out for a picture of her in that city, and the only one known *certainly* to be authentic. It is in the collection of Mr. Sempeller. For some time it was supposed that the best (if not the only) portrait of her lurked somewhere in Italy. Since the discovery of the picture at Aix-la-Chapelle, that notion has been abandoned. But there is great reason to believe that, both in Madrid and Rome, many portraits of her must have been painted to meet the intense interest which arose in her history subsequently amongst all men of rank, military or ecclesiastical, whether in Italy or Spain. The date of these would range between sixteen and twenty-two years from the period which we have now reached (1608)." — DE QUINCEY.



121 : 27. caballador. Cavalier.

122 : 9. Trujillo. This town, the modern Truxillo, is situated on the coast of Peru, some two hundred and fifty miles south of Paita.

122 : 19. commis. Clerk.

122 : 27. a very handsome lady. Doña Beatriz de Cardenas was her name.

123 : 9. "Live a thousand years." The phrase "Viva mil años," which literally means, "Live a thousand years," is a Spanish conversational idiom, used in the sense of "I am obliged to you."

124 : 8. Biscayan. See note on "Biscay," line 3, page 102.

124 : 25. the corrégidor. The chief magistrate.

125 : 7. By some means not very luminously stated. Valon is, indeed, not very clear in his story of the escape ; he says (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, pages 598-599) that Doña Beatriz carried Catalina a disguise and that the latter escaped by pretending to be Beatriz. Catalina herself says that she was released from prison at Urquiza's request.

125 : 12. jealous. The word is here used in its broad sense of "suspicious."

125 : 21. to love, honour, and obey. In the marriage ceremony of the English Church, the woman promises "to love, cherish, and to obey" her husband.

126 : 29. a pacha of two tails. *Pacha* is a Turkish title of rank, given to high civil and military authorities. The distinctive badge of a pacha is one or more horse-tails waving from the end of a staff ; in time of war this badge is carried before him or planted in front of his tent. The three grades of pachas are distinguished by the number of horse-tails on their standards, the pachas of three tails being the most important.

127 : 24. "Sound the trumpets !" etc. The well-known lines :—

"See the conquering hero comes !

Sound the trumpet, beat the drums !"



first appeared in the *Joshua* of Handel (1685-1759), a celebrated German composer, who, during a large part of his life, made his home in England. The text of this oratorio was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

128: 2. a modern waltzer. See note on line 13, page 156.

129: 7. As sailors whistle for a wind. A superstitious practice, common among old seamen, of whistling during a calm to obtain a breeze. Such men will not whistle at all during a storm.

129: 12. Like Cæsar to the pilot of Dyrrhachium, etc. Reference is here made to an incident related by the historians Plutarch, Florus, Valerius Maximus, Appian, and Suetonius, but not by Cæsar himself. We are told that when, during the war with Pompey, Caesar, with a part of his troops, had long been waiting at Appolonia, near Dyrrhachium, for the arrival of the rest of his forces from Brundisium, he at last grew weary of the delay, and disguising himself as a common sailor, embarked in a twelve-oared boat, in order to visit Brundisium in person. The waves of the sea soon became so violent, however, that the master of the boat ordered his sailors to tack about and return. Thereupon Cæsar disclosed his identity, using, according to Appian, the words: "Brave the tempest with a stout heart; you carry Cæsar and Cæsar's fortunes" (*History of Rome*, Book II, Chapter IX, White's translation). The sailors, however, despite all their efforts, were finally obliged to return to land.

"*Catalinam vehis et fortunas ejus*" means: "You carry Catalina and her fortunes."

129: 14. "carried on." The nautical phrase, *to carry on*, is defined by the *Century Dictionary* as meaning "to continue carrying a large spread of canvas"; De Quincey, however, uses the expression, as the context shows, in a very different sense.

129: 24. sixty years later, etc. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, French and English pirates committed frequent depredations on the Spanish in America.



130 : 7. as you may see an Etonian do. Eton, situated on the Thames, opposite Windsor, is one of the most famous of English educational institutions; it was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. The Eton boys are noted for their skill in managing river-craft.

130 : 11. to tap it. To tap, in surgery, means "to puncture the outer walls of (the body), to draw off fluid accumulated within some inner cavity; as, to tap a dropsical patient."

— *Century Dictionary*.

130 : 19. Concepcion. A town on the coast of Chili, more than two thousand miles south of Païta.

130 : 24. his name. Miguel de Erauso.

130 : 27. the Governor-General's. Alonso de Ribera was then Governor of Chili.

131 : 1. described as a Biscayan. Catalina had enlisted as Pedro Diaz de San Sebastian.

131 : 7. some scene of domestic reunion, etc. For example, the meeting of Esau and Jacob, *Genesis* xxxiii. 1-15.

131 : 24. one having authority. See note on line 14, page 46.

131 : 28. the decisive battle of Puren. Catalina herself says (*Memoirs*, pages 41-42) that the exploit here recorded took place at the battle of Valdivia, which was fought on the plains of the same name in southern Chili in the year 1606. She claims also to have been present at the battle of Puren, fought two years later. As Valon's account (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 603) is substantially the same as the nun's, we are left to suppose that De Quincey either inadvertently confused the two engagements or purposely substituted Puren for Valdivia in order to avoid an evident chronological impossibility.

132 : 7. Alférez. "This rank in the Spanish army is, or was, on a level with the modern *sous-lieutenant* of France."

— DE QUINCEY.

To this note, a partial translation of one by Valon (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, p. 603), should be added Valon's further state-



ment that, "at that time an alférez was, as it seems, an ensign or cornet."

132 : 8. the King of Spain and the Indies. Philip II (1527-1598) seems to have been the first Spanish king to assume this title.

132 : 14. "prescribed." To *prescribe*, in law, is to become invalid through lapse of time.

132 : 19. years. About five, according to Catalina (*Memoirs*, page 43) ; De Quincey would have us suppose a very much longer period.

133 : 12. That word "kill," etc. Cf. Valon's remark (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 635) : "For her the death of a man is the merest trifle. 'She arrives in such and such a city,' she often writes (speaking of herself, as Cæsar did, in the third person), 'and kills one, *mata a uno*.'"

133 : 15. Years after this period. De Quincey's exact meaning is not altogether clear ; perhaps "this period" is intended to refer to the time of Catalina's promotion.

133 : 30. a usage not peculiar to Spaniards, etc. Among the practices of the French duel introduced into England after the Restoration (1660) was that of expecting the seconds, as well as the principals, to fight.

134 : 8. the right of asylum. In ancient times the temples and altars of the gods were appointed as asylums to which the guilty could flee for refuge. A similar privilege of retreat to sacred places was long granted by the Christian church, until its abuse by criminals led to its final abolition.

134 : 16. It was the sea that had brought her to Peru, etc. The sea had indeed brought Catalina to *Peru*, but she was no longer in Peru. The duel with her brother was fought near Concepcion, in Chili (*Memoirs*, page 53).

134 : 23. the coast. In reality the coast of Chili, not of Peru.

135 : 1. the Cordilleras. The Andes, more properly called "*las Cordilleras de los Andes*," "the chains of the Andes."



135 : 3. the river Dorado. *Dorado* is Spanish for "golden"; *El Dorado*, "the golden," was a mythical country rich in gold and jewels, supposed by the Spanish soldiers of this period to be situated somewhere in the northern part of South America. "The river Dorado" flowed through this land.

135 : 27. fell cent per cent. The horse fell one hundred points in value for each one hundred points he was worth; *i.e.* became absolutely worthless.

136 : 10. à discretion. At will.

136 : 15. their last billet. A soldier's billet is a ticket assigning him to quarters.

137 : 12. sleeping the sleep, etc. Cf. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Canto I, Stanza xxxi :—

"Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

137 : 17. This dreadful spectacle. Valon tells us (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 609) that such a sight was frequently to be encountered at the time when slave-dealers made their blacks cross the Andes on the way from Buenos Ayres to Peru; the dead bodies would sometimes be preserved by the cold for a whole year.

137 : 32. tirailleur's. *Tirailleur* is the French name for a sharpshooter.

138 : 11. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), first appeared among the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) of Coleridge and Wordsworth, one of the epoch-making books in the history of English literature. The student should read, or reread, this poem carefully in order to appreciate De Quincey's comments.

139 : 2. a Cain. See *Genesis* iv.

139 : 2. Wandering Jew. In *John* xxi. 22 we read that Jesus said to Peter concerning the beloved disciple: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." From



these words there arose among the brethren a belief "that that disciple should not die"; and to this belief is traceable the ancient and widespread legend of a Jew who cannot die, but in punishment for some sin against Jesus must wander over the face of the earth until at the last day Christ shall pronounce his doom. One version of the legend says that he is Ahasuerus, a shoemaker, who refused to let Christ rest before his shop; another identifies him with Pilot's doorkeeper, Kartaphilus, who struck Jesus on the back. The story of the Jew's wanderings has received frequent literary treatment in both prose and verse; the best-known novels in which he figures are Eugene Sue's *Le Juif Errant*, Dr. Croly's *Salathiel*, and Lew Wallace's *The Prince of India*.

139 : 3. 'pass like night,' etc. "I pass like night from land to land" is a line (73) to be found in the *Ancient Mariner*, Part VII.

139 : 6. 'holding children from their play,' etc. "The beautiful words of Sir Philip Sydney in his 'Defense of Poesie.'"

—DE QUINCEY.

The exact words are: "[a tale which] holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner" (*Sidney's Miscellaneous Works*, page 85).

139 : 14. In the darkness of his cruel superstition, etc. From their habit of following ships for days, albatrosses are regarded with feelings of attachment and superstitious awe by sailors, and it is considered unlucky to kill one. But the *Ancient Mariner* believed that the particular albatross following his ship was the cause of the fog and mist surrounding the vessel, and hence slew the bird.

139 : 16. The Nemesis. In Greek mythology, Nemesis was the goddess of retributive justice.

139 : 22. "That loved the bird," etc. See *Ancient Mariner* Part V, lines 106-109 :—

"The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."



139 : 26. "Nine fathom deep," etc. Lines 51-52 of the *Ancient Mariner*, Part II, read :—

"Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow."

140 : 23. her native Basque. The natives of the Basque provinces speak a language peculiarly their own. It cannot be classed among Aryan or Semitic tongues, but has points in common with certain Mongol, African, and American dialects.

141 : 20. Flying in panic, etc. Cf. *Proverbs* xxviii. 1 : "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

141 : 21. Not for the first time, Kate wept. Perhaps it would have surprised De Quincey had he read in Catalina's *Memoirs* (page 56), "I wept—I think it was for the first time."

141 : 27. A Frenchman. See note on line 11, page 114.

141 : 29. his opinion. "Left alone, the adventuress knelt down, began to weep, and prayed God earnestly, doubtless for the first time in her life" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 609).

142 : 2. "mon cher." My dear.

142 : 4. You . . . I love oftentimes, etc. In all that De Quincey wrote, however, can be seen his more than ordinary insular prejudice against the French.

142 : 31. in extremities of general famine, etc. It is interesting to remember that it remained for a Frenchman, Victor Hugo, in his *Les Misérables*, to illustrate most strikingly the injustice of such punishment.

144 : 8. blue serene. Cf. Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, Canto I, Stanza iv, line 5 :—

"Beneath that opening spot of blue serene."

145 : 32. revolved. See note on line 18, page 38.

146 : 1. the arrears of the road. The parts of the road still to be traversed. Similarly "arrear of . . . strength" (line 14) means the strength held in reserve and still to be put forth.



146 : 22. blossoms . . . rehearsing . . . the resurrections of Life. Cf. *Autobiographic Sketches, Works*, Vol. II, page 32.

147 : 8. nor creeping thing, etc. Note the perfect rhythm of this passage.

148 : 17. some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting. See *Genesis* viii. 10-11 for an account of the winged herald that came to Noah.

148 : 26. as the Christian pinnacle, etc. The corsairs were pirates from Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco, who, after about the fourteenth century, were long the terror of all Christian merchantmen sailing the Mediterranean. The word *corsair* may also be used, as here, to designate a vessel manned by such pirates.

148 : 32. a city of refuge. Among the ancient Jews six cities of Palestine were appointed as places of refuge and safety, "that whosoever killeth any person at unawares might flee thither, and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood, until he stood before the congregation." See *Numbers* xxxv; *Deuteronomy* xix; *Joshua* xx.

149 : 17. not built with hands. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." — *2 Corinthians* v. 1.

149 : 25. "The sun, that rejoices." In *Psalms* xix. 5, we are told that the sun "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

149 : 29. the Angelus. The word *angelus* means : (1) a Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary, beginning with the words "*Angelus Domini*," "The angel of the Lord"; (2) as here, the bell, which at morning, noon, and evening announces the time for the recitation of this prayer.

150 : 11. Little is mentioned of the delusions which possessed her. Nothing at all, in fact, either by Valon or by Catalina herself.

150 : 18. like an army with banners. "Terrible as an army with banners" is to be found in the *Song of Solomon* vi. 4.

150 : 23. St. Bernard's hospice. The hospice of St. Bernard,



founded in 962 by Bernard de Meuthon, a Savoyard nobleman, stands at the crest of the Great St. Bernard pass over the Pennine Alps. Eight thousand feet above the sea level, it is one of the highest habitations in Europe. Within the hospice dwell ten or twelve St. Augustine monks, who, with the aid of their noble dogs, have saved hundreds of travellers from death by exposure to the cold and snow. As many as five hundred persons have sought shelter within the hospice during a single day.

151 : 2. like the mist . . . upon the river of the American St. Peter, etc. It is difficult to say exactly to what river De Quincey here makes reference. The great geographical authority of De Quincey's day was the *Géographie Universelle* of Malte-Brun (8 vols., Paris, 1824-1828); in this work the Minnesota River is called the St. Peter's, but no mention is made of its mists. Nor is anything said of mists in Featherstonhaugh's *Canoe Voyage up the Minnasy Sotor* (1847). Returning to Malte-Brun, we find that he mentions no other St. Peter's River, but that he makes some very interesting remarks about Niagara Falls (Vol. III, Book 78): "The great cataract is continually obscured with vapor, which may be distinguished at a very considerable distance; and its foaming billows appear to float in the heavens. As the density of the mist varies, the adjacent forests and rocks are occasionally perceived, and they add to the splendor of the scene." De Quincey may well have had some such description in mind when he made the reference under consideration. But here another difficulty arises; he might very correctly have thought of the Niagara River as a part of the St. Lawrence, but why should he have called St. Lawrence the American St. Peter?

151 : 14. the sun is holding out his golden Christian signal, etc. Cf. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." — *Ephesians* iv. 26.

151 : 22. Captain Bunsby's. This wise gentleman, the oracle of all his neighbors, is a character in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*.

151 : 29. some stimulus from earthly vineyards. "Though not



exactly in the same circumstances as Kate, or sleeping, *à la belle étoile*, on a declivity of the Andes, I have known (or heard circumstantially reported) the cases of many ladies, besides Kate, who were in precisely the same critical danger of perishing for want of a little brandy. A dessert-spoonful or two would have saved them. *Avant!* you wicked 'Temperance' medalist! repent as fast as ever you can, or, perhaps, the next time we hear of you, *anasarca* and *hydro-thorax* will be running after you, to punish your shocking excesses in water. Seriously, the case is one of constant recurrence, and constantly ending fatally from *unseasonable* and pedantic rigour of temperance. Dr. Darwin, the famous author of *Zoonomia*, *The Botanic Garden*, etc., sacrificed his life to the very pedantry and superstition of temperance, by refusing a glass of brandy in obedience to a system, at a moment when (according to the opinion of all around him) one single glass would have saved his life. The fact is, that the medical profession composes the most generous and liberal body of men amongst us; taken generally, by much the most enlightened; but, professionally, the most timid. Want of boldness in the administration of opium, etc., though they can be bold enough with mercury, is their besetting infirmity. And from this infirmity females suffer most. One instance I need hardly mention, the fatal case of an august lady, mourned by nations [the Princess Charlotte, who died in child-birth 6th Nov. 1817], with respect to whom it was, and is, the belief of multitudes to this hour (well able to judge), that she would have been saved by a glass of brandy; and her chief medical attendant, Sir R. C. [Sir Richard Croft], who shot himself, came to think so too late — too late for *her*, and too late for himself. Amongst many cases of the same nature, which personally I have been acquainted with, thirty years ago, a man illustrious for his intellectual accomplishments<sup>1</sup> men-

<sup>1</sup> On second thoughts, I see no reason for scrupling to mention that this man was Robert Southey.



tioned to me that his own wife, during her first or second confinement, was suddenly reported to him, by one of her female attendants (who slipped away unobserved by the medical people), as undoubtedly sinking fast. He hurried to her chamber, and saw that it was so. On this, he suggested earnestly some stimulant—laudanum or alcohol. The presiding medical authority, however, was inexorable. ‘Oh, by no means,’ shaking his ambrosial wig; ‘any stimulant at this crisis would be fatal.’ But no authority could overrule the concurrent testimony of all symptoms, and of all unprofessional opinions. By some pious falsehood, my friend smuggled the doctor out of the room, and immediately smuggled a glass of brandy into the poor lady’s lips. She recovered as if under the immediate afflatus of magic; so sudden was her recovery, and so complete. The doctor is now dead, and went to his grave under the delusive persuasion—that not any vile glass of brandy, but the stern refusal of all brandy, was the thing that saved his collapsing patient. The patient herself, who might naturally know something of the matter, was of a different opinion. She sided with the factious body around her bed (comprehending all, beside the doctor), who felt sure that death was rapidly approaching, *barring* that brandy. The same result, in the same appalling crisis, I have known repeatedly produced by twenty-five drops of laudanum. Many will say, ‘Oh, never listen to a non-medical man like this writer. Consult in such a case your medical adviser.’ You will, will you? Then let me tell you, that you are missing the very logic of all I have been saying for the improvement of blockheads, which is—that you should consult any man *but* a medical man, since no other man has any obstinate prejudice of professional tinidity.”—DE QUINCEY. The bracketed matter is Masson’s.

152 : 9. the legend of ancient days. The present editor is not familiar with this legend.

152 : 32. caballero. A knight, or gentleman.



153 : 13. "written strange defeatures in her face." Cf. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act V, Scene i, lines 297-299 : —

"O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,  
And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face."

153 : 21. all the household of St. Sebastian. "At this point De Quincey had reached the close of the *second part* of the story as it originally appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. As the *first part* (May 1847) had closed with the intimation 'To be concluded in the next Number,' he thought it necessary to apologise for the non-fulfilment of that promise and the protraction of the story into a *third part*. This he did in the following paragraph, inserted at this point in the Magazine, but omitted, of course, in the reprint : — 'Last month, reader, I promised, or some one promised *for* me, that I should drive through to the end of the journey in the next stage. But, oh, dear reader ! these Andes, in Jonathan's phrase, are a "severe" range of hills. It takes "the kick" out of any horse, or, indeed, out of any cornet of horse, to climb up this cruel side of the range. Rest I really must, whilst Kate is resting. But next month I will carry you down the other side at such a flying gallop, that you shall suspect me (though most unjustly) of a plot against your neck. Now, let me throw down the reins ; and then, in our brother Jonathan's sweet sentimental expression, "let's liquor." ' There is some pathos now in this careless piece of slang, scribbled by De Quincey as a stop-gap for his magazine readers in 1847. 'Rest I really must,' 'Let me throw down the reins,' 'Let's liquor,' — in these phrases, and with real fun in the last, one sees De Quincey yet, pen in hand more than forty years ago, in some fatigued moment in his Edinburgh or Glasgow lodging.' — Masson.

154 : 3. Creole. "At that time the infusion of negro or African blood was small. Consequently, none of the negro hideousness was diffused. After those intercomplexities had arisen between all



complications and interweavings of descent from three original strands — European, American, African — the distinctions of social consideration founded on them bred names so many, that a court calendar was necessary to keep you from blundering. As yet (*i.e.*, in Kate's time), the varieties were few. Meantime, the word *Creole* has always been misapplied in our English colonies to a person (though of strictly European blood), simply if *born* in the West Indies. In this English use, the word *Creole* expresses exactly the same difference as the Romans indicated by *Hispanus* and *Hispanicus*. The first meant a person of Spanish blood, a native of Spain; the second, a Roman born in Spain. So of *Germanus* and *Germanicus*, *Italus* and *Italicus*, *Anglus* and *Anglicus*, etc.; an important distinction, on which see Isaac Casaubon *apud Scriptores Hist. Augustan.*" — DE QUINCEY.

154 : 21. **materials extant.** In reality, Catalina says little about the appearance of this girl, whose name she does not even mention. Valon's description, however, is as follows (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 611) : "Born of a Spanish father and an American mother, she united with the piquant physiognomy of the Andalusian that supple figure, that velvet-like eye, that voluptuous languor, which are the distinguishing charms of Peruvian women. About her neck — a dull white, even a little dusky — hung loosely a necklace of coral, while long ear-rings gave to her face a peculiar air of strangeness, and almost of savagery."

154 : 22. **two hundred and twenty-eight years.** In the July number of *Tait* (1847) this reads "two hundred and twenty years." Catalina, it should be noted, began to write her memoirs in 1624.

154 : 26. **Grenada.** The old province of Grenada is perhaps the most celebrated section of Spain. In the time of the Romans it was a part of the province of Bætica and served as a battle-ground for the Visigoths and the Vandals. After the Arab invasion of the eighth century it became a Moorish kingdom and so remained until its complete conquest by the Spaniards in 1492.



154 : 29. blood of Arabs. More accurately speaking, Semitic blood.

154 : 30. through Jews. "It is well known, that the very reason why the Spanish beyond all nations became so gloomily jealous of a Jewish cross in the pedigree, was because, until the vigilance of the church rose into ferocity, in no nation was such a cross so common. The hatred of fear is ever the deepest. And men hated the Jewish taint, as once in Jerusalem they hated the leprosy, because, even whilst they raved against it, the secret proofs of it might be detected amongst their own kindred ; even as in the Temple, whilst once a Hebrew king rose in mutiny against the priesthood (2 Chronicles xxvi. 16-20), suddenly the leprosy that dethroned him, blazed out upon his forehead." — DE QUINCEY.

It was just after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus that the Jews flocked to Spain in great numbers. Under the early Gothic kings they lived in peace and prosperity, but in the Middle Ages were terribly persecuted by the church. Yet it was these same persecuted Jews who, together with the Moors, kept alive, during the long centuries of mediæval darkness, a love of learning, literature, and refinement.

155 : 6. Miranda . . . Ferdinand. Characters in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The "astonishment" of Miranda is described in Act I, Scene ii, lines 409 ff.

155 : 16. Catalina . . . has left it evident in her memoirs, etc. So De Quincey inferred from reading Valon's article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. As a matter of fact, she has done no such thing.

155 : 26. that wooed the heavenly Desdemona. In *Othello*, Act I, Scene iii, lines 128 ff., the Moor tells how Desdemona was wooed and won.

155 : 33. Peruvians. The province of Tucuman (see note on line 25, page 156) was at that time a dependency of Peru.

156 : 13. waltzing was premature, etc. The waltz, the national



dance of Germany, dates its general popularity in other countries from the early years of the nineteenth century.

156 : 25. **Go to Tucuman.** This town is situated in the northern part of what was then known as the province of Tucuman, some two hundred and fifty miles east of the Andes, which here formed the boundary line between Chili and Tucuman. If Catalina crossed the Andes at a point from which Tucuman was the nearest city, she must have started from northern Chili.

157 : 2. "gammon." Hoaxing ; jesting. Perhaps the fact that copper and tin produce a variety of brass, and that "brass" is necessary to the successful use of "gammon," will explain De Quincey's reference to mines in this connection.

157 : 4. "Tin." Here used with its familiar slang meaning of "money."

157 : 25. **One reporter of Mr. De Ferrer's narrative.** See the Historical Note on *Catalina de Erauso*, pages lxiv-lxv ; also the note on line 11, page 114.

157 : 28. **when he says that the señora's gift, etc.** Valon's remarks, of which De Quincey here states the substance, may be found on page 613 of his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

157 : 33. **a Spartan amongst Helots.** Of the four classes into which the population of ancient Sparta was divided, the lowest was that of the helots, who were serfs or slaves.

158 : 9. **twelve Portuguese.** Probably from Brazil, which was first colonized by the Portuguese.

158 : 12. **the Spanish proverb, etc.** Christy, *Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases* (Vol. II, page 296) words the proverb thus, "Strip a Spaniard of every virtue and you have a Portuguese."

160 : 31. **after the fact.** After the commission of the crime.

161 : 1. **buzwigs.** This word, of De Quincey's own coinage, is a combination of the slang term *bigwig*, — meaning a person of consequence, more especially a judge, — and *Buzfuz*, the name of the pompous sergeant in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*.



161 : 15. the Pythias of this . . . Damon. Damon and Pythias were two Syracusan youths whose friendship has become proverbial. When Damon was condemned to death by Dionysius the Tyrant, Pythias, in order that the condemned man might have an opportunity of visiting his home, became his surety. Damon failed to return on time, so Pythias was led forth to execution. But just as Pythias was about to meet his death, Damon appeared, and Dionysius was so struck by this proof of the strong friendship between the two that he released them both.

161 : 29. like the bricks in Jack Cade's chimney. The chimney here referred to may be that of the old White Heart Inn, at Southwark, where Cade is supposed to have had his headquarters during the rebellion (1450). For some account of this rebellion, read Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, Part Second.

162 : 7. who had so often inflicted death, etc. See note on line 12, page 133.

162 : 31. the tender attentions of the Inquisition. See note on line 30, page 105.

164 : 6. "ship-shape." A pun on the word *ship*. In general, the expression *ship-shape* refers to the methodical arrangement of things on board ship.

164 : 10. the scene. This, of course, is the scene referred to on page 106, lines 6-18.

164 : 14. the President. Don Martin de Mendiola, president, or presiding judge, of the royal audiencia held at La Plata.

164 : 14. La Plata. This town, now known as Chuquisaca or Sucre, and at present the capital of Bolivia, is about six hundred miles directly north of Tucuman. The modern Bolivia was known in Catalina's day as Upper Peru.

164 : 27. but nothing after this, etc. One has but to read the abstract of Catalina's *Memoirs* given in the Historical Note, pages lix-lxiv to see how far De Quincey here goes astray.

165 : 5. Eminences, etc. A cardinal is spoken of as his Emi-



nence, an ambassador as his Excellency, a prince as his Highness ; Royalties and Holinesses are, of course, kings and popes.

165 : 8. *peripetteia*. This word, of Greek origin, usually spelled *peripeteia*, means literally "a turning around," and is the term technically applied to "that part of a drama in which the plot is unravelled and the whole concludes."

165 : 11. a Claude Lorraine gleam. "Claude Lorraine" was the pseudonym of Claude Gelée (1600-1682), the great landscape painter, who excelled especially in the beauty and fidelity of his representations of sunlight effects at various hours of the day.

165 : 16. Mr. President Mendonia. See note on line 14, page 164. Again the name invented by De Quincy is more euphonious than the correct one.

165 : 28. seven hundred miles. The distance between La Plata and Concepcion is really about fourteen hundred miles.

166 : 18. Paz. Paz, or La Paz, capital of the department of Paz in Bolivia, lies about three hundred miles northwest of Sucre, or La Plata. *Paz* is also the Spanish word meaning "peace."

166 : 26. *comme de raison*. As a matter of course.

167 : 2. *Alcalde* [*<Arabic al (the) + kadi (judge)*] is the title of a Spanish magistrate or justice of the peace.

167 : 32. *reversionary advantages*. Advantages to be enjoyed at some future time ; just as reversionary annuities are those which do not begin to be paid until after a certain number of years or the occurrence of some future event.

168 : 15. Cuzco. Cuzco, once the capital of the Peruvian Empire of the Incas, and now the capital of one of the provinces of Peru, is about three hundred miles northwest of La Paz.

169 : 1. dwells upon the theme. "Doña Maria was a perfect example of the women of Seville, concerning whose peculiar type of beauty, a very false idea generally prevails. She was not small and lively, dark and piquant, like the beauties of Cadiz, nor fair and voluptuous like the women of Valencia ; she was a tall blonde,



of an admirably slender figure, having black eyes fringed with dark brown lashes. Her sparkling and altogether tropical glances were in strange contrast with her complexion and the color of her hair ; she was a singular mixture of German sweetness and Arabian energy. I do not speak of her feet, for she had scarcely any. In a word, the *alférez* found her entirely to his taste" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, pages 621-622).

169 : 12. a Cinderella . . . but still not a Cinderellula. De Quincey reasons that if a small cinder-girl (*Cinderella*) has small feet, a very small ciuder-girl (*Cinderellula*—a double diminutive) would have very small feet.

170 : 1. no such practice then existed, etc. According to Ticknor (*History of Spanish Literature*, Vol. III, Part I), however, embellishment was one of the characteristic qualities to be found in the Spanish memoirs and histories of this period, and the style, while sometimes dry, was frequently poetic and polished.

170 : 3. Her memoirs, etc. This opinion concerning the matter and manner of Catalina's *Memoirs* is based upon the following very just criticism by Valon (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 635) : "Catalina's original memoirs are, it is my duty to say, clumsily written. They are less a story than material for a story ; they are a dry and short summary, without animation and without life. One feels that the hand which held the pen had grown hard upon the hilt of a sword, and I find in the very inexperience of the narrator the best guarantee of her veracity. If they had been fictitious, these memoirs would have been quite different ; a novelist would have done better or otherwise. The style of Catalina is rude, coarse, often obscure, and sometimes characterized by an untranslatable frankness that borders upon cynicism."

170 : 20. taking the league at  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles. The South American league varies in length, being sometimes as short as two and sometimes as long as three English statute miles.

170 : 26. a venta. A poor inn on the roadside.



170 : 29. the public locanda. The hotel or tavern.

171 : 4. taking a "rise." That is, having some fun. This slang expression is probably a metaphor derived from fly-fishing.

171 : 5. Don Quixote. *The Adventures of Don Quixote de La Mancha* by Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616) first appeared in 1605.

171 : 12. his mustiness . . . his fustiness, etc. Cf. the "Musty Christopher. Fusty Christopher" of Tennyson's *To Christopher North*.

171 : 14. muffs. A muff is a stupid fellow, a dolt.

174 : 13. eighteen miles distant. As Catalina approaches Cuzco, its distance from her point of departure becomes steadily greater ; at line 22, page 170, it is  $22\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant ; at the present point it is still 18 miles away, making the total distance 23 miles [5 (line 27, page 173) + 18] ; at line 27 it is still 3 miles off, though 21 miles (line 33) have already been covered.

174 : 20. Kate has delivered it as her opinion, etc. So De Quincey inferred from Valon's account of the flight and pursuit (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, pages 626-628) ; as a matter of fact, she has done nothing of the sort.

175 : 18. says Kate in her memoirs. Valon having followed his original in this connection, De Quincey's reference to the autobiography is at last correct.

175 : 19. en croupe. On the crupper ; riding behind.

175 : 25. episcopal. "The roads around Cuzco were made, and maintained, under the patronage and control of the bishop."

— DE QUINCEY.

176 : 5. pomærium. The literal meaning of the Latin word *pomærium* is "the open space free from buildings within and without the walls of a town" ; De Quincey, however, uses the term in its figurative sense of "bounds" or "limits."

176 : 29. the quickest succession of changes, etc. The word *melodrama* (from the Greek μέλος, a song, and δράμα, a drama)



literally means a dramatic performance with music intermixed. In Germany the term is used with this original meaning; in France, England, and the United States, however, it denotes a production characterized by romantic and sensational incidents, a play of the "blood-and-thunder" type.

178 : 10. **Lima.** Lima, the capital of Peru, is situated on the Pacific coast, about three hundred miles northwest of Cuzco, and about six hundred miles south of Paita. At Lima, therefore, Catalina was nearer her original starting-point than she had yet been in the course of her South American wanderings.

178 : 13. **Philip IV (1605-1665)** ascended the Spanish throne in 1621.

178 : 13. **the papal legate.** The ambassador representing the Pope at the Spanish court. Since Kate was a nun, his order was a necessary supplement of the king's.

178 : 18. which now for seventeen years, etc. According to De Quincey's chronology—in which he follows Valon, of course—Kate reached South America in 1608 (note on line 27, page 121) and departed in 1624 (line 4, page 179). Catalina herself says that her American experiences began in 1603, but gives 1624 as the date of her departure. At this time she was thirty-three years old according to the one account; forty, according to the other.

178 : 24. **The Pope.** Urban VIII was pope from 1623 to 1644.

178 : 29. **the scorn of . . . St. Peter's keys.** According to Roman Catholic belief the pope is the successor on earth of St. Peter, to whose charge were committed the keys of the kingdom of heaven; see *Matthew* xvi. 18-19.

179 : 4. **in the first week of November, 1624.** Valon and Catalina both say November 1, 1624.

179 : 6. **Cadiz.** An important commercial city on the southern coast of Andalusia, thirty-five miles southwest of St. Lucar, the port from which Kate sailed on her outward voyage.

179 : 11. **Forty myriads.** Though generally used to designate a



countless number, the word *myriad* (Greek μυριάς) literally means ten thousand. De Quincey, therefore, would seem to estimate the crowd at four hundred thousand.

179 : 22. Condé Olivarez. Don Gasparo de Guzman, Count (*Condé*) of Olivarez and Duke of San Lucar, was Prime Minister under Philip IV from 1621 to 1643. During this time his control over the king was almost absolute.

179 : 26. But a year ago, etc. "It was in February, 1622-1623, that James I of England despatched his heir-apparent, Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, to Spain, under the escort of the splendid royal favourite, George Villiers, Marquis of Buckingham, on the famous business of the Spanish match, — *i.e.*, for the conclusion of the long-pending negotiations for a marriage between the Prince and the Spanish Infanta, daughter of the late Philip III of Spain, and sister of Philip IV. The Prince and Buckingham remained at the Spanish court some months, — the Prince eager for the match, but Buckingham's attitude in the matter becoming that of obstruction and of open quarrel with the Spanish officials. In September, 1623, the two were back in England, reporting that they had been duped ; and, greatly to the delight of the English people, the Spanish match business, and all friendly relations with Roman Catholic Spain were at an end. Buckingham had been raised to the dignity of Duke during his absence." — MASSON.

179 : 29. "was sweet as summer." "Griffith in Shakspeare, when vindicating, in that immortal scene with Queen Catherine, Cardinal Woolsey." — DE QUINCEY.

The scene referred to is the second of Act IV in *Henry VIII*. Here we read (lines 51-54) : —

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."



180: 2. he settled a pension upon her, etc. This was a life annuity of eight hundred crowns ; the order for it, signed in August, 1625, was found by M. Ferrer in the archives of Seville.

180: 3. a year of jubilee. The first jubilee was decreed by Pope Boniface VIII, who issued for the year 1300 a bull granting a plenary indulgence to all pilgrim visitors to Rome during that year, provided they confessed their sins and visited the church of St. Peter and St. Paul a certain number of times. It was then intended that such a jubilee should be held every hundredth year, but Clement VI abridged the intervening time to fifty years, and in 1470, Paul II ordered that thenceforth jubilees should be separated by only twenty-five years. He further modified the conditions of the indulgence in various ways. The jubilee of 1625 was the seventh under this new system.

180: 4. Madrid. Since 1560 the court of the Spanish kings has been held at Madrid.

180: 5. Barcelona. Barcelona, in the province of the same name, is a port on the northeast coast of Spain, some three hundred miles from Madrid.

180: 6. the lady whom the king delighted to honour. Cf. "the man whom the king delighteth to honour." — *Esther* vi. 6.

180: 27. the press and the compositors, etc. See note on line 28, page 72.

180: 30. in partibus Infidelium. An ecclesiastical phrase, meaning "in the regions of unbelievers."

180: 32. the Horse Guards. The regiments of cavalry serving as guards to a sovereign on state occasions.

181: 10. From Rome, Kate returned to Spain, etc. Practically nothing is known of her life between July, 1626, and July, 1630, though official documents show that on July 12, 1628, and again on April 28, 1630, the king granted her a free passage to America. The visit to St. Sebastian here mentioned may or may not have been made.



182 : 3. After ten years. De Quincey here follows Valon, who says (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 623) that Catalina sailed from Corunna for America in 1635. In reality she set sail from St. Lucar on July 25, 1630.

182 : 10. *tertia*. A Spanish regiment of the early seventeenth century was called a *tercia*.

182 : 14. I really forget. Since Valon does not say whither Kate's ship was finally bound, this forgetfulness on De Quincey's part was quite natural.

182 : 15. Vera Cruz. As Professor Masson suggests, De Quincey was probably being hurried by the printers, or he would have explained that Vera Cruz is not on the Pacific coast of South America—with which Kate was familiar—but on the Atlantic coast of Spanish North America. It is the chief port of Mexico, situated on the Gulf, about two hundred miles from the City of Mexico.

183 : 1. But the sea did not give up its dead. Cf. "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." — *Revelation* xx. 13.

183 : 10. Her brother soldiers . . . could never arrive, etc. Cf. Valon, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, pages 632-633: "It is needless to say that this mysterious disappearance gave rise to the most contradictory conjectures. Had Catalina, enamoured of a wandering life, fled again to the desert? and if so, why had they found no traces of her? Or rather, while disembarking in the obscurity of this stormy night, had she been drowned without anyone perceiving it? The latter theory seems the more reasonable, yet they were unable to find her body in the bay. Doubtless a shark had devoured Catalina; many better people have had no other sepulture." For her real fate, see the Historical Note, page lxiv.

283 : 11. two hundred and twenty-one years ago. These figures fit the edition of 1854 no better than "two hundred and fourteen" fit the magazine article of 1847.

183 : 13. she found no rest for the sole of her foot. Cf. "But



the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot." — *Genesis* viii. 9.

184 : Title, **Author's Postscript in 1854.** This postscript took the place of a brief introductory paragraph vouching for the authenticity of the story, which was prefixed to the first instalment in *Tait* for May, 1847.

184 : 11. **the admirable novels of Defoe.** Defoe's (1661-1731) best-known novels are *Robinson Crusoe*, *Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, and *Colonel Jack*. His *Journal of the Plague* is especially remarkable for its verisimilitude.

184 : 12. **the inimitable Vicar of Wakefield.** This English classic, by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), was published in 1766, and has perhaps been more widely read than any other English novel.

184 : 16. a **'statesman.** In provincial English usage, a 'statesman (*estates-man*) is one who occupies his own estate ; a small landholder.

185 : 25. **sifted and authenticated.** See Historical Note on *Catalina de Erauso*, page lviii.

186 : 5. **the incidents . . . repulsive.** In continuance of the criticism already quoted (note on line 3, page 170) Valon says (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, page 635) : " This story, on the whole, though Spanish, is far from being orthodox. It would not surprise me if a scrupulous reader would even condemn it from a moral point of view ; many rascals have been hung who were worth infinitely more, I believe, than the Nun-Lieutenant. Her faults, however, grave as they may have been, do not inspire us with disgust. Hers is a savage, self-abandoned nature, having a conscience neither for good nor for evil. Raised until she was fifteen by ignorant nuns, abandoned from that time to all the hazards of a wandering life, to all the instincts of a coarse nature, Catalina knew no morality other than that of the highways, camps, and ships. She evidently did not realize what she was doing ; she herself tells, without malice, without bragging, without even thinking of excusing herself, stories



of deeds such as in these days would bring her before the court of assizes. She robs with candor, this worthy woman, and she kills with naïveté."

186 : 18. a period . . . confessedly suppressed, etc. The suppression to which De Quincey refers (see page 132) is to be found in Valon's story, but not in the *Memoirs*.

186 : 31. a river-system so awful. That of the Amazon.

187 : 4. "qui musas," etc. "Who cultivate the more sober muses." This line is quoted from Martial (A.D. 40–cir. 104), the great Latin epigrammatist (*Epigrammatum*, Book IX, xii. 17).

187 : 9. the publication of Kate's Memoirs. See Historical Note, pages lvii–lviii.

187 : 12. a regular controversy arose. De Quincey seems to have invented this controversy.

187 : 17. Whether these . . . were entitled, etc. De Quincey here parodies some of his own titles : "Autobiographic Sketches," "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and "Selections, Grave and Gay, from the Writings, published and unpublished, of Thomas de Quincey."

187 : 20. miscreant. This word, from the Latin *minus credere*, to believe amiss, first meant simply "misbelieving." See Trench, *On the Study of Words*, Lecture IV.

187 : 23. Señor De Ferrer. See Historical Note, pages lvii–lviii.

187 : 32. the two French invasions of Spain, etc. Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808, in order to put down the Spanish insurrection against his brother Joseph, whom he had placed upon the throne; the Duc d'Angoulême (1775–1844), eldest son of Charles X, led the forces of his uncle, Louis XVIII, into Spain in 1823 in order to aid King Ferdinand VII in reëstablishing a despotism.

188 : 3. the Papal Chancery. The apostolic court at Rome, in which bulls, briefs, and temporal documents from the pope are authenticated.



188 : 15. all these capital heads . . . have been established, etc. Except for the "scenes at Tucuman and Cuzco," these "capital heads" are the same in Valon's article and Catalina's memoirs, though the minor details connected with them differ greatly.

188 : 18. was reported at length, etc. Perhaps De Quincey knew this to be true ; perhaps not.

188 : 19. the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A well-known French semi-monthly magazine, published at Paris. It was started in 1829 by MM. Sigur-Dupeyron and Mauray.

188 : 25. Frankly, I acknowledge that, etc. "This," says Professor Masson, "is De Quincey's way of saying that, to as late as 1854, he had never had an opportunity of examining the original of Kate's memoirs in M. de Ferrer's book, and had therefore reprinted his story of her adventures much as it stood in his Magazine papers of 1847."

189 : 2. The ratification . . . is . . . absolute and without reserve. See Historical Note, page lviii, to judge of the truth of this assertion.

189 : 9. a portrait of Kate. The following pen-portrait of Catalina is to be found in the Seventeenth Letter of Pietro della Valle (1586-1652), an Italian traveller, to his friend Mario Schipano ; it is dated at Rome, July 11, 1626 : "She is a woman about 35 or 40 years old. . . . She is of large size, rather masculine in appearance, and has no bust to speak of. . . . Her face is by no means ugly, but already begins to show signs of age and weariness. She wears her black hair short like a man's, and dressed after the fashion of the day. She is clothed like a Spanish gentleman, carries her sword well, and walks with her head slightly lowered between her high shoulders. In short, she looks much more like a soldier than a court beauty. Her hands alone suggest her sex, for they are plump and fleshy, though large and strong, and have something feminine about their movements" (*Viaggi di Pietro della Valle*, Lettera XVII).



189 : 12. **Herr Sempeller.** This is De Quincey's name for a certain Colonel Berthold Shepeler, with whom M. Ferrer became acquainted at Aix-la-Chapelle.

189 : 15. **The name of the artist, etc.** The portrait was painted by Pacheco, and was given by Colonel Shepeler to M. Ferrer, who at once had it engraved as the frontispiece for his edition of the *Memoirs*. What has since become of it, no one seems to know.

189 : 27. **a King—the greatest then reigning.** It should be remembered, however, that under Philip III and Philip IV Spain suffered a rapid decline in power and importance.

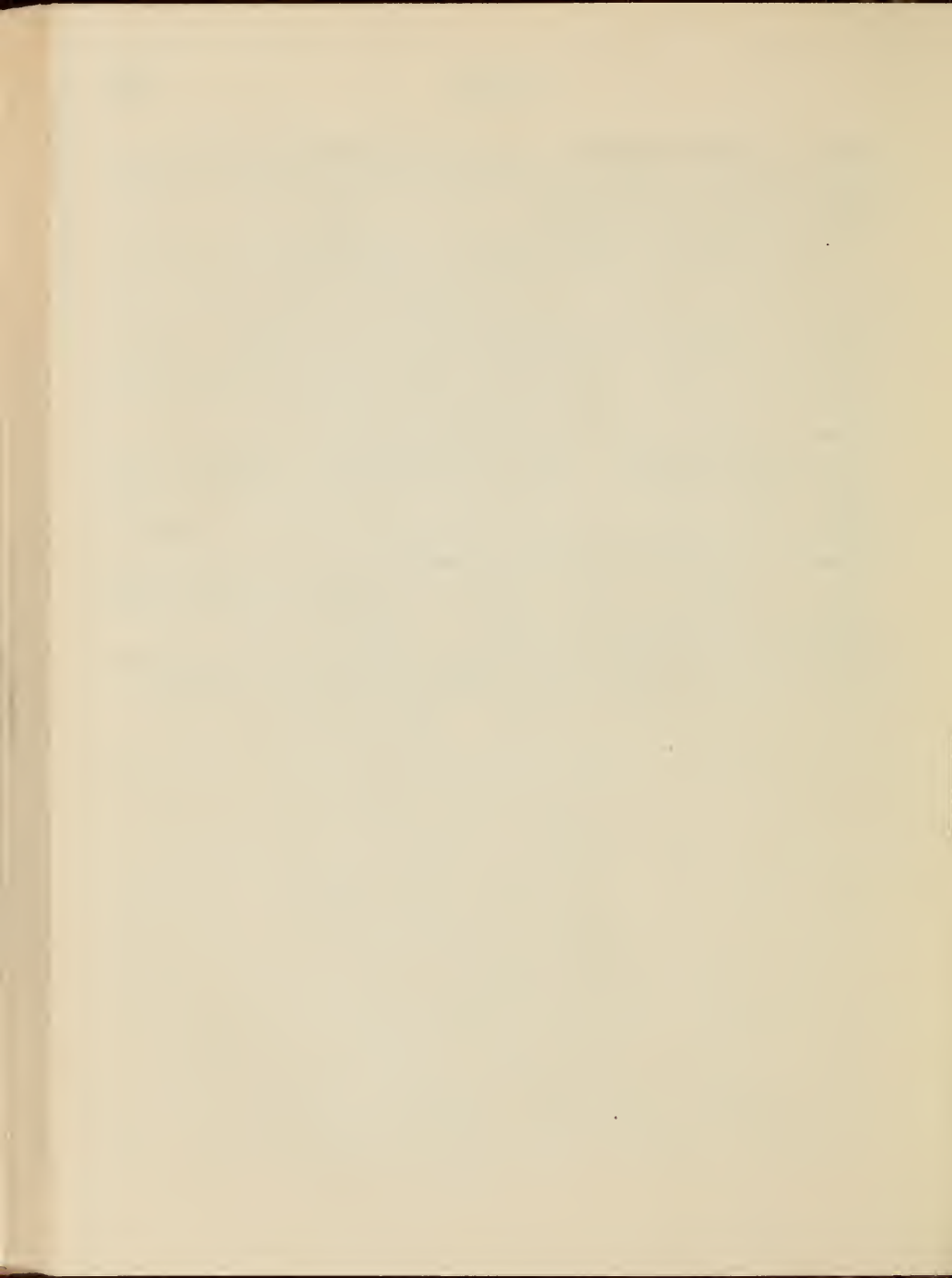
189 : 33. **our James I.** King of England and Scotland from 1603 to 1625.

190 : 8. **Velasquez (1599–1660).** Perhaps the greatest of Spanish painters, especially noted for his portraits.

190 : 9. **Charles I,** son of James I, was king of England from 1625 until he was beheaded in 1649.

190 : 12. **from Genoa and Florence.** Kate would naturally pass through these two Italian cities on her jubilee journey to Rome.







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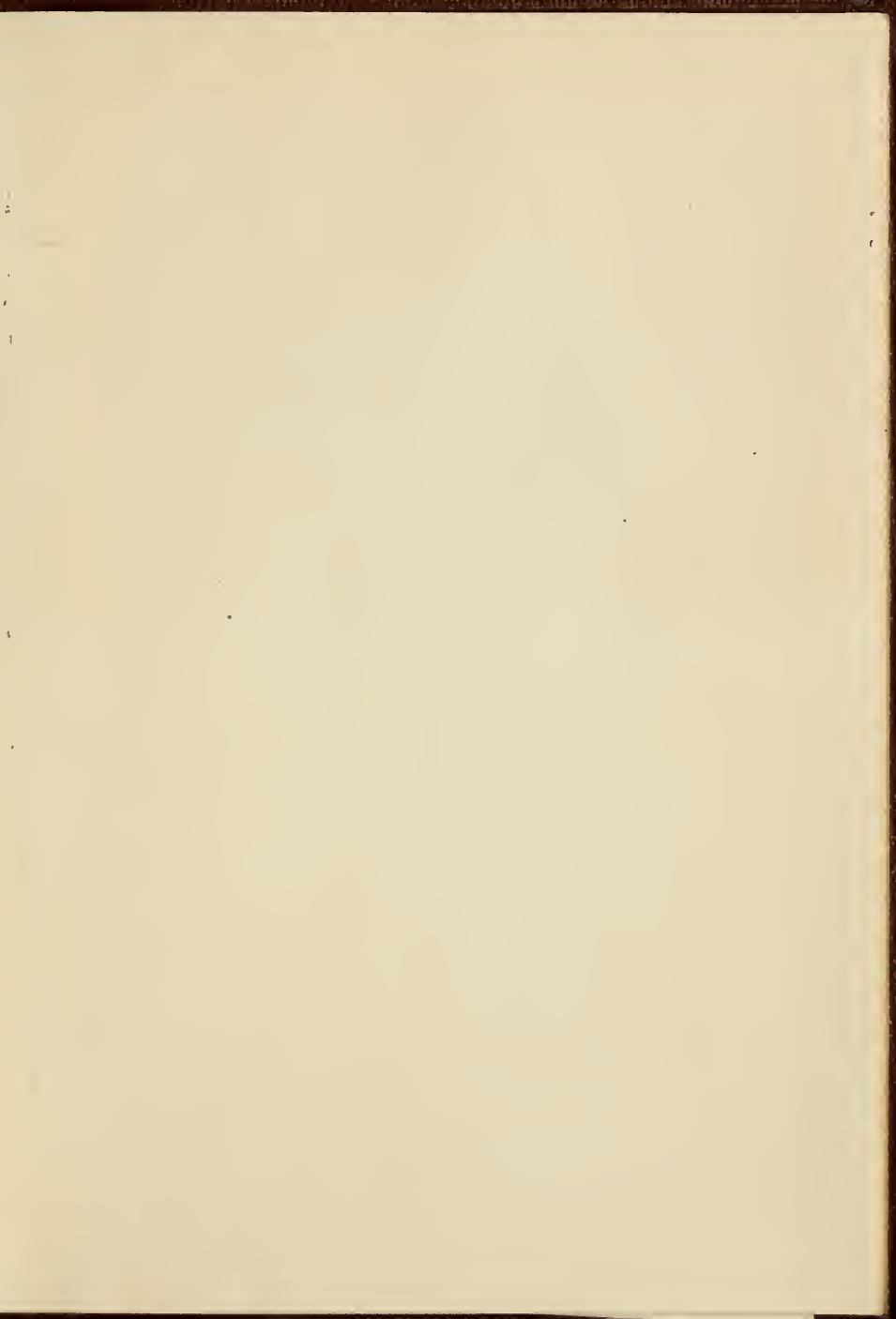


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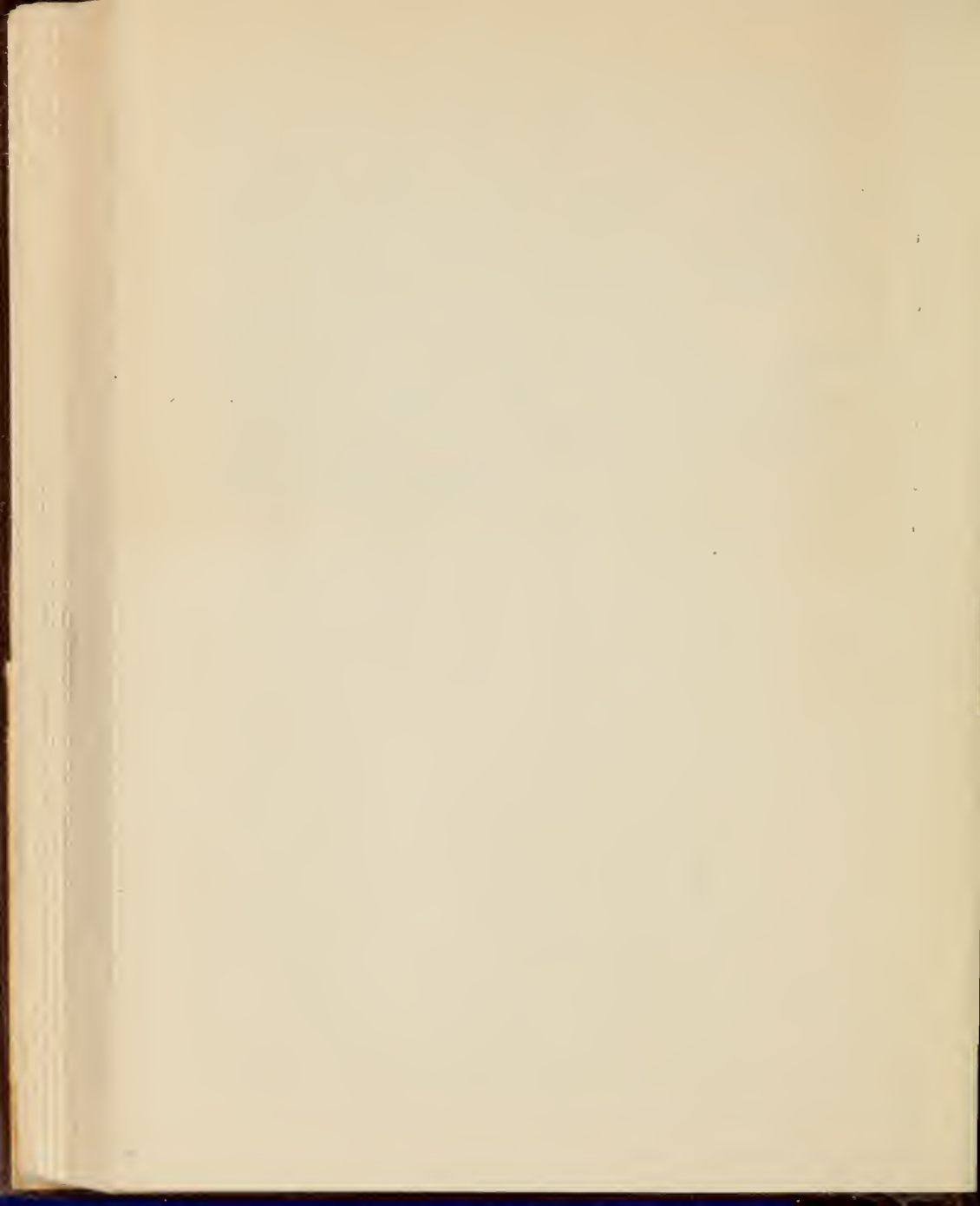
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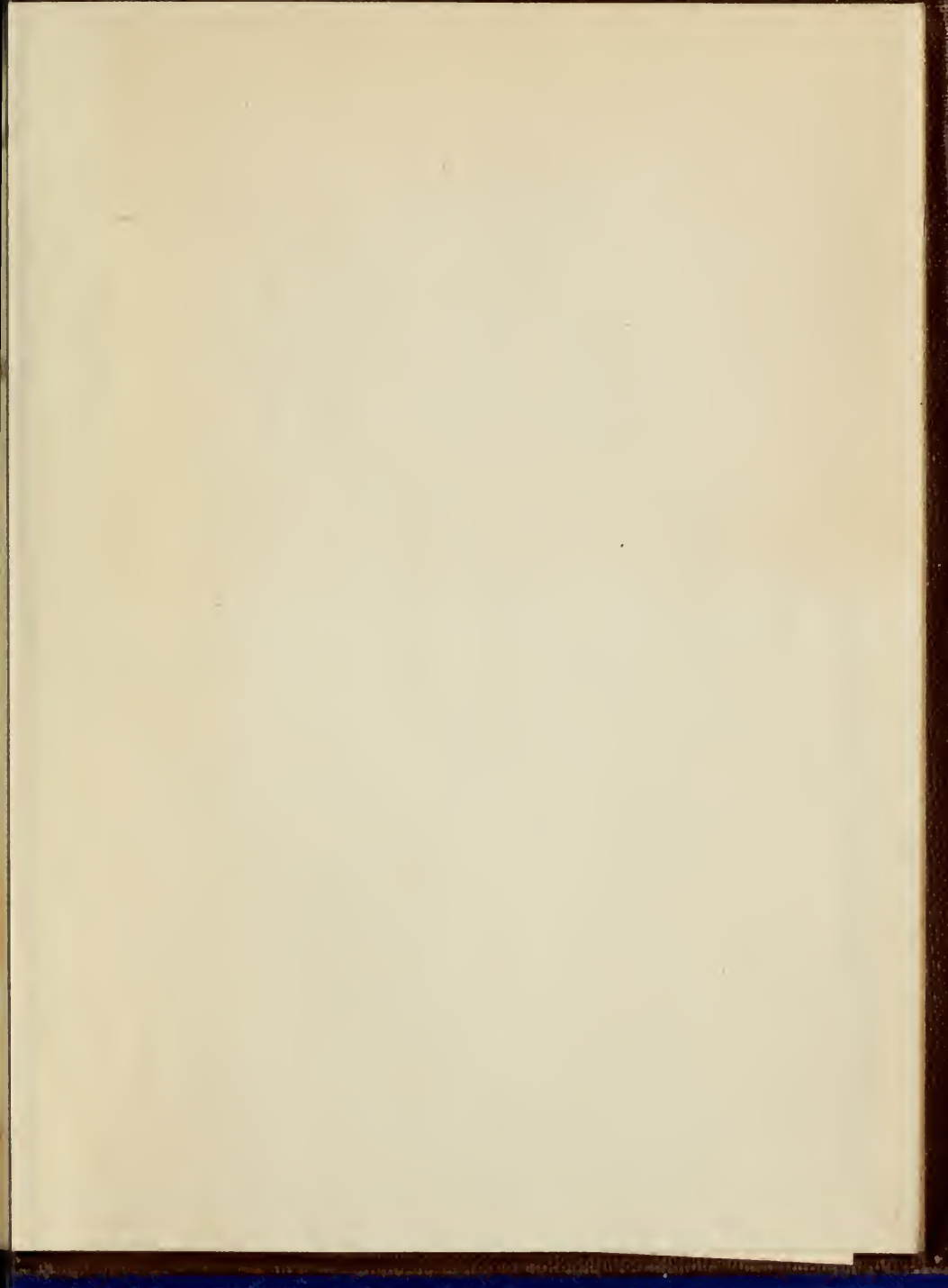








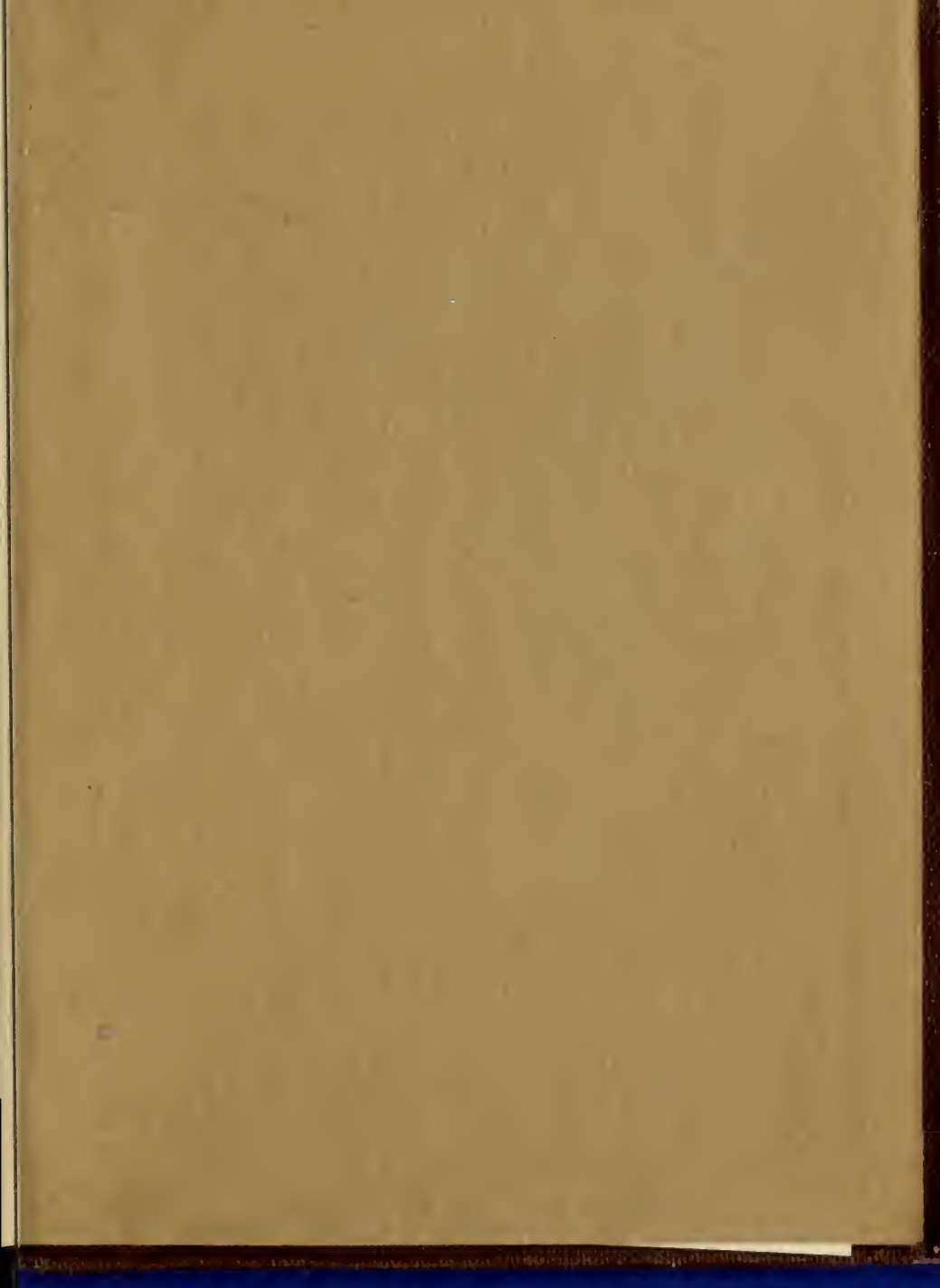


















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